



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

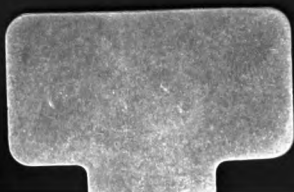


*Diversions of Hollycot, or The mother's art of thinking, by the author of Clan-Albin. By mrs. ...*

Christian Isobel Johnstone



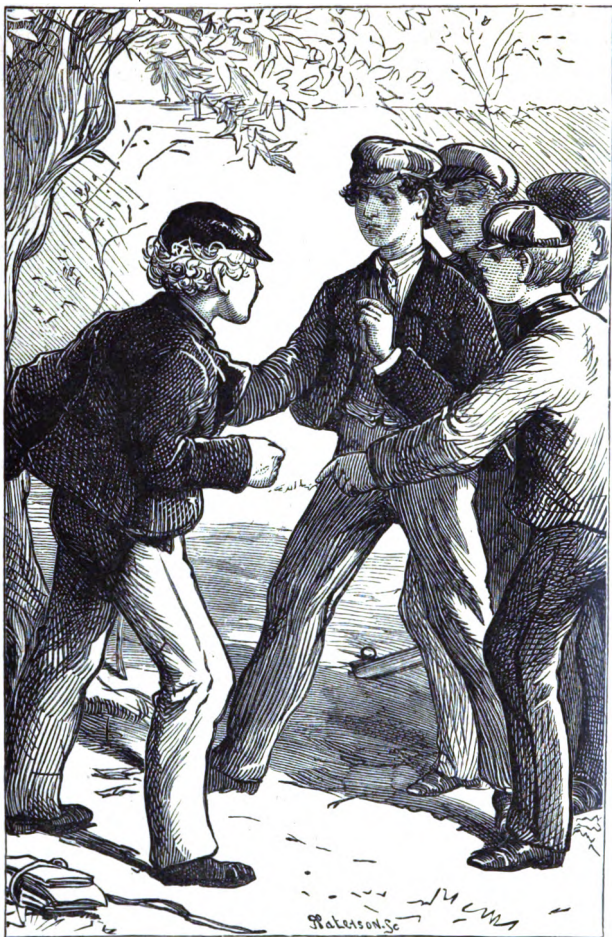
600073542R











‘One day when I told him of it before the boys—“Could not your father dye it for me?” said he.’—DIVERSIONS OF HOLLYCOT, p. 95.

*(Frontispiece.)*

# Diversions of Hollycot

OR THE

MOTHER'S ART OF THINKING

By MRS. JOHNSTONE

AUTHOR OF

'NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE,' 'CLAN-ALBIN,' ETC.

Knowledge is power.—BACON

Read and you will know.—THE MOTHER OF SIR WM. JONES



WILLIAM P. NIMMO

LONDON, 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND  
AND EDINBURGH

1876

251 . c . 458

Digitized by Google



*Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Edinburgh.*

# CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Introduction . . . . .	I
II.	Quizzing—The boast of knowledge— Rational reading . . . . .	9
III.	The nutting excursion . . . . .	26
IV.	Saturday Night at Hollycot—Memoir of Grisell Baillie . . . . .	39
V.	Sunday at Hollycot . . . . .	58
VI.	Lights and shadows of juvenile life . . . . .	65
VII.	Style and vulgarity—Courage and hu- manity . . . . .	87
VIII.	The ship launch . . . . .	104
IX.	True charity—Instinct of birds . . . . .	116
X.	Punctuality—Visit to a cottage . . . . .	129
XI.	The juvenile debate—Beauty or utility . . . . .	145
XII.	Infirmity of purpose—Philosophy of daily life . . . . .	161
XIII.	The Geysers—the cuttle-fish—Know- ledge is power—Young Casa Bianca— Christmas—A home—Holidays . . . . .	184





## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.



OTHER, I am so provoked,' said Sophia Herbert.

Mrs. Herbert, the lady thus addressed, sat at work among her children, and Sophia rapidly turned over the leaves of a large book which lay on the work-table.

'And why so provoked, my little daughter?'

'I thought, mamma, this big book which my brother George brought home was to be a very amusing book; and there is no amusement in it.—It is called "The Diversions of Purley," and is all so difficult and stupid.'

'You must take care how you are caught by names again, Sophia,' said her mother; 'I think you declined every other amusement that you might read this book "the whole evening."'

'I did, and there is no *Diversion* in it.—I will not be so rash again.'

'I daresay, Sophia, it is almost as *bad* as my Lindley Murray,' said little Fanny, who sat on a stool at her mother's feet dressing Fatima, her favourite doll.

'Go, you silly child—Lindley Murray is not very bad at all,' said Sophia.

'Nor this big book either, perhaps, to George, who is so tall, and so clever, and far *on*,' said Charles Herbert.

'*On* what, Charles?' inquired Mrs. Herbert.

'O! *on* his Latin and Greek—you know what I mean, mother.'

'Perhaps I do, Charles; but when you speak, would it not be as well to spare those you address the trouble or uncertainty of guessing your meaning, by plainly telling it. Clear and honest thoughts make frank plain speech, my dear boy. This book, Sophia, which has so much disappointed you, is, I believe, the production of a very learned man, John Horne Tooke.—I think you are right in putting it aside. It is quite unfit for your perusal, though I presume neither difficult nor stupid to your eldest brother.'

'But why call it *Diversions*, mother? the name cheated me.'

'And why not, Sophia? What prevents you from calling the little games and plays you have invented for yourselves—your *Courts of Law*, and *Colonists*, your Dissected Maps, and what you call your Rational Reading, your exercises on Meanings of words, and on Synonyms,—“The Diversions of Hollycot,” if you please to do so. Yours are the amusements of children; this is the amusement of learned men.'

'You are right, mother. This is one good, Charles, we have got of this stupid book—and of my lost half hour.'

‘Only *one* good, Sophia?’

‘Another, mamma,—not to judge of things by their names alone.’

‘If you have learned that, my dear,’ said Mrs. Herbert, smiling on her little daughter, ‘this time has been well spent.’

Mrs. Herbert generally allowed her children to choose their own amusements and employments, particularly in their hours of play. It was rare indeed that she interfered with them; and she now quietly worked at little Fanny’s new frock, while the argument proceeded about what was to be done—what ‘*Diversion of Hollycot*’ was to be pursued till the hour of tea.

Mrs. Herbert was a widow lady. She lived with her five children in a neat white-walled cottage, called Hollycot. It stood near the middle of an orchard, round which grew a tall holly-hedge. There were corn-fields and meadows, hedge-rows and trees, and shady lanes, all about the place; and in these the children played, and ran races, and gathered wild flowers. There was a little brook bordered by willows, and crossed by a neat white bridge. A gravelled walk, closed in by low espaliered apple-trees, led up through the orchard to the door of the cottage from this bridge. In summer when the roses and vines hung over the porch and the windows, when the birds were in song, and the flowers all in bloom in the parterre and in the children’s garden, the bees all busy, and the insects humming in the sunshine, Sophia said Hollycot was a far sweeter place than her

father's fine large house in Russell Square. Sophia remembered that house very well ; for she was now eleven years of age, and had lived only two years at Hollycot. Mrs. Herbert had settled here, to be near the great public school which her eldest son George attended ; for she liked to have him often at home with her, both for his own sake, and for the sake of his younger brothers and sisters. Of these Charles was now near ten years old—Fanny was seven, and little Harry was still with old Mary in the nursery. Mrs. Herbert had no fortune to leave her children, nor a great deal to live upon now. She, therefore, felt much indebted to a kind friend who offered to provide for her eldest son, either in India, or in some of the great Government offices, provided his education and character entitled him to such an appointment. The boy knew this. His mother had talked to him about it immediately after his father's burial ; and told him how much his success in life, his own happiness, and the happiness of all his family, depended on himself. George Herbert was then about thirteen. He had sometimes appeared a heedless boy. His companions at that great school had led him into expense ; and their example and notions had given him ideas that were false and foolish ; but from this time he laboured to correct himself, and never forgot the conversation he had with his mother, when she told him ' He was now in measure placed in his father's stead—for he is the eldest of an orphan family.' Mrs. Herbert's

cousin, Captain Harding, had offered to get Charles on board of his own ship, and to take him as soon as ever his mother was willing to spare him ; for boys go very young to sea, and Captain Harding said the younger the better. But Mrs. Herbert would not yet send away Charles, and she said she hoped his time at home was not lost. Perhaps Mrs. Herbert sometimes wished that the destination of her sons was not so absolutely fixed ; but she knew better than to complain. She indeed often told them how thankful she was, and how much more thankful she ought to be, that Providence had stirred up for them so many kind friends. ‘ Friends,’ she said, ‘ were often the best part of the patrimony of good men’s orphan children.’ She strove to make her sons worthy of the kindness of their father’s friends, and wished, above everything, that all her children should, while young, *learn those things which they ought to practise when they grew up to be men and women.* Like the Spartan King, this was what she considered the main end of all education. She also wished that they might be happy children, while acquiring the knowledge of their duties, and the habits that were to make them good, and respectable, and happy, when they grew up.

Sophia had scarcely received any instruction save from her mother, and a young aunt who sometimes spent a month at Hollycot ; but now her elder brother gave her lessons on the globes and in drawing. Charles had, for nearly two years, got regular lessons with Mr. Dodsley the curate, who



lived but a mile off, and prepared a few boys for great schools or the University. Without calling the employment lessons, Charles read every day with his mother, even when Sophia could not share his reading. He read the short history of Rome and of Greece, and a longer history of England. He also read stories from many histories; and the lives of good and great men. He knew he was to be a seaman; and it was this perhaps which made Charles as fond of the stories of Columbus, Anson, and Cooke, and Drake, and Nelson, as Sophia was of the pretty ballads and little poems her aunt liked; or of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

Charles also read French with his mother, every day after he returned from Mr. Dodsley's. He knew that this language is often very useful to officers and travellers; and his mother had pointed out to him, when he read part of the life of Nelson, that this great sea captain had unluckily small knowledge of French, and often felt the want of it. But on Saturday, when his elder brother was at home, Charles took few lessons. He then learned to swim, and to ride or run; or he wrestled, or fished, or practised archery in the meadow almost all day. On the other days he often at his play hours worked for his mother, or Sophia, or Fanny, in their gardens, or did anything to oblige and assist them; but Saturday was the grand holiday of the Hollycot children: every one was thrice happy then.

When Charles and Sophia lived in London, and

could not read very well; and while their brother was at school, or did not choose to be troubled to read stories to them, they often entreated their mother to tell them stories from books as she used to do. But when Sophia was eight years old, and Charles almost seven, she told them she had less leisure now, and besides they did not need her assistance. Sometimes she had company, or was paying visits, or writing letters; and sometimes she was playing with Fanny, and giving her a little lesson, or nursing Harry. So she told them a story of Sir William Jones, when he was a little boy, and liked to hear stories almost as much as they did. His mother had said to him, '*Read and you will learn.*' He did read, and became a learned and a good man. At the same time, Mrs. Herbert gave the children three square books stoutly bound in red leather. She called them Manuscript Books, because they were written. They were all very fairly written in large letters, and some printed pieces were pasted in. One of the books was entitled, '*Stories of Good and Illustrious Men;*' another was called, '*Stories from Natural History;*' and the third, '*Stories of Foreign Countries,*' and of '*Arts and Inventions.*' On the cover of each book was stamped, in gilt letters, '*The Mother's Art of Thinking.—Read and You will Learn.*'

Many kind hands had been employed in writing out these books. Mr. Herbert, when very ill, as Sophia remembered, and unable to go out to attend

the Courts, as he used to do, had written some of the lives. George had written out a good deal from books as directed by his mother; and now both Charles and Sophia had taken great pains to add to the 'Stories from Natural History,' pieces which their mother gave them to transcribe from the Voyages of Hall and Parry, and the Travels of Franklin and Clapperton. Charles liked best to read in the Stories of foreign countries, and of arts and inventions; but Sophia preferred the natural history of birds and flowers, and pretty animals; and to learn those verses her young aunt had taken from the poets who describe the habits of birds and beasts. All the children peculiarly liked the book of 'Stories of Good and Great Men.' Their own father had made it for them. It told them of the good men in Scripture, of the Martyrs and Patriots of England and other countries; Alfred and Sir Thomas More, Andrew Marvel, Sir Philip Sidney, and John Milton; and what was better, it contained many anecdotes of their own grandpapa Herbert, when he was a child, and a school-boy, and a man; and of their uncle Richard, who was a seaman; and of how brave, and gentle and pious he was; and how firm and patient when he suffered much and long from the cruel wounds of which he died. Sophia liked to read of her cousin Helen Clement's mother, when she was a little girl; and of their Grandmamma Harding, and many other of their relations, of whom interesting anecdotes were told in this book. Charles said he liked them, because they

were *real*, *true*, good people, and not like Lady Love-child and Little Tommy, in the toy books. Sophia sometimes fancied she remembered them; but that could not be. She was a lively girl, of quick parts, and some imagination, but apt to be vain of her acquirements, and of her 'excellent memory,' which had procured her many compliments, and much applause when she was on visits to her aunts. Sophia often assumed a power in settling the plans of amusements of the other children, which her mother was pleased to see little Fanny sometimes dispute; for Charles, a generous, good-natured, honest boy, never thought of resisting her encroachments; and indeed she was ever ready to oblige him.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### QUIZZING—THE BOAST OF KNOWLEDGE—RATIONAL READING.



N the evening that Sophia Herbert threw aside the book which had disappointed, or, as she said, cheated her, she arranged that Charles should read the history of the Reindeer, 'while I put the *spokes* to my Shenstone's Dame's wheel,' she said, 'and finish "her ancient hen." But I cannot think where I laid my portfolio last night—did you see it, mamma? I am sure you have meddled with it, Fanny—or Mary, in dusting the books.—Ah, here it is.'

‘And just where you misplaced it, Sophia, last night,’ said Fanny.

Sophia would not hear—she took her little unfinished drawing from the portfolio, saying,

‘Here sits the dame disguised in looks profound,  
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.’

‘Will *she*, when finished, be worth sending to my cousin Helen, mamma?’

‘You must judge of that for yourself, Sophia.’

‘But how, mother?’

• ‘Do you like to receive little tokens of regard from your brothers and cousins when at a distance—the fruits of their own labour or ingenuity?’

‘That I do, mother—as Miss Pratt said to you last night, when I asked you to show her our new time-piece, your present from my uncle—“*Presents* endear *absents*.” Mr. Clement is a very considerate generous friend.’

‘What do you conclude from all this, Sophia?’

‘That I send my DAME, by cousin Maurice, to cousin Helen.’

‘I wish I could be as sure of the motive as of the action, Sophia. Do you mean to oblige your cousin? or to be thought generous and considerate? or is it because you have caught a jingling parrot-phrase from Miss Pratt, that you mean to give a present?’

‘Mother, I will not send it—though George drew the Dame, and all the little heads. This little girl, with her finger on her lip, is like Fanny; and this is Charles in the corner.’

‘Where am I, Sophia?’ cried Charles. ‘Is cousin Helen to get *me*?’

Sophia, though a little rebuffed by her mother’s observation, pointed, with some archness of look, to a blubbered face in a corner of the picture.

‘That is not *me*, Sophia—you are not good-natured—I won’t read to you about the Reindeer. Is Sophia good-natured, mother?’

‘Neither *just* nor very good-natured at this moment, Charles; though it is scarce worth your while to mind her so very much. If, instead of being angry, you had taken time to examine the picture, you would have seen that the *dunce* does not in the least resemble you. This head, I think, is meant for you.’ Mrs. Herbert pointed to the face of a boy deeply engaged with his book, which indeed resembled Charles.

‘And so it does, mamma—and I knew it. I only meant to quiz Charles a little bit,’ said Sophia.

‘May I ask if you at all thought of what you meant?’

Sophia hung down her head.

‘Do you mean to say that in telling an untruth, to wound the feelings of your brother—that in being ill-bred, unkind, and false, you were in sport?’

‘Oh, mother!—oh, Charles! I am so sorry, and so ashamed!’

‘Never mind, Sophia,’ said Charles; ‘I am not angry now—I was a fool to be angry—only I did not like to be laughed at. I daresay I am vain, mother. But shake hands, Sophia—I am friends with you.’

now ; and I will read the Reindeer, or do anything ; only I don't like to be *quizzed* by George or you, for I love you to love me. I don't mind other boys ; I can box them if they don't be quiet.'

'But I hope you will first beg of them to be quiet,' said his mother smiling.

'That I will—but I won't wait above one minute,—or should I wait longer, mother?'

'That must depend on circumstances, Charles,' said his mother, still smiling ; 'and you must judge for yourself, when reason and forbearance are to be at an end, and *boxing* should begin. But how are you to manage with girls or ladies?'

'I would not be angry—that is *loud* angry—with a girl, mother. George says it is *unmanly*. So, never mind, Sophia—I daresay I was very like that blubbered dunce that day, *very* long ago now, when Mr. Dodsley turned me back three times with my sum, and Sophia was so good as to stay at home to help me with the 9's—those 9's are a real plague at first.'

'You have a generous memory, Charles, my dear boy,' said Mrs. Herbert ; 'but this quizzing, as Sophia calls it'——

'Oh, mother, I will never *quiz* again, Charles nor any one ! You are too good to me, Charles. I beg your pardon, mother, for interrupting you.'

'I shall always be glad to be interrupted by hearing you make any good resolution you have strength of mind to keep, my dear Sophia. Besides, I was only going to say, that this quizzing dispute, your mislaying

your portfolio, and then justifying yourself and accusing others, has already occupied thirty-five minutes of the hour before tea, which you had devoted to reading. The remainder of your hour might be yet better occupied than with either the history of the Reindeer, or Shenstone's Dame.'

'In what manner, mother?' said Sophia.

'In telling us how many faults you have committed in that short space of time:—The history of a little girl's heart and conduct for one half-hour.'

'Well, mamma, I shall try it. How many faults think you, Charles, have I committed? First, I *wrangled* a little for the Reindeer, when Fanny wished to hear of the Humming-bird,—that was *one*; was it not, mother?'

'Nay, you are to judge yourself, Sophia; if your memory fail I may aid you, but *you* are to judge.'

'Then I mislaid my portfolio'—('As usual,' said little Fanny)—'That was last night though,' said Sophia; 'that does not go to the count.'

'Is not this another fault of *thought*,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'It was *this* night you could not find your portfolio,—and justified yourself by accusing me, and Fanny and Mary.'

'Yes, I did, mother; and then I daresay I *thought* it sounded clever to say, like Miss Pratt, about 'Absents and Presents.' That was a horrid fault'—

'Not a fault at all, I think, Sophia, save as vulgarity, and pertness, and silliness are faults,—nor was there any great fault in wishing, like your uncle Clement, to



be thought "considerate and generous," provided you were so, or really wished to be so. But lest you take more pride in detecting your faults *cleverly*, and confessing them with ostentatious candour, than pains and pleasure in amending them, we shall leave the remainder that were crowded into that half-hour, to your own reflection. So about your amusements, whatever they are to be. What is the maxim of your Mr. Dodsley, Charles ?'

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." It is in the Bible, mother.'

'Was it right, mother, for Mr. Dodsley to say, this morning, he would rather see children actively employed even in doing mischief, than sauntering and yawning in listless indolence, like my cousin Maurice Clement ?'

'It is more to the point just now, Sophia, to remind you that the hour has nearly gone by, that, by your own choice, was devoted to reading of the Reindeer.'

'You know, Sophia, we must above all things adhere to our good resolutions,' whispered Charles. 'I hear the wind getting up, and I think I would rather like to finish pasting my kite—but I will not.' Charles began to read, and Sophia quietly finished her drawing.

#### THE BOAST OF KNOWLEDGE.

Maurice Clement was at this time on a visit to Hollycot. He had been at many different schools, and was lately sent to that which George Herbert attended. His father was a rich man, and had no

other son. All his life long Maurice had as many toys, and books, and sweetmeats, and almost as much pocket-money, as he pleased. He had many teachers, and was taken to see every sight in London that it was thought could instruct or amuse a boy like him. He was sure that he *must* know a great deal more than the Hollycot children ; for he was thirteen, and had been at fashionable schools, and much in London. His young cousins were very desirous to amuse and please him while he stayed with them, but they had not yet succeeded. He was writing a Latin theme with George, upstairs, till they were both called down at seven to tea.

‘Why do you yawn, Maurice?’ said Sophia ; ‘I know it is ill breeding for big gentlemen and ladies to yawn, though one can’t help it at night sometimes, or when Miss Pratt stays long, or old Colonel Twaddle calls for mamma—but mamma never yawns.’

‘Come and look at Bewick’s birds Mr. Dodsley has lent us,’ said Charles ; ‘or George will play a game with you, I am sure ; or if you would look at our series of Kings and Queens, or dissected maps.’

‘I don’t care for baby amusements,’ said Maurice.

‘But Mr. Dodsley says anything is better than listlessness,’ said Sophia. ‘When Captain Harding came to visit mamma, he romped *famously* with little Harry, and gave Charles good help in rigging his first frigate.’

‘I am not listless, cousin Sophy,—only I have done my theme—and have nothing to do more to-night.’

‘Mother, Maurice has nothing to do!’ Once, as a severe punishment, Sophia had been made to sit for four hours doing nothing, and seeing her brothers and sister employed, or at play. She had always pitied this state from that time.

‘Has Maurice nothing to learn—nothing to teach—nothing to amuse himself or his friends with, all this evening?’

‘No, ma’am.—I have done my theme—and I have read every book, and looked at every picture, and know everything in this room.’

‘It is not large to be sure,’ said Mrs. Herbert; ‘just 20 feet by 16. But how many wonders do these four walls enclose, my dear Maurice!’

This drawing-room, play-room, and general sitting-room of the family, though not spacious, contained many useful, and a few ornamental and curious things. There was a cabinet with books belonging to the children, and another with books of their mother’s. There was also a small cabinet of Natural History. There were globes, a few books of prints, some plaster casts, a few plants, Sophia’s pianoforte, and a time-piece on the chimney-shelf, with some foreign curiosities,—there were also a prism and a microscope. It was a light, pleasant room, looking over the orchard trees, and across the meadows to the village church rising below a wooded hill. The children liked to be here with their mother; and she seldom sent them away, unless they quarrelled or became very noisy, which rarely happened. Their own rights and privi-

leges in this common apartment and its contents, were respected ; and they were not permitted to disturb the quiet, or invade the rights of others. Every one knew this save little Harry ; and he, too, soon came to connect the notion of good behaviour with permission to remain here with his sisters and his mother.

‘And you know everything within this room, Maurice?’ said Mrs. Herbert.

Maurice looked rather sheepish. ‘I assure you, mamma, Maurice knows a very great deal from his catechism. He knows about the barometer ; and what thunder *is* ; and how the people of England are governed ; and a hundred things. I wish, mamma, you would order a few catechisms for Charles and me ; they are very instructive, and not at all troublesome to one who has an exceeding good—I mean a *very good* memory.’

‘As I have, mamma,’ added George, mimicking his sister’s voice.

‘I did not *say* that.’

‘Only *thought* it,’ said George.—But pray, Maurice, tell us what thunder is?’

‘The explosion of lightning,—just like the report of a cannon, with the echoes between the clouds and the earth.’

‘And the barometer?’ inquired Mrs. Herbert.

‘An instrument for ascertaining the weight of the atmosphere in inches of mercury.’

‘But how?’ cried Charles. ‘I would like to know—what does the weight of the atmosphere mean?’

‘I am sure, ma’am,’ said Maurice, appealing to his aunt, ‘I have given the right answer—I have repeated it to my father a hundred times—“An instrument for ascertaining, etc.”’

‘I trust Mr. Clement was instructed, though we are not,’ said George, in a tone which drew on him his mother’s glance; but ere that reproving glance fell, he had said, ‘Favour us now, Maurice, with the manner in which the people of England are governed.’

‘By laws made, and powers enacted by the legislature,’ said Maurice, looking round in triumph. Sophia gazed, Charles stared, and George smiled outright.

‘So I suppose there is nothing in this room, indeed, that you don’t know, Maurice?’

‘I think not, George.’

‘Suppose you tell Sophia why the lid of the tea-urn, James has just now placed on the table, is forced up and shaken—why the smoke comes hissing up from it?’

‘The bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column,’

said Sophia.

‘And what is that to the purpose, Sophia? Do you not know that poetry, ay, very beautiful poetry too, may be so introduced as to be mere impertinence?’ said George.

‘So, I fear, may reproof, my dear George,’ said Mrs. Herbert, smiling, ‘ay, excellent, sensible reproof. But the urn will be done hissing ere Maurice get time to explain.’

‘It is quite simple that, aunt—just *steam* or *vapour*.’

‘True, but there is no steam in the water of the pump with which the urn is filled.’

‘It is the boiling ; the *heat*, ma’am, I suppose makes it.’

‘Answered like a catechism,’ said Mrs. Herbert ; ‘but still, how—in what manner—by what sort of strange process does heat convert pump-water into vapour?’

‘George can tell, mamma,—he can show,—he knows,’ cried Sophia. But she thought that Maurice looked rather disconcerted, and she said no more.

‘I am not certain that he does, Sophia. This then is one thing within this small room which you do not yet know, Maurice. Think you are there no more wonders around you?’

‘I daresay not, ma’am,’ replied Maurice, looking cautiously round. ‘I am pretty sure I know all besides.’

‘Ah ! don’t you be too sure, cousin,’ said Charles, with good-natured earnestness.

‘Then tell us, Maurice, why the wind is whistling in passing through the keyhole of that closet-door.’

‘O, I feel the wind,’ cried Sophia, skipping across the room. ‘Come and feel it, Charles,—and hear it whistle—“The viewless workman whistling”—but I daresay George knows.’

‘I rather think he does not, Sophia—but he, and you, and Maurice, may all soon know if you wish it. This little room contains wonders, the result of powers and principles in nature and in art, that to describe

would fill volumes, my dear nephew. Can you tell us how this piece of honeycomb on the table is formed? Why the quicksilver mounts and falls in yonder weather-glass? Why or how the fagots James has placed on the fire crackle so? Why or how that fly crawls along the wall; and how yonder other fly can creep, back downmost, along the ceiling up there?’

‘No, aunt,’ said Maurice, rather ashamed of his boast of universal knowledge.

‘Would you be astonished to learn that the selfsame cause which makes the wind to whistle through the keyhole, enables that fly to creep along on the ceiling, forces up the lid of my urn, and of Sally’s pot, sets in motion those mighty steam-engines you have seen at work, and performs far more seeming, and indeed real wonders, than I can enumerate? I do not wish, my dears, to astonish but to instruct you—or rather to awaken in your own minds the desire of information.’

‘We *must read and learn*, mamma,’ said Charles. ‘Where may we read of this?’

‘There are some things we must *see* to understand, Charles, at least to understand clearly. Perhaps you are too young this year to comprehend all this; but if a week hence you still wish to try, tell me; and I shall request Mr. Dodsley, when he has leisure, to be so kind as to show you some experiments on Air.’

‘And Maurice too, mother?’

‘Certainly, Charles, all who wish to learn.’

‘If we could find out beforehand, mother.’

‘You may try, my boy,—no harm in trying. And now ’tis time that we get through your short lesson of Rational Reading, Meanings, and Synonyms, as you are pleased to call it—’tis three-quarters past seven. I go to Harry at eight.—We shall have a short lesson.—The exercise is new to Maurice. If he likes to join in it, he will soon acquire the method. We will choose an easy piece. All the words left blank shall be easy and obvious.

## RATIONAL READING.

The lesson was taken from that chapter in Mrs. Herbert’s books, entitled ‘Humanity.’ Maurice was requested to read it; the blanks were afterwards to be supplied. These blanks were marked regularly by figures; and there was a key, which Mrs. Herbert kept, with corresponding figures, to which the words or phrases omitted were affixed. Maurice knew quite well what a *key* meant. He had a *key* to his Grammatical Exercises, and a *key* to his questions in Arithmetic and Geography. The Hollycot children seldom now needed to refer to their key in ‘Rational Reading.’ George and Sophia could often fill up the blanks as they went along; but Charles needed to return to them, and to take a little time for reflection. Sometimes when in doubt about a word, they were gratified to find that they had hit upon the right one,—the *true* sense and *exact* meaning of the author. Sometimes their mother said they had found even a better word than the original one. *Maurice* read as follows :—



St. Pierre says, 'Being at Marly, I (1) among the thickets of (2) magnificent park to (3) the group of children who are (4) with vine-twigs a goat, that is represented at play with them. Near this admirable piece of (5) is a pavilion, where Louis the XV., on fine days, sometimes partook of a (6). As it was (7) I took (8) for a moment in this (9), and found (10) three children, that (11) much more (12) than the (13) children. Two very (14) little girls were (15) themselves, with much (16) in (17) from around the pavilion bundles of dry (19), that the (20) had blown from the trees, which they (21) into a basket that (22) upon the king's table, while a poor boy, badly (23) and very meagre, devoured a morsel of (24) in a corner. I (25) the tallest of these girls, who was about eight or nine, what she meant to do with the (26) she was so eagerly collecting? She replied, you see (27) that (28) boy there. He is very miserable. He is sent out all day (29) to gather (30); when he carries none (31) he is beaten; when he picks up (32) the Swiss at the (33) of the park (34) him of it. He is (35) with hunger; so we have given him our breakfast. After (36) me thus, she and her companions (37) the little (38). They put it on his (39), and (40) before their unfortunate (41), to see if he could pass in (42).'

'O, mamma, such a good story,' cried little Fanny: 'I am sure I know how to fill it up every word.'

'I shall have a fair trial, Fanny: and perhaps

your cousin will help you. There are 42 blank words ; but a very little exercise of thought will enable you to supply every one of them.'

Fanny began, ' 1, *sauntered* or *walked*.

'Or *rambled*, ma'am,' said Maurice.

'I like plain *walked* best,' said Mrs. Herbert ; 'we don't want fine words, nor sounding words—but simple words, and accurate meanings.'

'2, *Its* ; 3, *behold*, *contemplate*," said Maurice, proud of his new talent.

'And why not *see*, plain little *see*?' said Mrs. Herbert.

'O mamma, *see* is such a little insignificant word,' said Sophia.

'The less the better, Sophia, if it serve the purpose.'

'4, *Feeding*,' said Fanny ; but the fifth blank was puzzling.

George at last helped the readers out with '*sculpture*.' 'Well, brother, I believe you know almost as much as mamma herself ;' and Fanny went on—'6, *sleep*.'

'And why should Louis the XV. choose a fine day to *sleep* in the pavilion ?'

Fanny paused in thought, and said '*luncheon*.'

'Or *collation*,' said Sophia.

'That is more kingly,' observed Charles.

'7, *Showery* or *rainy* ; 8, *refuge*.'

'Think of a more appropriate word, my dear ; a synonym of *refuge*:—from an enemy or a tempest one takes *refuge*—from a shower one takes *shelter*.'

'9, *Pavilion*; 10, *there*; 11, *was*—no, *were*—three *were*; 12, *beautiful*.'

'We shall return to beautiful when you have finished,' said Mrs. Herbert.

'13, *Marble* or *sculptured*, which is right, mother?'

'Either, Sophia; both are good appropriate words.'

'14, *Pretty*; 15, *employing*; 16, *diligence* or *assiduity*; 17, *gathering* or *collecting*; 18, *bundles* or *fagots*; 19, *sticks*; 20, *wind*; 21, *put*; 22, *stood*; 23, *dressed*.'

'Rather *clothed*,' said Mrs. Herbert; 'poor boys must not mind being badly *dressed* if they are not badly *clothed*.'

'24, *Bread*; 25, *asked*; 26, *wood*; 27, *Sir*; 28, *little* or *poor*; 29, *long*; 30, *sticks*; 31, *home*; 32, *some*; 33, *entrance*; 34, *strips*.'

'Think of a better word, my dear, a synonym of *strips*. A tree is stripped of its bark, a boy stripped naked:—*strip* seems to apply to something that clings or adheres very closely.'

'Then, *bereaves*, mother,—will that word do?'

'Try again, Charles.'

'*Deprives*,' said Charles.

'That is better.'

'35, *faint*; 36, *answering*; 37, *filled*; 38, *bag*.'

'No—have you forgotten? Had you carefully read the story you must know this word.'

'Charles and Maurice read again, and both together said, '*basket*.'

'39, *back* or *head*; 40, *ran*; 41, *companion*.'

‘Not *companion*. The poor starved boy, the object of their compassion, could not be called the *companion* of the little girls: St. Pierre says, *friend*, and I think, Charles, you will prefer his word.’

‘I do, mother.—And 42, *safety* or *quiet*.—Now he is past the ugly Swiss.’

You have read your share very well, my dear Fanny; but tell me now why, in supplying the 12th blank, you used the word *beautiful*. Is there no other word more applicable to those amiable, engaging children?’

‘Perhaps *humane*, or *tender*, or *sweet*, mother,’ said Sophia.

‘No, my dear, St. Pierre would scarcely use those words in comparing living children with marble figures of children,—his word is *interesting*.’

‘Mamma, I said they were *beautiful*, because they were so good,’ said Fanny.

‘You might have worse reasons, my dear. At blank 19, I would better like the word *branches* than *sticks*—though *sticks* is the word in the key. The wind blows down *branches*, we gather *sticks* from the ground,’ said Mrs. Herbert.

‘Before you go upstairs to the nursery, to hear Harry say his prayers, and see him put to bed, you remember what you promised, mother,’ said Sophia, who had been whispering with Charles. ‘This is Friday—to-morrow is Saturday.’

‘Which very generally follows Friday, Sophia. I do remember my promise, made to Harry last week;

that if he allowed himself to be bathed every morning in cold water, as the doctor ordered, without wincing, or rather without crying, he should have the pleasure of giving his brothers and sisters a holiday, a nutting excursion to the forest. He has won. On Monday he winced a little, Mary owns ; but ever since he has behaved well, and even bravely.'

'O, charming! I am sure we *must* have good weather,' cried Sophia.

'I hope you may,—so to bed with the lamb, and be up with the lark. Old James and Dapple will be ready to attend you at sunrise. If I am up so early, I shall walk with you through the Broad-Oak meadow, as I have business with the miller's wife.'

'What a world of business *we* have to go through to-morrow, mamma ; and the *sight* of nuts we will bring home !' cried Sophia.

---

## CHAPTER III.

### THE NUTTING EXCURSION.



HARRY, the little hero whose courage had been for a week proved in cold water, was awaked by his nurse very early next morning, to see the Nutting Party assembled before the cottage door. The girls carried what they called their 'foraging baskets,' which they always took with them on long walks, for the convenience of carrying whatever they picked up that was rare or

curious, among the plants, and pebbles, and shells they saw. Fanny was stuck between Dapple's panniers,—for she was but short-legged yet, and the forest was full four miles off. The cook and Sophia had put a good lunch into the panniers, which also held the bags to bring home nuts. It was a fine, bright morning, 'a sunshine holiday;' and every one was merry, save Dapple and old James, and they were content. Dapple looked as grave and patient as if he had only been going as usual to the market town, to bring home household stuff and provisions; and James was as slow and deliberate in his motions as if no nuts hung on the forest trees. Fanny had got a pair of new yellow shoes sent by her aunt, and she wished much to wear them on this day. Her mother warned her that they were not at all fit for a forest-ramble; 'but the shoes are your own, please yourself. If you spoil your shoes, and mar the pleasure of your walk, you know who will be to blame.' Fanny was not afraid.

Mrs. Herbert walked forward with the children to the Broad-Oak meadow. Charles and Sophia ran races before her, and they were all half-way on ere any one was aware. They went by shady lanes and cross paths, which old James knew, and George also; for he sometimes fished in the pools of the brook up here; and they passed stiles and meadows, and sometimes waited by a hedge or ditch to indulge Dapple in cropping a few thistles, while James took a long pinch of snuff: and Sophia was not very impatient, for she remembered what her mother had lately said

to her about being *selfish*, and thinking of no one's pleasures but her own. The globes of *dew* were still lying on the grass, and the *gossamer* was over the plants and low shrubs, like a veil of silvery gauze. Some little children were gathering mushrooms in the meadow into baskets. 'They were *chirping*,' Sophia said, 'and running about like grasshoppers.' Wherever they saw a little ivory-coloured cone in the grass, there they darted. They showed Charles the good mushrooms, and told him how to distinguish them from the bad ones. They knew the bad ones at a glance, and at once threw them away if they chanced to gather any.

'What a variety of kinds, and how few good of these *funguses*, mother,' said Sophia, when Mrs. Herbert came up.'

'Mind your plurals, Sophia,' cried Charles. 'I believe the plural is *fungi*; for the word, like all these difficult botanical names, is Latin.'

'Well I do always forget these odd *plurals*; but I know the plural of phenomenon is *phenomena*, and of basis *bases*.'

'Very good to know that at all times; and to *tell* it, to *say* it, or *write* it, when necessary,' said George Herbert.

'Brother George, I never can please you,' said Sophia.

'Yes, you can, Sophia—you can repeat to me, I am certain, some pretty lines or other about the mushroom.—Do you gather mushrooms here every morning, my little girl?'

‘Yes, master, while they *lasts*,’ said the nimble little gleaner.

‘I remember a little about the mushroom now, George,—if you would like to hear it?’

‘We all like, Sophia,’ said Mrs. Herbert. ‘No one can be the worse for having a memory stored with beautiful thoughts and images, expressed in beautiful language.’

‘It is from the *Rainbow*, George :

‘The earth to thee its incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshen’d fields  
The snowy *mushroom* springs.’

‘Very pretty, Sophia,—and to me quite original.’

‘O, brother, do I indeed know any thing you don’t?’ cried Sophia.—‘Do you know, little girl, that the mushroom is the fairies’ “Round-table.”’

‘Anan!’ said the staring mushroom-gatherer.

Sophia smiled at her *ignorance*, as she thought it, and with some ostentation repeated,

‘Nourish’d by early mists, the mushroom spreads,  
From a small ivory bulb, his circular roof,  
The fairies’ fabled board.’

‘What do you make of these mushrooms, my dear?’ said Mrs. Herbert.

‘We *makes* ketchup, ma’am ;—that is, not we,—mother sells them to Mrs. Woodley of the White Hart, and she makes ketchup.’

‘Do you know how to make ketchup?’

‘O, yes, ma’am,—it is not hard.’

‘Do you, Sophia?’ said George.

‘No, brother, I don’t.’



‘But you know of what it is made?’

‘No—I am sorry—I do not—I suppose now, mushrooms.’

‘Then whether is it better to know that than to be able to repeat “*nourished by early mists?*”’

‘’Tis an unfair question, my dear George,’ said Mrs. Herbert, ‘What should prevent your sister from uniting both kinds of knowledge—the useful with the agreeable?’

‘Will you be so good as show me, mother, or teach me to make ketchup?’ cried Sophia.

‘Certainly, my dear—or old Mary will show you, who knows this art far better than I do.’

‘And I will show you the *good*, wholesome *Fungi*,’ said Charles; ‘and you will teach me the poetry of it.’

‘Ah, Charles! like a sensible boy, as you are,’ said George, ‘while I have been *carping* and Sophia *spouting*, you have made a useful acquirement, though a humble one. If you and your ship’s crew were cast away on some desert coast, you might sustain life by your knowledge of wholesome mushrooms.’

Mrs. Herbert was questioning the little girls.—‘You come early abroad to gather mushrooms, my dears.’

‘We rise at four, ma’am.’

‘And how much do you get a basket?’

‘We get threepence, ma’am, and sometimes fourpence; and since our father was drawn for the militia, mother says the mushrooms, and the gleaning, and the bramble-berries, and the acorns, we gather for the nurseryman, are a great help to her in rearing us; and gathering them makes us active and industrious.’

‘How many are there of you, my dear?’

‘Five, ma’am—I have two brothers and three sisters.’

‘Six, then, with yourself.’

‘Five, ma’am—Bill, that frightens the rooks from Farmer Orchardstone’s fields yonder—he gets twopence a day, and his dinner—and has nothing to do but swing his rattle.’

‘Just like *Giles* The Farmer’s Boy, mother.’

‘Be quiet, Sophia.’

‘And myself, ma’am, cannot do much yet, but I help mother, and keep the baby. Last week we made three shillings, and mother laid that up for our new shoes.’

‘Three shillings for your poor mother!’ cried Sophia. ‘Oh, mother! oh, Charles! how much better, more useful, kinder, is this little girl, and what she knows, than I am, and all I know!’

‘She is indeed a good, affectionate child, Sophia, and has more knowledge of a kind that is useful to her, than you have. But we must not take up her *valuable* time.—If, my dear, you have more mushrooms or bramble-berries than you can get sold at the *White Hart*, fetch them to Hollycot and you will find a customer.’

‘Thank you, ma’am,’ said the little girl, curtsying and looking happy. She resumed her task, in which Charles had been all this while assisting her. So now did Sophia; and, by showing them to her brother, she soon learned to distinguish the wholesome from the dangerous mushrooms. The last basket was quickly filled, and James, Dapple, and Fanny came slowly in sight.

‘Mamma, is not Charles very like the interesting children St. Pierre saw in the Park of Marly?’ said Sophia.

‘And what is Sophy like?’ said George. ‘Like a sly girl fishing for praise, and baiting her hook with Charles.’

‘Fie, George,’ cried Sophia, reddening; ‘I know we are not so good as those children—but we may try to be like them.’

‘Little girl,’ said Charles, as the child went off, ‘if you would come to our oak-copse to-morrow, any time after twelve—no—to-morrow is Sunday—I know what your ‘cautioning finger’ means, mamma—but Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, I would help you to gather acorns all day, either for the pigs or the nurseryman.’

‘Thank ye, sir,’ said the little girl, going off.

‘You see *she* can’t climb, mamma, and only pops them off, or gathers the dropped ones; now I could give the trees, or at least the branches, a *rousing* shake—and I am a famous climber now—I think I would need to try that before my Captain says to me like what I read of Nelson, “Will you take a race to the mast-head with me, young gentleman?”’

‘But, Charles, my boy, what if *your* Captain is not so kind as was Nelson to his little midshipmen?’

‘I trust mine will be kind if I deserve it,’ said Charles.

‘Right, Charles; that is no flattering hope.’

‘But if you should get a dreadful tumble down,’ said Sophia, shuddering.

‘No fear, mamma,—but if I should, Sophia, I must bear it like a seaman. Up again, my boy,’ cried Charles, beginning to climb a tree very cleverly.

‘And where did you acquire this *accomplishment*, my boy?’ said Charles’s mother.

‘Mamma, I’ll tell you,’ said Sophia. ‘I was always afraid to tell you,—for Mary said you might be offended. We were passing the churchyard elms one evening, where the old rookery is. It was rather dark, and we heard a poor little bird wailing somewhere among the long grass, or the weeds, where it had tumbled out of its swinging hammock’——

‘I don’t think a rook’s nest *swings*, Sophia ; and it cannot be right to sacrifice *truth* for the sake of using a fine word. Tell out your story plainly.’

‘Well, mother—out of the nest. Charles thought he could climb and restore it. The tree was *dreadful* high—as high as the steeple’——

‘And where does this *dreadfully* high tree grow?’

‘In the churchyard—one of the elms’——

‘They are not above half as high as the spire, Sophia—look back yonder’——

‘But *terrible* high for Charles to climb you know, mother, to restore a bird.’

‘That is quite another point, Sophia—the simple action requires no exaggeration.—I am happy to hear that Charles began his climbing in so good a cause. Mary should not have given you such a caution. Come down Charles. I hope you will yet be one of the best climbers in his Majesty’s Navy. I am re-

turning home now ; and as George has walked on, I must request you to take care of your sisters, and not to be later than six o'clock.'

'I give you my word of honour, mother.'

'Your simple word will do, Charles. I have ever found it a true one, and so I value it as a word of honour.'

'I will be very punctual, mother. George has a watch, and I have my pocket-compass—How I do wish, Sophy, that we could all lose ourselves in the forest, that I might try to make an observation, and conduct you home by my compass !'

'Will it not be still better, Charles, to take care they don't stray, in case you failed in making your observation?' said his mother, laughing.

'Perhaps it may—so good-bye, mamma—and don't be afraid for Fanny—here she comes on *ass-back*. O! Dapple, if you were a reasonable ass, you would know that we ought to be moving far quicker now.'

The party soon overtook George and Maurice, who had brought out fishing tackle, and were fishing in the stream ; but George gave over and joined them. From the top of the high banks they saw many rabbits below them, playing, and leaping, and nibbling grass and herbs, and the sand-larks running about, and swallows that were not yet gone, darting into their nests in the clayey banks, in which they had scraped out many holes or entrances to their houses.'

'Ah! little do you think, you *funny* rogues, who is laughing at you—and see! see! yonder, Sophia, in the old beech!—I'll not tell you what it is.'

‘ Ah ! the pretty squirrel—how he leapt and tossed his tail, and perked his ears—and another—and another ! ’

‘ I did not see him, Soph,’ cried little Fanny. ‘ Lift me down, George, to see the squirrels.’

‘ The merry forester,’ said Sophia. ‘ The playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree.’

‘ He is nutting to-day like ourselves, Fanny,’ said George, holding the little girl high in his arms that she might see. ‘ Like a sensible animal, for as playful as he is, he does not forget or neglect his business. Before the cold frosty days of winter come, he lays up a good store of chestnuts, and hazel-nuts, and even the cones of the fir :—He makes his garner—his store-room is some cavity of the tree—a hollow beech, pine, or chestnut tree, which he inhabits : he likes to have his comforts and conveniences about him. He is a lively, merry little fellow ; and, like the hare, loves to play in the moonlight nights of summer, chasing his friends—quadrilling up and down the trees, and leaping in sport from branch to branch ; for he can all but fly.—There he darts again ! ’

‘ Ah ! I see him too—three of them ! his fur coat is a light reddish brown—his breast is white, and his tail long and bushy,—and how bright are his little eyes.—Good-bye, merry forester,’ said Fanny.

‘ This is not always his colour,’ said George. ‘ You may read more about him, Fanny, when you go home if you like, and learn of the different colours he has, and of the names of his fur and its uses.’

Dapple, old James, and Charles, were now in advance of the rest of the party. They were near the door of the *White Hart*, a small Inn on the verge of the forest, which they must pass before striking into the forest glades where the nut-trees were. A gig unharnessed stood here, and the hostler was rubbing down a horse that breathed hard, and seemed much blown. Three young gentlemen—Charles at first thought them men, though George called them boys, for they were his school-fellows—had just arrived to make a holiday at the *White Hart*. Two were standing at a low open window; the third was beside the hostler on the road, and as James and Dapple came up, he amused himself with smacking his long whip about their ears. If Dapple did not relish this discipline, old James liked it still less.

‘Let be, younker, ye’s best,’ said James; and the *boy-man*, as Charles thought him, again and more wantonly smacked his whip about the ears of the patient Dapple.

‘Pray, don’t do that, sir—Dapple is *our* donkey—he is a good enough brute—and he is doing no harm to you,’ said Charles, firmly advancing.

‘Ay, is ‘Dapple *our* donkey?’ and why may not I have the pleasure of a smack at Dapple, *our* donkey?’ The insolent youth made a still harder cut at the animal; and Charles darted upon him, and made a bold if not very scientific attack. Before James could come to his assistance, one of the youths in the window had interfered.

‘Forbear the little fellow, Cecil,’ he cried. ‘Shame to attack the child.’

‘He attacked. So, my cock-sparrow, take ye that, and be thankful.’

‘I’ll not see such foul play,’ cried the other lad leaping from the window, as George Herbert flew up to the defence of his brother, giving his screaming sisters to the care of James.

‘How was I to know that game chicken was your brother, Herbert—or that respectable-looking quadruped, “Dapple, *our* donkey?”’

‘You knew at least that he was a humane and a brave boy, and that you are neither,’ said George. The storm would have raged again but for the interference of the other lads, and the dislike which George felt to fight in presence of his sisters, who were now assisting to wash Charles’s bleeding face at the pump.

‘Cecil shall ask your pardon, and the little fellow’s also,’ said the lad who had taken Charles’s part. ‘He did not know your brother.’

‘I certainly imagined that as Mr. Herbert was one of *us*, his family lived in some sort of *style*!’ said the haughty aggressor.

‘It is of little consequence what you thought about us, Mr. Cecil. I presume none of *my* family care much for your thoughts.’ George Herbert went to his sisters and brother—the peace-maker followed him.

‘O! hang it, Herbert, you must drop malice. Cecil did wrong, but it is pardonable. While the



children gather their nuts, you must join us—a famous badger. Old Harley is gone to bury a brother—we have given the rest of the masters the slip, and shall have a famous day and a dinner.'

'I shall dine with my brother and sisters,' said George, quietly, 'in the forest.'

'Nay, that you shan't—dine with children, on bread and milk! But are you short? Well, never mind, I am in cash—we shall have a day of it.'

'I am much obliged to you, Harry; but I will not join you to-day. I don't like a badger-fight—and I don't want money.'

'Then you will join us, Clements? You are not a baby?'

I—I don't know,' said Maurice. 'If my cousins—if my aunt'——

'Your aunt—that's a good joke,' cried Cecil, laughing. Maurice could not resist the temptation of 'a day of it,' and the force of that laugh.

'You don't act wisely, Maurice,' said George; but Maurice was gone into the house.

'Herbert will peach to old Harley on Monday,' said Cecil to Henry.

George threw a look of contempt on the speaker.

'You won't peach, George?' asked Henry.

'I shall do whatever I think right, Henry.' George joined his brother.

'I don't believe he will. What a pity that so capital a fellow as George Herbert is up to nothing,' said Henry, as he followed Maurice into the house.

Charles now showed a shining new-washed face, and a swelled nose.

‘Not much hurt, little hero,’ said George.

‘Not a bit, brother—I got nothing to hurt a fly. It was only poor Dapple I was sorry for. Though a little boy, one does not like to see one’s own donkey, or any thing, mauled by a big fellow.’

‘That great, bad, cruel boy!’ cried Sophia.

‘Never mind him, Sophia. Come on now—we are all well again,’ said Charles.

The party struck into the forest; and the adventure was soon forgotten, among other scenes and happier pastimes than a badger-fight, and ‘making a day of it.’

## CHAPTER IV.

### SATURDAY NIGHT AT HOLLYCOT.



WELCOME home, young folks,’ said old Mary, who waited at the door with little Harry to receive the children. James led up Dapple to the door, and lifted off Fanny, and the bag with the nuts.

‘I hope you have had a happy day, children,’ said Mrs. Herbert. ‘But where is George and Maurice?’

‘A happy day!’ they exclaimed in ‘a breath. ‘But poor Fanny’s yellow slippers were soon useless, mamma; torn, and soaked with the long grass and plants, her stockings wet through, and her little feet hurt with *stubs* and thorns. We threw away her

shoes at last, and wrapped her little feet in George's handkerchief.'

'Mamma, I see you always know best,' said Fanny. 'I think to-day I paid too dear for my whistle—I shall read that story to-night.'

'Are you sure the whistle is fully bought yet, Fanny, my dear?' said her mother. 'There is a card from the Miss Courtneys within, inviting you all to a little party on Monday evening.'

'And I have no shoes.—Oh, mamma—but, perhaps mamma, you will let me have'—

'Another pair of fine shoes?—No, my dear—that cannot be. I think you must read another of your stories to-night—which shall it be?'

'*"To eat my cake and have my cake,"* perhaps, mother,' sighed Fanny.

'That may do.—But, saving this disaster, was all else happiness, Sophia?'

'All else, mother.—Charles climbed so nimbly—and George shook so strong—and Fanny gathered as quick as a squirrel, while her shoes lasted. I did the *honours* of the dinner-table—I spread the cloth on the smoothest, greenest turf in all the forest, under the most beautiful oak; and laid out our cold meat and bread, and apple-pasties. Charles brought us water from the spring, at least twenty times, our cup was so small. If I had had the sense, mother, to spread the cloth nearer the fountain.'

'But then under that oak was so beautiful, mamma,' said Charles. 'And I like to carry water.'

‘So, Sophia, you chose your resting-place rather for *beauty* than *utility*. When you have to make a lasting choice, I hope you will try to unite them, or to think well which should be preferred.—And you got through your repast?’

‘And a dessert, mother. Sophy provided nuts, and bramble-berries, and sloes; and then came the *cunning* bottle of currant wine Mary had put in below all. We drank Harry’s health then. Dapple got as many thistles and *things* as he could set his long face to; and there was plenty of cold meat for old James, and a bottle of ale, Sophia had made Mary put up for him.—Was not that thoughtful, mother?’

‘And then James got cross, mamma, because I had put up no cork-screw; but Charles contrived a nice one, with a bit of whip-cord, as he had seen champagne corks *wired*. That was cleverly “improving a hint,” mother—was it not?’

‘It surely looked like reflection and reasoning, Sophia.’

‘Like Sir Isaac Newton, seeing the apple fall, mother,’ said Sophia; ‘or like’—

‘O, Sophia!’ cried Charles, blushing with mingled shame and pleasure at this *grand* comparison.

‘To compare great things with small, it did, my boy, show some, though no extraordinary power of reasoning.

‘But, mamma, only think of my heedlessness—we had after all no salt: and Charles ran a mile to a woodman’s hut for some. Now, the very last thing

you said to me, when I packed the basket, was, "Sophia, have you salt? Are *you sure*, my dear, you have salt?"

'And you were quite sure, Sophia?'

'I will never be so *sure* again, mother, of any thing.'

Mrs. Herbert again inquired for her son and nephew.

'George begged, mamma, that you would ask no questions about them till they came home, and told you all.'

'Then I shall comply with George's request, for I think he must have some good reasons for making it.—So we may have tea,—and the little bruised feet must be bathed, and put to bed.'

'Yes, mamma,' said sleepy Fanny; 'and I'll read the "Whistle" and "Eat my cake and have my cake," to you, on Monday evening, when the children go to the dance, that is far off yet. Perhaps before then some of my aunts will send me a present of a pair of nice new dress shoes.'

'And then you won't require to read warning lessons?—A great many chances against that, I fear, Fanny. In the first place, to-morrow is Sunday. On Mondays James does not go to the market-town for our parcels—he works in the garden.'

'O, but perhaps, mamma, something may happen.'

'That is just the way, Fanny, that long ago I used to indulge "visionary hopes,"' said Sophia.—'I would advise you against that, my dear. You remember, mamma, when I tore my best frock, and instead of mending it, I fancied perhaps Cinderella's good fairy

would give me another, or aunt Clement ; and so put off mending it, till I lost the party.'

'This is one of the evils which activity and industry might have remedied. I fear Fanny's misfortunes must be borne : she can neither make shoes nor earn money to buy them ; nor can any of you make them, or earn the price of them for her. "*It is fit that suffering should follow error.*"'

Fanny was too sleepy now to feel all the consequences of her rash determination. She was sent to bed.

'You don't tell what more we saw, Sophia?' said Charles.

'George must tell part,—and I wished to give my mother a surprise.'

'Give me pleasure, and I shall dispense with surprise, Sophia.'

'Well, mamma, we saw a gipsy camp—a real gipsy camp, in the forest,—tents, and donkeys, and fires and kettles, "caldrons brimming o'er."'

'How clever the children were, mother ; little things, no bigger than our Harry, ran about like squirrels, and knew every *eating* thing, and its name and use. I am sure they are far cleverer than we are,' said Charles.

'At three years old they may have more out-of-door knowledge, Charles ; but at nine and ten, will they know their duties, or have learned those things they are afterwards to practise, as well as you?'

'A fellow little bigger than Harry can fish, and snare birds and hares—and do everything,' said Charles. 'I talked with him a long while. At a race he almost

beat me, and fairly threw me at a wrestle. Now George says I am a good wrestler for my inches.'

'And what did he besides, Charles?' said Sophia, laughing—'picked your pocket.'

'Is it not a pity, mother, so clever a boy should be so mean as to pick off my handkerchief and penknife? I was ashamed to tell it of him.'

'And so *dishonest* as well as *mean*, Charles,' said his mother. 'This will teach you to be more cautious in forming intimacies with those whom, without any unfair suspicion, you may, from their habits and education, presume to be probably liars, dishonest, ignorant and mean-minded.'

'And *poor* and shocking *dirty*, mother.'

'No, Sophia,—a boy may be very *dirty*, which is a fault, and very poor, which is often no fault—seldom can be a fault in a boy, and yet have none of those vices.'

'Those *chaps* are so *manly* and clever, mother,' said Charles.

'And you prefer a clever rogue to a plain honest boy?'

'Not for a friend, mother, but for a half-hour or so in the forest, at ball, or at a foot-race.'

'And you see what comes of it,—your associates disgrace you and pick your pocket. Boys first like a *clever rogue* at ball—or a foot-race—or a badger-fight—then in the boxing ring—next on the driving-box—then at a horse-race, or the gaming-table.'

'Think of that, Charles—a badger-fight,' said Sophia, earnestly. 'I am sure, mother, I hope I never shall look at any bad dangerous boy again, when I can avoid him, except just to look how he does things so cleverly.'

‘If you can profit by what is good in a clever rogue and avoid what is bad, Charles, you will make the best of him ; but it is a perilous experiment, my dear boy,—you best know your own strength of mind—your power of resisting temptation.’

The elder boys now came home, and were casually questioned about their delay, by Mrs. Herbert.

‘I would like, if you please, mother, not to answer any question ; but if you wish it you shall hear all—hear all, at least, that relates to *me*.’

‘No, George, I respect your reasons, unknown as they are. I have no question to put to you—I confide you to your own understanding—your own sense of propriety. As you must soon act wholly for yourself, the sooner you learn to judge, and rely on yourself, the better.’

‘Thank you, mother—I hope I shall deserve your good opinion.’

Sophia looked at Maurice, who hung his head.

‘If I were you, Maurice, I would tell mamma *all*,’ whispered Charles ; ‘I would be so much happier when I had made a clean breast.’

‘My aunt would be so offended—perhaps write to my father.’

‘I am sure she would not be very much offended—only sorry for what you had done *a little* ; and glad, a great deal, that you were an honest boy. That was what my mother said the day I found I had broke the smoke-jack in my experiments, and Sally was *innocently* blamed, till I went and told how I had done it myself.’

Maurice could not be brought to this pitch.



‘He said he would not tell a *lie*—but he need not tell about *it* at all.’

The tea-table was cleared. ‘What Diversions of Hollycot to-night?’ said Mrs. Herbert.

‘Forest trees, mother, and all about them,’ cried Sophia.

‘About the gipsies, if you please, mother,’ cried Charles. ‘Where may we read about the gipsies?’

‘Or about mushrooms. I have not forgot all day those good little girls who have the power of doing so much for their poor mother. When shall I be able to do anything for you, mamma?—you who do all for us. Think of that “respectable child”—you called her so, mother, and I never heard you call a little girl so before—earning a whole three shillings in one week!’

‘I named her as I thought her, Sophia. She is a respectable child—the *kind*, the *useful*, must always be *respectable*, at whatever age, and in whatever rank. But it is not poor children alone—nor is it by money only, that children may be useful to their parents and friends. As you have not fixed on the amusement of the evening, I will recommend you a new page of your Rational Readings, the Early Life of Lady Grisell Baillie.’

‘A real life, mother?’

‘Real and true, Sophia.’

---

#### MEMOIR OF GRISELL BAILLIE.

‘Lady Grisell Baillie, of whom I am going to tell you, was the eldest of a very large family. In large families the eldest daughter has often numerous duties: Grisell

had her full share of the hardships of seniority, but she gained, as she well deserved, all its honours and privileges. She was born in the reign of Charles II. Her father was Sir Patrick Home, afterwards Earl of Marchmont. His friends, who were virtuous, patriotic men, the champions and defenders of liberty and religion, were, about this time, brought into great trouble by their honest principles. When only twelve years of age, Lady Grisell was sent by her father from his country-house to Edinburgh, where his particular friend, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood, was then in prison, to try to convey a letter to him containing advice and intelligence, and to bring back news of him to her father. So well did she conduct herself on this mission, that in all the subsequent difficulties and perils of her father, she was trusted with the utmost confidence. Though in years she was still a child, her honourable secrecy, her prudence, her courage, her firmness, her presence of mind, were worthy of any age. When her father was confined in Dumbarton Castle for his honesty and patriotism, she visited and cheered him with news of his family; and she took many journeys on his account, under the direction of her mother, of which, from her tender years, no one suspected the object. Shortly afterwards, when Sir Patrick, after being released, found it necessary to keep concealed to avoid a fresh imprisonment, and almost certain death, young Grisell was his preserver—she only, her mother, and a poor village carpenter whom they were forced to intrust, knew of his place of concealment. The servants

were often examined on oath about their master, so that it was impossible to trust any of them ; and very frequent search was made in the house for Sir Patrick, whom the servants believed far distant.

‘ His real place of concealment was a burial vault under the church of Polwarth,—damp, utterly dark, and comfortless. To this place Jamie Winter, the carpenter—I love to repeat his name, for he was a faithful, friendly man—and Lady Grisell, conveyed a bed and bedding. This vault was a mile distant from Sir Patrick’s mansion ; but thither his heroic young daughter went every night at midnight to convey him food and drink, and to make his bed ; and by her news of his family, and cheerful and affectionate talk, to beguile his solitude.’

Sophia Herbert gazed on her mother, her large brown eyes dilated with admiration and wonder.

‘ Lady Grisell was not a coward, mother,’ said Charles, equally interested.

‘ Her affection conquered her fears, Charles. Like all young persons reared in Scotland at that time, she had till then a strong terror of ghosts and churchyards ; but now love for her father made her stumble over the graves every night alone, without fearing anything, save parties of soldiers in search of him. The minister’s dog barked all night long : she was not afraid of the dog, but of discovery. It was necessary that neither the younger children nor the servants should suspect that there was an unseen mouth to be fed, and Grisell was obliged to steal the victuals off

her own plate into her lap, at dinner, to supply him. Her voracity at table astonished the other children, who did not perceive how the missing victuals went ; and her stratagems to abstract food often occasioned much merriment to her father, in his dark and doleful prison.

‘It was at last resolved that a more comfortable place of concealment should, if possible, be procured for Sir Patrick. Grisell kept the key of a low room, in which there was a bed that drew out. She and her coadjutor, Jamie Winter, contrived to dig a hole under this bed. They were obliged to work in the night time only, and to carry out the earth between them in a sheet, by a window into the garden. Lady Grisell scratched at this hole till not a nail was left on her fingers. At his own house the carpenter made a box, which was to fit this hole, and to contain bedding, so that Sir Patrick might be concealed here in case of a strict search. It was covered with boards, in which air-holes were bored. But, alas ! all poor Grisell’s hopes and labours were vain. The ground was so low here, that the hole, so painfully excavated, filled with water ; and to her horror, one day when the upper boards were removed, the box bounded, floating up.

‘Her father now resolved to attempt to get abroad, as the alarm of the family was much increased, by hearing from the carrier, that M. Baillie of Jerviswood, the friend to whom Grisell had conveyed the letter in prison, was, by a most unjust sentence, executed at Edinburgh. Ever alert, active, and useful, Grisell

now worked night and day in altering her father's clothes, so as to disguise his person. He escaped as if by a miracle; and, after many hardships, got to Holland, where he assumed the name of Dr. Wallace, and sent for his wife and ten children. Sir Patrick's estates had been forfeited; but his wife, by entreaty, obtained a small pittance to maintain her children; and this was all they had to live upon abroad. Again the virtues and activity of young Grisell became the support and comfort of her family. She first helped her mother to take the younger children abroad, and then returned alone from Holland to Scotland to conduct over a sick sister, at an age when other girls are scarce permitted to travel alone for thirty miles in a stage-coach. She nursed her sister during a tedious and very bad passage, in which the hardships of these young girls were greatly aggravated by the brutality of the Dutch captain, who ate up their little sea-stores, and suffered them to lie on the bare floor, with a pillow of the books Grisell was carrying over to her father.'

The indignation of Charles was excessive at this part of his mother's narrative. His eyes sparkled, and he involuntarily clenched his little fists. 'Brute of a Dutch captain!' he cried. 'No English sailor, mother, could'——

'And few Dutch, I hope, Charles; but, as you cannot have the pleasure of boxing the Dutch captain, I may go on with my story. It was a dark, wet, stormy night when my heroine and her sister, Julian, landed at Brill. They had to walk to Rotterdam, where Sir Patrick's eldest son, their brother, met them.

Poor sickly Julian soon lost her shoes in the mud—as my poor Fanny lost hers to-day—and the heroic Grisell took her sister on her back, and carried her to Rotterdam.’

‘If I had thought, I am sure I could have carried Fanny a good way to-day on my back,’ said Sophia.

‘And so have been like Lady Grisell Home,’ said her mother, smiling. ‘But you had poor Dapple, and old James, and George, all more able, and as willing to carry Fanny. It would not have been like sensible, considerate Lady Grisell, to do a *useless* thing, however kind. Her services were ever as *useful* as they were cheerfully and affectionally bestowed. During the years that the family remained in exile and comparative poverty, she was the greatest blessing to her parents, and to her brothers and sisters.’

‘Mother, I shall never be like her,’ sighed Sophia. ‘But I may try—you always tell me, mamma, that I may try.’

‘Certainly, Sophia; and that you may have the clearer an idea of the model you have chosen, I will relate this part of the story of Lady Grisell Baillie, in nearly the very words of her own affectionate daughter.

‘Sir Patrick, Lady Grisell’s father, I told you, went by the name of Dr. Wallace, for fear of being discovered, though his real rank was well known at the Court of the Prince of Orange. There were at that time many English and Scottish gentlemen who suffered for their principles, living in exile at the same place, Utrecht. Sir Patrick’s family liked to have a good house, and their dwelling was the resort of all ad-

herents of the cause of liberty then in exile. They paid nearly a fourth of their whole income for their house ; and so could not afford keeping any servant but a little girl to wash the dishes. "All the time they were there," says Lady Grisell's daughter, "there was not a week my mother did not sit up two nights to do the business that was necessary. She went to the market—went to the mill to have their corn ground, which is the custom with good managers in Holland—dressed the linen—cleaned the house—made ready the dinner—mended the children's stockings and other clothes—made what she could for them,—and, in short, did everything. Her sister, Christian, diverted her father and mother, and the rest, who were fond of music—for, out of their small income, they bought a harpsichord for little money. Christian played and sang, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn for business ; though Lady Grisell had the same qualifications, and liked music as well as her sister, she was content to drudge ; and many jokes passed between the sisters about their different occupations." Every morning before six Grisell lighted the fire in her father's study, then waked him, and got him a warm draught of beer and bitters, which he usually took. Then she dressed the younger children, and brought them to her father, who taught them everything that was fit for their age. Grisell, when she had a moment's leisure, took a lesson with the rest in French or Dutch, and sometimes found a few minutes for music.

"I have," says her daughter Lady Murray, "now a book of songs of her writing when in Holland.

Many of them interrupted, half writ, and some broke off in the middle of a sentence. She had no less a turn for mirth and society than any of the family when—mark, Sophia—“*she could come at it without neglecting what she thought more necessary.*”

‘Her eldest brother Patrick was about her own age. They had been bred up together; and he was “her most dearly beloved.” He was admitted a private volunteer in the Prince of Orange’s horse-guards, till better fortune came; and it was her pride to have him appear like a gentleman in his dress and linen. The guards wore point cravats and cuffs; and many a night Grisell sat up to have these in as good order for her brother as those of any richer youth in the place.

“As,” says her daughter, “their house was always full of unfortunate banished people, they seldom went to dinner without three, or four, or five of them to share with them. Many a hundred times I have heard her say she could never look back upon their manner of living there without thinking it a miracle. They had no want, but plenty of everything they desired, and much contentment. She always declared this the most pleasing part of her life, though they were not without their little distresses; but to them they were rather jokes than grievances.”—I am going to tell *you* an anecdote now, Charles,’ said Mrs. Herbert. “The professors and learned men of the place often came to see Grisell’s father. The best entertainment he could give them was a glass of *alabast* beer, which was a better kind of ale than common. One day Sir Patrick sent his



little son Andrew, afterwards Lord Kimmerghame, to draw some for them in the cellar. He brought it up with all expedition : but in the other hand the spigot of the barrel. ‘Andrew, what is that in your hand ?’ said his father. ‘When Andrew saw it he ran back with all speed ; but alas ! the beer was all run out before he got down. This occasioned much mirth, though perhaps they did not well know where to get more.’

‘What a good affectionate family,’ said George Herbert to his mother. ‘This is the true philosophy of daily life, mother.’

‘Yes, my dear George ; and their *goodness*, their *affectionateness*, their *union* was their dearest happiness—for their prospects at this time were dark enough. They were often reduced to great hardships, by the failure of even the scanty remittances they expected from home. It was the custom in Holland to solicit alms for the poor, by going from house to house with a bell, One evening the bell came to Sir Patrick’s door, and there was no money in the house but a very small coin, called an *orkey*, which is about the third of a penny. Every one was so ashamed that no one would offer it, till Sir Patrick himself, set them the example of pure and humble charity.—“Well, then, I will go with it,” he said, “we can do no more than give all we have.”’

‘This was like the widow’s mite in the Gospel, mother,’ said Sophia.

‘It was, my dear, in the same true unaffected spirit of charity—But what, Sophia, was it *unlike* ?’

Sophia hung her head.—‘It is enough, my dear

child, that I perceive you remember, and feel what it was *unlike*. I don't wish to hear more of it.'

'But I will tell, mother—It was *unlike me*, proud and perverse, when I refused last week to give anything to the subscription for burying the Widow Fenning's child, because the Courtneys gave a half-crown each, and I had only sixpence to bestow. Do, tell us now, mother, if you please, what became of Lady Grisell?'

'I did not wish to extort this candid confession from you, Sophia—you know I prize quiet, steady amendment far above a loud avowal of faults : but yours was a generous impulse.—Of Lady Grisell, like most other ladies, Sophia, the latter end was like the beginning :—she lived to a great age ; virtuous, and honoured, and happy, and universally beloved. Some other time I may tell you the rest of her story. She returned to England with her mother and the Princess of Orange, after the Revolution in 1688. Her father was now high in power at Court ; and she was offered the place of maid of honour : but she rather chose to go to Scotland with her family. This now, Sophia, was a very young girl whose services were of a higher kind to her family than those that could be paid by the little mushroom-gatherer ; for, with equal affection for her parents, she possessed a better education, and far greater power of mind.—A child in years, she almost preserved her father's life, and in so doing re-established the fortunes of her family. She was even instrumental in obtaining the blessings of civil and religious freedom to her country.'

'I know one of her songs, mother, made in Holland

I daresay while she cleaned the house, and dressed the dinner, and did so much,' said Sophia.

'Sing it for me,—pray do, Sophia,' said Charles.

'I will, Charles,—It says,

'Were na my heart licht I would dee.'

'Lightness of heart was indeed one of her many admirable qualities. Let me now engrave on your memory some more of her excellencies. Receive some of them as maxims, Sophia. I give them in her daughter's language.—"Though she had the greatest reason, from the deference always paid to her judgment, to be conceited, she was void of the least self-conceit, and often gave up her own opinion to that of others. If it was to those she loved, she did it from a desire of preferring their pleasure to her own. Of any one I ever knew, she was the most entirely void of the least ingredient of selfishness—at all times ever considered herself in the last place, or rather never thought of herself at all. In nothing did the capacity of her mind appear more than in this,—that *whatever she did she could apply herself so strongly and thoroughly to it, that a bystander might imagine that to be her particular attachment. Things of the greatest moment did not make her forget trifles that were fit to be thought of, which she often warned her daughters of,—saying, if neglected, they would become things of moment.* She had a power of passing from great things to small ones, with a readiness that was surprising; and whatever she did the same character appeared in it—sprightliness, attention, and good humour. She possessed

herself so thoroughly, that I have often heard her say, *she never knew what it was to find herself indisposed to do anything that she thought was proper to be done.* She was much devoted to piety and the service of God. People who exercise themselves much in this way," says Lady Murray, "are often observed to contract a morose way of thinking concerning others, of which my mother had no tincture. Her religion improved her in charity, and patience for other people's failings, and forgiveness of injuries; and no doubt was one great source of that constant cheerfulness for which she was so remarkable. She was always an early riser, and often recommended it to us as the best time to perform our duty either to God or man."

'Such a beautiful model, mother—and all true,' said Sophia.

'That indeed gives double value to the lesson—all true, Sophia. And what one girl *has been* another *may be*. Lady Grisell Baillie is no specimen of imaginary perfection. Now you may sing Charles his song, if you please; and then if we have still leisure, George can, I am sure, treat us with what will delight you, some lines from Mrs. Joanna Baillie's Legend of Lady Grisell Baillie.'

'That *will* be delightful,' cried Sophia. 'I was afraid there was no poetry about her.'

'And thought of trying a verse or two yourself, I presume,' said George.

'Don't laugh at me, brother; I may try to be a little like her, though, in some small things.—May I not, mother?'

‘That will be better, Sophia, than trying the verse,—so give us your song.’

Sophia’s song was not very well sung. It was new to her ; but her audience were pleased with the poet, the subject, and the singer ; and it was new to them also. She resolved to practise it in the following week. George’s reading was much finer. Mrs. Herbert smiled gently as she saw tears rush into the eyes of the young auditors.

‘O charming Lady Grisell,’ cried Sophia—‘I hope I shall dream of her all night.’

‘It will be better to imitate her all day, my dear,’ said Mrs. Herbert, smiling—‘but I don’t grudge you a little dream too.’

---

## CHAPTER V.

### SUNDAY AT HOLLYCOT.



HERE were no stated lessons, and no *Diversions* at Hollycot on Sunday. The family, with the exception of little Harry, went to church—the children said their catechisms and Sunday lessons partly before dinner, and partly after dinner. At dinner both Maurice and Charles thought it very agreeable that there was a nice large pudding, which Sophia had made previously, under the direction of Sally, and now carved, helping every one, and Maurice twice, till she had left none for herself.

‘You see your sister can do something useful, George,’ said Mrs. Herbert.

‘And I am very glad of it—the “Sophia pudding” is capital.’

‘Grisell Home went to the mill, and ironed her brother’s shirts,’ said Sophia: ‘she was a baronet’s daughter of an old family.’

‘Is the precedent quoted to save Sophia Herbert’s dignity?’ said George. ‘But you need not have helped the last morsel to Maurice, and tasted none of the fruits of your own labour, to which you were well entitled. Do you fancy empty praise better than solid pudding?’

‘I’ll give you all my share of the cherries, Sophia,’ said Charles; ‘for you had no pudding?’

‘And if you please to take some of mine, cousin,’ said Maurice. George looked up in haste. ‘I like *justice*, George,’ said Mrs. Herbert; ‘fair dealing as well as you can do, even in dividing pudding—but I like generosity also. It is twice blest—as you see here.’

The children afterwards walked for some time in the orchard, and in the neighbouring meadows with their mother. She talked, but not much, of the wonders of God in the creation; of the various habits and powers of animals; and of the exquisite and beneficent adaptation of every being to the state and circumstances in which it is placed by Providence. This was a kind of Sunday conversation of which the children never wearied, though their mother did not choose to pursue it too far.

‘You remember, Fanny, what one of your hymns says—one of your prose hymns?’

‘Yes, mamma—my Mrs. Barbauld—I know what you mean.’

‘There is little need that I should tell you of GOD, for everything speaks of HIM.’

‘If our small apartment at home be found to contain so many wonders of power, wisdom, and goodness, how many more are now within our observation—in these fields; among these birds, and beasts, and plants; and in that blue sky over our heads!—how many traces of gracious design, from the smallest blade of grass which the dew refreshes, up to that glorious sun! Everything indeed speaks of HIM, could we but listen to its voice, or understand its language.’

Sophia was this year reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*, on Sundays, for a second perusal. She had formerly read it with Charles. They did not at first comprehend it all, but they had some apprehension of its design. They knew more than they could well explain, and enjoyed the pleasure of further discovery.

Their mother, when a little girl, had liked this book so well, that she could not refuse them the pleasure of reading it. Charles liked to look at the prints,—to read of Great-Heart, and the fight of Christian with Apollyon; and a few lines which she found in Cowper gave Sophia a *key* to this delightful book. These lines spoke of Bunyan who wrote this book.

‘Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale  
Sweet fiction, and sweet truth, alike prevail;

Where hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,  
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;  
Witty and well-employed, and, like thy LORD,  
Speaking in parables his slighted word.'

On Sunday the children were allowed to read, at their pleasure, the Memoirs of pious men. They read of Bishop Jewell, and Bishop Andrew, and Usher, and Latimer, and many other good men, Fathers of the Church, who had been eminent Christians ; so that, besides the Bible, they had a variety of Sunday books, either to read together or alone.—At Hollycot Sunday was never a weary day.

Charles found a passage in his Bible this evening which particularly struck him ; and he brought it to show Sophia. He would have liked to show it to his mother too ; but she was reading with George in some new book of sermons. The passage he pointed out to Sophia was in the xiii. Chapter of Genesis, which tells of the strife between the herdsmen of Abraham and of Lot.

'Verse 8. And Abraham said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee ; and between thy herdmen and my herdmen ; *for we be brethren.*

'Verse 9. Is not the whole land before thee ? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me ; if thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right ; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.'

'That is a lovely lesson,' said Sophia. 'Did you find it out yourself, Charles?'



‘Yes I did, Sophia. I was reading without much thinking. My RATIONAL READINGS are the best for me; for I can’t read them without thinking whether I will or not. But I read these words, ‘*for we be brethren* ;’ and I thought of what mamma said to us once when we were quarrelling.’

‘That was long ago, Charles, about the cherry-stones—such trifles to quarrel about.’

‘It was on Wednesday last, Sophia.’

‘Only Wednesday! well I thought it was a month almost; you are such “a day-and-date man,” Charles, and measure-and-weight man.’

‘But, Sophy, that keeps me from telling lies—I mean from forgetting things, *right* as they are.’

‘Mother, you are hearing what Charles says, I see. Perhaps if I sometimes try to make *right* things a little more *right* than they are, I am sure it is not ill-natured that.’

‘Only *false*, Sophia,’ said Mrs. Herbert, mildly.

‘Only being sometimes a little “poetical in your prose,” Miss Herbert,’ said George.

‘You mean that I am a ——’ Sophia’s eyes filled with tears, in her hesitation to pronounce the odious name.

‘No, sister, I would be shocked to call you so—doubly shocked to think you deserved to be so called,—but I do think you are often heedless of what you say. Last day, when Miss Pratt said how well and fresh my mother’s grey silk gown looked, you replied, “And mamma has worn it almost every day for two years.” Now, Sophia, I remembered that I carried it

from London only last year about Christmas. I think many good-natured ladies are bad "day-and-date men," as you choose to call it ; and I fancy they learn this heedless trick when they are little girls.'

'I do wish I could *reform* myself of this bad habit ; you know I would not tell a *known* lie for the world ; —if I could only know'——

'You may easily know when you try to deceive—to make the thing that is not, be believed to exist.'

'Well, if I be but once "poetical in my prose" all next week, brother, I give you leave to call me as bad as you please ; but this is scarce Sabbath evening discourse, I believe, George.'

'What ! hearing of our faults from our friends, and forming and expressing resolutions to amend them ? I think this *excellent* Sabbath discourse, Sophia,' said Mrs. Herbert.

'I liked what Charles found out about Abraham and Lot better, mother.'

'It was more pleasing to you, I am sure.'

'I shall ever study to have the temper of Abraham,' said Sophia.

'And I will be like Abraham too,' added Charles.

'Then who is to be Lot ?' said Sophia.

'Do you both try more and more to cultivate the divine temper of Abraham, my dear children ; and do not fear but that among your brethren of mankind you find enough like Lot.'

Harry was made now to repeat his little questions from the Mother's Catechism, and to recite two verses of his hymn. It was, Sophia thought, exceedingly

beautiful ; and after George had read family prayers, she sung it very sweetly to a piece of sacred music, which her young aunt had taught her. Before the family dispersed, George made her an ample apology for the harshness of his reproof of her 'poetical' licenses ; and she thanked him with tears, and renewed her good resolutions for the next week. This was the hymn Sophia sang :—

- ' By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- ' Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod ;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God !
- By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
- ' And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.
- ' O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine !  
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,  
Were all alike Divine !—
- ' Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own ! '

## CHAPTER VI.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF JUVENILE LIFE.

**N**EXT morning, at eight o'clock, when Mrs. Herbert entered the dining-room, she saw Charles, his face all flushed, struggling with Sophia for a battledoor, and Sophia resisting with all her might, and weeping.

'Charles is such a rude boy, mother,' she cried, dropping her hold of him.

'Sophia is so unreasonable—so provoking, mother,' cried Charles.

The object of contest dropped between them on the carpet. Mrs. Herbert took her seat in silence; and little Fanny came with her hymn-book to repeat, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'

'Who bade you learn this, Fanny?'

'Mamma, I did it of myself to be like Princess Charlotte; when she was a little girl long ago; and because Charles said last night this was a good hymn; and I fancied you would like me to know it.'

'Plenty of reasons, and all good ones,—and there is yet another and a better than all. It will do good to your own little self—make you a better and a happier girl.—Now repeat.'

Fanny repeated the well-known hymn of the children's friend, the venerable Dr. Watts, and, we must own, very imperfectly.

'My dear little girl, I did not bid you learn this

hymn this morning ; but I do bid you learn thoroughly well whatever you do learn.'

'Mamma, Sophia would not hear me for quarrelling with Charles about that nasty battledoor.'

'It is not *nasty*,' said the owner. 'It is a very good battledoor ; Bob Sibthorpe made it for me ; and I would not have refused it to Sophia if she had asked it civilly :—there it is for her.'

'You know, Charles, I give you everything *before* you ask.—I gave you my new skipping-rope, and my tambourine, and many things.—I won't have your battledoor now,—I don't care for it,—I have plenty of toys of my own.'

'It would have been well, Sophia, that you had recollected that sooner ; you appear to have a very accurate memory for all you *give*. Take up the battledoor, Charles, and be gone. Let us not have a scene of recrimination and paltry excuses after one of violence and rude quarrelling. The battledoor is, it seems, your property. I am sorry to find that the use you make of it does not show you to be either a generous boy or a kind brother.'

'Oh, mother ! it was not *all* Charles's fault,' cried Sophia in tears.

'I do not excuse you, Sophia ; you own that you have quarrelled with your brother about a plaything, which you do not even care to have—and which you affect to despise.'

'I have been very bad,' sighed Sophia.

'No, mother, it was *most* my fault,' said Charles. 'I was too late of rising ; I was learning my verb in

the stair-window, and I held my battledoor. "Give me your battledoor," says Sophia. "Hear me my verb before you go to play," says I. "I won't just yet," says she'—

'I have no leisure, Charles, for "says I and says she." It is now within five minutes of the hour when you must go to Mr. Dodsley, and you have not had breakfast. If Sophia and you cannot agree, you must be separated.'

'Oh, Charles, how soon you—that is *we*—forgot about Abraham and Lot. I thought, last night, we never would quarrel in our lives again about anything—*For we be brethren.*'

'And to quarrel about a battledoor; and vex mamma—or to quarrel about anything—I am so sorry, Sophia.'

'Mother,' said Sophia, 'we are so sorry—if you will pardon us'——

'Real sorrow, useful sorrow, brings amendment, Sophia. When I see you living together like a brother and sister—like rational and affectionate creatures—I shall be sure you were now sorry.'

The children ate their bread and milk in silence; and Charles went off to school. Sophia and Fanny went through their usual daily lessons with their mother. When Sophia had read her French lesson, and written ten lines of translation, which her mother said was very well done, and done a long sum on her slate, and given Fanny a lesson in geography, instead of going to walk, or to her garden to weed, or out to romp with Fanny, she requested her mother to give

her a collar to stitch of the new set of shirts that were making for Charles. 'I do not wish you to work, Sophia, in your hours of exercise or amusement—everything in its own time.'

'I should like, if you please, to do something for Charles to-day.'

Mrs. Herbert never refused her children any reasonable indulgence—and the request was granted, Sophia being first warned, that if she offered—*volunteered*—to work, rather than amuse herself, for two hours, work she must, and that steadily. And she did so. She stitched a whole row, and occasionally assisted Fanny with a new petticoat to Fatima:—for Fanny was a neat little Englishwoman; and was so shocked that Fatima's gauze-spangled trousers covered mere rags, that she determined to put her into decent petticoats in sufficient number. 'Mamma, I think I work rather neatly now,' said Sophia—'don't you think so? But how awkwardly, my dear Fan, you do *bore* at that rag.'

'It is not a rag, Sophia; it is my Fatima's new petticoat.'

'Yes, yes, it is, my little dear, a nice dimity petticoat.'

'Don't look cunning, Sophia. I am not such a little dear. I have sense too. Keep your awkward finger out of my eye.'

'Sense you have—and work far better than I did last year. But, mamma, what did the lady mean who called on you last week, by saying, "Girls should learn

to do everything *neatly* in the first place ; in the second place *well* ? ” ’

‘That lady merely repeated the words of a man who liked to say things to make people stare, Sophia. If he meant anything, he meant that girls should avoid awkward tricks and postures ; such, for example, as your trick of spreading out your little finger every stitch you draw, to the peril just now of Fanny’s eyes.’

‘Indeed, mother, it won’t stay down.’

‘Down it must, Sophia : ’ and, under the vigilant eye of her mother, Sophia got over this ridiculous little habit tolerably well in a half-hour.

‘Oh, mother, if I could as easily cure myself of being cross, and rather “poetical.” ’

‘I wish you could, Sophia.’

‘But, mamma, I am not very cross.’

‘Then you will the more easily cure yourself.’

‘Nay, but perhaps I am *very cross*—a very bad girl.’

‘I trust, with this conviction, you will set about *re-forming* yourself—making your habits over again.’

‘Mother, you don’t think me very bad ? ’

‘What, Sophia ? You are willing to accuse yourself of faults as long as I deny you have any. Do not *deceive* yourself, my dear child—you are not *very bad* ; but faults you have, and grievous ones, that will afford you labour all your life, Sophia, in checking and subduing.’

‘Never mind your faults now, Sophia—sing me the pretty song about the fairy-birds,’ said Fanny.

‘That will indeed be better than arguing about the



faults of a *faultless* girl,' said Mrs. Herbert ; and Sophia sang as blithely as a bird,

' 'Tis merry—'tis merry in fairy-land,  
Where the fairy-birds are singing.'

'I daresay the fairy-birds must be like humming-birds, mother?'

'O, tell me about them,' cried Fanny, throwing away Fatima's petticoat.

'I shall read about them when Charles comes ; and show you their pictures. Ah, yonder he comes over the White Bridge—and there comes luncheon, as regular as the clock ; and I have cured myself of one fault to-day—my little finger fault.'

'That small member is a good beginning, Sophia,' said her mother, smiling.

Charles crept in like a snail, the traces of tears on his cheeks. He looked very dismal. Sophia was instantly at his side, looking anxiously in his face. 'You could not say *it*, Charles—that ugly *doceo*—it is so *terrible* difficult ; and Mr. Dodsley is so cross.'

'He is not cross, Sophia,' said Charles, 'Mr. Dodsley is always kind.'

'What is the matter, my boy?—could you not say your lesson properly?'

'No,—no, ma'am—no, mamma ; that kite-pasting, and that battle—' Charles stopped short, for Sophia was very kind now.—'I could not say *all*—I could not say any of it right, mother. Mr. Dodsley's new usher says I am a *dunce*, mamma, and a *blockhead*, and a plague to him, and I will never know Latin. Oh, mother, what shall I do?'

Charles's mother perhaps felt that to be a very piteous cry ; but he did not see how she looked, for he held her hand to his eyes.

'Why, you will show Mr. Dodsley's new usher that you are not a dunce, nor a blockhead—that you can learn Latin, or anything fit for a boy of your years—and that you will not be a plague but a pleasure to him, as you are now to me, in proving yourself an honest and a generous boy, which is better than if you knew all the languages in the world.'

'I will, mother,' cried Charles, now looking up, and smiling through his tears.

'And I will hear you that abominable *doceo* fifty thousand times, my dear Charles,' cried Sophia.

'And I shan't seek to see the humming-birds till you are done, Soph,' said little Fanny.

'This is well, my good children,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'I see you have not forgotten the spirit of Abraham. But one Latin verb is not more ugly or beautiful than another, Sophia. Poor *doceo* is the most harmless of the party, if all were known ; and you may hear your brother as often as is requisite, without promising for "fifty thousand times."' Sophia felt that she had again been *poetical*. She looked down demurely, till her mother said, 'But I rather like warmth—incautious warmth—than coldness in sisterly feeling.'

And now so quiet was Fanny, so patient and attentive was Sophia, and so studious and anxious was Charles to redeem his disgrace, that long before dinner he was reported perfect. He had been stupified by shame and repeated failure, and rash attempts to

repeat what he had imperfectly learned. He now said his lesson without missing one word ; and his mother was so kind as to hear him when he asked her, as she went up-stairs to dress for dinner.

The first dinner-bell rang ; and the children ran to their apartments to wash their hands and brush their hair, and make those little alterations in their dress which were necessary to neatness. As they seldom were in company, Mrs. Herbert was the more rigid in enforcing those rules which give and fix the habit of personal cleanliness and neatness. Nothing was allowed to interrupt the regular order of the children's toilet. Their dress was clean and neat, of good materials, and generally of fashionable form, though not of the expensive kind to which children are made slaves. They could race, or leap, or dig in their gardens, and weed in all weathers, without fearing the displeasure of their maid, or a whipping or other punishment for tearing or soiling their fine clothes. Charles brushed his jacket, and washed himself, and brushed his hair and changed his mud-covered shoes, and soiled stockings, and no longer looked like a stupified dunce. Sophia saw Fanny wash and brush her hair, and took off her long linen apron, and tied on her green sash over her white frock—and did the same for herself. They had not been out of doors this day, and no other change was necessary. At dinner all met in good humour as usual.

' Well, I do declare, mamma, I daresay we had no lunch to-day. Charles forgot, and I forgot. What a monstrous dinner I shall eat.'

‘Eat a good hearty dinner, Sophia, by all means—but it need not be monstrous.’

‘When Miss Caroline Walpole dined here, you know, mother, and ate a little bit of partridge, she said, “I have made such a monstrous dinner.”’

‘Eat as much as you think fit, Sophia, we shall not call it *monstrous*.’

‘Do you recollect, mamma, when we dined with the Harrisons, Mrs. Harrison was always saying, ‘You cannot have more mince-pie, Jemima, my love; you will derange your stomach, Robert: you must take medicine to-morrow, children, with all that turkey and plum-pudding.’ Was that vulgar, mamma?’

‘I do not think it was very agreeable table-talk, Sophia.’

‘Nor do I that you are very grateful for the good *stuffing* Mrs. Harrison gave you,’ said George, laughing: ‘nor the pretty trick she taught you of *guzzling* tarts and plum-pudding after you came home, till you sickened yourself, and were kept in your room on *rations* for a week.’

‘I was but a child then, George, and I corrected myself. I remember my mother told me none should sit at her table that did not eat with propriety, and regulate the quantity of their food. She would not survey every dish, and gauge every morsel her children swallowed—if my own judgment did not do that, the cook, and the scales and measures, must do it for me till I learned.’

‘And my Fanny has sat at table since she was three years old, and behaves like a Duchess,’ said George.

‘Miss Fanny Herbert, may I have the honour to drink water with you?’ Fanny smiled and bowed, and raised her little strong glass goblet to her lips and drank water. Fanny required all her brother’s attention on this day, for Sophia and Charles began to talk of the dance at the Courtneys. She was very fond of a dance, and Mary and Lucy Dodsley were to be there; but she knew it was her own fault that she must be absent; and she thought she would finish Fatima’s petticoat, and perhaps after tea her mother would show her the humming-birds or take her to walk.

‘There is one thing oppresses my mind, Sophia,’ said Charles:—‘If Mr. Dodsley would but hear me before we go to the Courtneys I should be so happy all night.’

Sophia repeated his observation. ‘If it would relieve your mind, Charles—and if Mr. Dodsley would be so kind as hear you, there is abundant time if you improve it:—though you have no right to infringe on the leisure hours of your teacher.’

‘Plenty of time, Charles, and I’ll walk with you,—only I should curl my hair,—but I daresay it will take a good crisp curl before the ball yet—’tis only four o’clock. There is the comfort of small short dinners; the fish, the joint, and pudding whipt off, and plenty of time to read or play. Now, at your house, Maurice, the weary long dinners that last so long after one is done eating, and the number of dishes’——

‘Are you a proper judge, Sophia, of the length of your uncle’s dinners, and of the number of his dishes?’

‘I know what I like best myself, mother.’

‘Very useful knowledge for you. Perhaps I like short dinners best too ;—but as we are not the standards of the world, nor persons of great fortune, suppose we make our own dinners short and plain, and say nothing about those great ones which we must sometimes take, and sometimes give, whether we like them or not. A large dinner, like many other words and things, is a *relative* term. You know what that means?’

‘I think I do—our dinners appear as large to the little mushroom-girl as my uncle’s do to me.’

‘That is exactly what I mean.—I think I shall walk with you, Charles, to Mr. Dodsley’s, and request him to hear you—for I do respect your motive.’

Charles was very much obliged to his mother. He said over his lesson once more to George, and then went on to the meadow to practise archery—at least to have one shot, before his mother and sisters came up to him. Fanny got her little basket, for she also wished to see the boys shooting their arrows at the mark which Bob Sibthorpe had set up in the Broad-Oak meadow ; and she was sure to find some flowers and rushes to bring home, to make nosegays or to plait into helmets. Her basket was half filled before they reached the spot, and Sophia told her the names of all the wild-flowers she gathered ; and also told her about Robin Hood and his men, and Sherwood Forest ; and taught her to sing an old English ballad, which her mother said she liked.

‘ Merry it was in the green forest,  
Among the leaves so green,  
Whenas men hunt east and west,  
With bows and arrows keen.’

Charles gave Sophia his bow ; she drew it several times, and became so fond of the exercise that her mother left her, and went on with Charles and Fanny, saying she could not wait longer.—When they got near Mr. Dodsley’s house, Sophia ran up to them. Charles hung back, conning his lesson over once more. ‘ I am glad to see that you are not too confident, Charles ; that is a good sign.’

Mrs. Herbert herself said to the usher : ‘ Sir, I have brought you a boy—or more properly a boy has come to you—who is sorry for having troubled you so much this morning, and who wishes you would give him an opportunity to redeem his disgrace, and to show you, that though he carelessly and through inattention neglected his lesson, he is not a *dunce*, nor a blockhead ; and that he is very sorry for having plagued you.’

Mr. Dodsley’s usher was probably sorry for having been so hasty with Charles. He immediately went with him to the school-room, heard his lesson, and brought back a highly favourable report.

‘ Now, mother, I can dance like a fairy, now that I have done my duty,’ said Charles. •

His mother smiled, and replied, ‘ A light heart makes light heels, Charles.’

Just as Charles and Sophia were dressed for their party, and old James standing at the door with the

pony-gig to drive them to Mr. Courtney's, the little mushroom-gatherer appeared on the White Bridge, with a bag on her shoulder, and a little brother and sister after her.—Charles coloured and looked vexed: and Sophia exclaimed, 'How unlucky!'

'Why so, Sophia?' said her mother.

'Oh! the poor child cannot get the acorns herself in any quantity.'—Mrs. Herbert looked at her son.

'Yes, mother, I promised,' said Charles, not quite recovered from his vexation.

'And no more?'

'Yes, I *invited*—I *offered*'——

'You certainly did, for Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday; and a promise was strictly implied.'

'Sophia, I cannot go with you.—I must put on my old jacket.'

'I am sure she could come back to-morrow,' said Sophia.—'Could you not come all the same to-morrow, my dear?' The little girl did not reply.

'Is this your wish, Charles?' said Mrs. Herbert.

The little girl appeared ready to cry.

'Oh, no, mother, I will keep my word,—though I was rash in engaging for *every* day.'

'I am glad to see you resolved at all events to keep your word, Charles. I also thought you rash in coming under so *vague* an engagement. To be truly generous—as you intended to be to this little maid—we must first be *just*, just to ourselves as well as to others. I did not foresee this ball, but I knew when you were making that offer in the overflow of good feeling, that you were acting without reflection. For one thing;



you had invited us all on Wednesday, precisely at two o'clock, to witness the launch of your frigate on the mill-pond. If this little girl had, on Wednesday, claimed your promise, how could you have reconciled all your duties?'

'I am such a thoughtless boy.—Why, mother, did you not put me in mind?'

'My dear Charles, I have often cautioned you against making rash promises,—that done I must leave you to your own judgment. I cannot be always at your elbow "to put you in mind," even were it possible or right for one reasonable creature to be guided, on all occasions, by the understanding of another. But we waste this poor child's time.'

'I'll go with her in an instant. Will George be kind enough to write an apology for me, to send by Sophia?'

'We may send an apology for us all then, for I'm sure I don't above half wish to go,' said Sophia, looking with displeasure at the little girl.

'I will come again,' said the child, her eyes filling with tears. 'Only I must nurse the baby to-morrow, while mother washes. And I—I *promised* Mr. Oakley, at the nursery, a measure of acorns, to-morrow,—and mother the shilling.'

'Good-bye, Sophia, — good-bye, George,' cried Charles, now quite resolute. 'Tell the Courtneys not to forget my launch,—if'—his eyes turned on the little girl,—'if you won't be coming to our oak copse on Wednesday too?'

'I don't know, sir,—just if mother can spare me.'

Mrs. Herbert smiled at the embarrassment of her

little son, and the simplicity of the child, who would not take his polite hint to stay away. 'What is to be done now, Charles?'

'Perhaps she won't come,—we must wait to see, mother.'

'Put off the evil day,—is that your plan?'

'No, mother.'—He turned to the little girl—'I forgot, Amy, that I had invited my mother and a party'—Charles thought the word *party* too grand for his use, and he disliked fine words as much as Sophia admired them—'*some persons*,' he said, 'and children to see the launch of my frigate, on Wednesday at two o'clock, and—and'—

'And perhaps you would like to be there too, Amy?' said Sophia, helping him out,—'or perhaps you won't come to our copse that day.'

Charles was for a few seconds delighted with this evasive expedient to get rid of his promise.

'Was this what you meant, my boy?' said Mrs. Herbert.

'No, ma'am—no, mother, it was not.'

'Then tell Amy what you meant, and be done with it.'

'If she would excuse me on Wednesday for a couple of hours, as I am under a prior engagement which I forgot.'

Little Amy fancied this *prior* engagement meant the Prior's Oak, the largest in the country, on which bushels of acorns grew; but when the affair was explained she at once gave up her claim on Charles's hours, and thanked him modestly and gratefully.

Maurice was now anxious to set out, but Sophia hesitated, and could almost have stayed. This her mother would not permit, as she had accepted the invitation, having no prior engagement forgotten. They drove off ; and Charles instantly put on his old jacket and stout shoes, and led the little girls to the copse. His mother followed him with little Harry, who could now walk this length. Charles was already up among the branches, driving lustily about him, and in high spirits, delighted with his employment and his companions. The party were joined by his friend Bob Sibthorpe, and every one was busy and happy. Even little Harry was employed in gathering acorns ; and the bag was soon so full that Bob offered to carry it on his back to Hollycot, and Mrs. Herbert said Dapple was to take it the rest of the way.

‘I am almost as happy, mother,’ said Charles, running to his mother, all in a glow with his generous exertion, ‘as if I had been at the ball ; and Sophia will tell us of it too—so that will be two pleasures instead of one.’

‘It will, Charles. Will you now try to tell me a few of the reasons which you conceived *obliged* you to give up the dance, and come to the oak copse?’

‘Mother, I had promised’——

‘Right, my boy—and reason enough of itself ; but were there no reasons to *enforce* the fulfilment of that particular promise?’

‘Amy was a poor child, mother, I thought to myself : and her time was worth money to her mother.’

‘Very well.’

‘And I had *offered* as well as promised ; and she, poor thing, looked as if she would have been so sorry to be sent back empty-handed ; and it would have been so selfish in me ; and’——

‘Enough, Charles,’ said his mother. They were silent for some minutes as they walked homeward. Harry ran on before till he stood under the block or root of an immense tree lying on its edge. ‘This was the famous ash-tree,’ said Mrs. Herbert, ‘called the Edgemoor ash. It had become rotten and hollow, and was blown down in a high wind two years ago. It was all carried off for timber, save this huge root.’

‘What a root ! Lying on its side, it is almost as high as our cottage, mother. How long it must have taken to grow so large !’

‘There is a method of ascertaining the age of trees, when, like this, they are cut across. A ring of new wood is added every year to the stem or trunk ; and by counting these *consecutive* rings—you understand me, Charles?—those rings that grow one after the other, or around the other—the age of the tree may be pretty exactly known.’

Charles tried and tried to count the rings, but he still got confused about a hundred and sixty, and went wrong. His mother got tired at last, and walked on.

‘Three and four hundred rings have been counted in some trees,’ she said, when he joined her ; ‘and what is the size of this felled ash compared with some of those strong-limbed, gigantic oaks, of which a few are still to be seen in England ? There is one at Cowthorpe near Wetherley, which measures twenty-six

yards at the root, and sixteen yards at three feet above the surface, its shadow covering almost an acre of land. Could you show me, Charles, on this turf, how much space that tree would occupy? I know you have always a supply of cord in your pockets.'

'I can, mother—I think I can,' cried Charles. 'The circumference is twenty-six yards. If you can show me, on this string, how much is a yard, or a foot, or an inch, I can manage it.'

Mrs. Herbert measured off a yard exactly. Charles chose a centre—fixed his cord down with a bit of a forked stick, and drew round his outer line, making a scratch in the ground in some places, and at others coaxing Harry to drop pebbles and acorns, till a circle was tolerably well defined. It appeared on the open meadow of prodigious size to be the girth of one tree.

'I do like the Brave Oak, mother. I always, I don't know how, think it a true Englishman; and Sophia thinks oak furniture so glossy and grand; and the oak-panelled parlour at grandmamma Harding's, and the carved oak-settle and high-backed chairs, and the long oak polished table in the hall, so noble; but I like the oak best because ships are built of it. Sailors are called "Hearts of Oak."

' "Hearts of Oak!" our Captain cried, when each gun,  
From its adamantine lips,  
Shed a death-hue round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse of the sun.'

'Is not that *grand* poetry, mother? Sophia has no song like that!' said Charles, with sparkling eyes.

‘Very grand indeed, Charles ; and perhaps the reason that you think the oak “a true Englishman” is your admiration of this noble lyric or song.’

Charles’s mother told him much more about forest trees. He already knew many of the pine tribes, and he also knew the birch, and sycamore, and the acacia, because it and the larch in spring were Sophia’s favourite trees. When they went home his mother showed him, in a book of views in India, the *Banian* tree, and told him stories about it. And in some fine large prints which had been his father’s, and which were taken from Italian paintings, she showed him other trees, under which groups of ladies and gentlemen, in picturesque dresses, were sitting ; and peasants and young girls dancing.

‘These trees are so beautifully, so truly drawn, Charles, that by looking on the massive foliage you might almost know the kind of tree.’

‘I do, mother ; they are chestnuts.’

‘Yes, Charles, magnificent Sicilian chestnuts.’

Charles then read, in *Rational Readings*, a passage from Humboldt’s *Travels in South America* of a tree, in which, when the low grounds are inundated in the rainy season, some of the native tribes live like birds ; the tree in which they *perch* furnishing them with food, and shelter, and domestic utensils.

Mrs. Herbert also told Charles of the breadfruit tree of tropical latitudes ; and of the tapioca tree, of which the pith or sap, drawn from a single one, will keep several human beings alive for a whole season.

‘Sailor-boys may be often the better of a knowledge

of other *trees*, Charles, besides the Hearts of Oak, when in the hot climates they are frequently obliged to visit. In the West Indies, and other hot countries of South America, where rain does not fall sometimes for months together, there is a plant called the *wild pine*, which grows upon the bark of the trunk of trees, and also upon their branches. This plant has leaves that are hollow or like a bag, and which form little reservoirs for water. The rain falls into them through little conduits, which close at top when the bag-like leaf is full, which prevents evaporation. The seed of this plant has small floating threads attached to it, by which, when carried through the air, it catches any tree on its way, and falling on it grows; and mark,' said Mrs. Herbert, 'wherever it grows, though on the underside of a branch, it grows straight upwards; otherwise the little water-buckets would, you know, run out. One leaf will hold a hearty draught of water to a parched thirsty traveller—some will contain near a quart of water. These leaves are the fountains and reservoirs of birds and beasts in that hot climate during the dry season; and wonderfully refresh the trees on which they grow. Dampier says'——

'Dampier was a seaman, mother,' \* cried Charles.

'He was—a famous discoverer and navigator—and often beholden for a refreshing draught to these plants. "When we find them," he says, "we stick our knives just above the root, and catch the water as it gushes

\* For an account of Dampier's voyages, see 'The English Circumnavigators,' published by W. P. Nimmo, London and Edinburgh.

out in our hats, as I myself have frequently done to my great relief." You have seen the birch-tree *tapped*, Charles, and the pith drawn from it; and you have read of the sugar-cane and of the sugar-maple of America. These are all admirable; but sugar and birch-wine are luxuries; the trees and shrubs that contain water are, in hot climates, the greatest and most necessary blessing to plants, and to man and beast. There is a plant called the *Bejuco*, in the East, which twines round trees, as you have seen ivy and other creepers. Its ends hang down, and are so full of water that, when cut, a stream gushes out, refreshing the trees to which it clings, as well as men, and birds, and beasts. I will tell you but of one or two more, Charles; of all the rest you must *read and know*. In the dry, hot climate of the East, there is found a plant called the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, which has mugs or tankards—or call them, if you please, small jars—hanging from its leaves, each containing from a pint to a quart of very pure, I may say distilled water. The same Divine wisdom which is visible throughout all nature, which formed the reindeer for Lapland, and the camel for the desert, and this plant for the parched East, has provided it with a leaf which grows over, and nearly fits the top of each tankard, and prevents the water collected from being evaporated by the heat of the sun. The cow-tree in South America grows in dry rocky places, where rain does not fall for months; and, at these times, the natives pierce the trunk, and obtain a sweet, milky, nourishing sap, from which they give this useful tree its name. Sophia can tell you of



the cup or bulb of a flower in America, in which the thirsty traveller finds a refreshing draught ; for I heard her reading it lately to Fanny from the notes to a poem.'

'O, how wonderful, mother !' cried Charles ; 'and is there no more ?'

'No more marvels of wisdom and mercy in creation, Charles? My dear boy, they are exhaustless, and scarce comprehensible ; but we have talked a long while now. To-morrow will come, and bring its own duties. *Docce* is well said ; but that is only one step.'

'I will go to my lesson, mother,' said Charles ; 'and perhaps you will tell Sophia and me again all you have said about trees to-night—some day soon.'

'All and more, Charles.' And I must tell you yet another thing. I am now informed how Maurice spent the day you were nutting.—Those cruel thoughtless boys killed the horse they rode by over-driving. The owner went to their teacher, and their fault was discovered. They had not money of their own to pay for the horse, and the owner wrote to their friends. Mr. Cecil is expelled the school.'

'He who struck Dapple, mother,' cried Charles reddening.—'But I forgot—you did not know.'

'I do know, Charles. If it was not quite prudent in you to fly in the face of that great boy, it was a very pardonable impulse. I leave Maurice to his teacher. His share of the actual *vice* of that day was not so great as some of the others ; but he was weak-minded and misjudging. I must further tell you that the justices are to deprive the people of the *White Hart* of their license, for harbouring those young gentlemen. The

man whom they encouraged to steal a badger for their brutal amusement, is in prison for the theft. They share his disgrace—if not his punishment.’

Charles wished very much to sit up to tell Sophia about the tankards of the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, and to hear about the ball ; but he became very sleepy, and his mother recommended him to go to bed.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### STYLE AND VULGARITY—COURAGE AND HUMANITY.



NEXT morning Charles was off to Mr. Dodsley's before Sophia had come down stairs, for she overslept herself from her long dance ; and he did not come at mid-day, as he was busy with Bob Sibthorpe finishing his frigate for the grand launch. There was a drizzling rain, so Sophia could not join him ; and she longed for his return, got tired of her work, tried twenty things, and, after a restive fit, yawned, as she looked from her room window, at the boys working in their shirt-sleeves, far off down the brook, in what Charles called 'the dockyard.' But Charles came at last, and there was an immense interchange of talk ; though he had half forgotten the *tankards*, and Sophia already thought less of the party than she believed it possible to have done in so short a time. Charles reported the progress of his ship, for which, after dinner, he arranged some anchoring tackle, while his sisters assisted him in twisting cables. Charles

attributed great merit to Bob Sibthorpe, who was as ingenious as obliging.

‘What a pity the miller’s people are so *vulgar*,’ said Sophia. ‘If they but lived in a little more *style*, I might visit Patty oftener; and Bob would make so useful a friend for you, Charles; he is such a clever obliging boy.’

‘What mean you now, Sophia?’ said Mrs. Herbert.

‘O! mamma, you may easily know. I only wish the Sibthorpes were not so vulgar, and a little more stylish.’

‘If by style you mean, as I suppose, fashion of living, I think they live in the best possible style, Sophia. Are not the miller’s family well fed, well clothed, comfortably lodged, cleanly, cheerful, industrious people, who do their duty to God and man?’

‘Then, mother, I suppose I may visit them as we do the Courtneys?’

‘We do already visit them, Sophia, when needful; and if we cannot see them in the same way we do the Courtneys, it is because our education, and habits, and tastes, would not suit each other,—not from their want of what you call *style*.’

‘Mother, that is just what you said *almost* about the Lydgate family, when they settled at the Grove—“Their manners and habits of life would not suit ours.” Now they live in *high life*; we heard so much of them, and their *style*, last night from Emma Lydgate!’

‘I must beg of you to say what you exactly mean by *style*, and *high style*, and *stylish*, Sophia,’ said Mrs.

Herbert; 'so be prepared when I return from the nursery.'

'Does mamma look *stylish*?' said George, laughing.

'No,' answered Sophia, hesitatingly. 'Mamma only looks like a lady—a *real* lady.—You know, George, my mother is very handsome; and very well dressed always, and fashionable,—but not *stylish*, I think.'

'Sophia, with your fine *taste*, I think you might have more sense than to prefer Miss Lydgate's great sausage curls, and French bonnet, and affected manners, to your mother's braided hair, and plain grey silk gown, and elegance of deportment.'

'And so I do, in one sense, brother. My mother is a thousand times more elegant'——

Sophia broke off, for her mother came back.

'Mother,' said George, 'we have made one step. We have discovered, that what may have beauty, elegance, propriety, even fashion in a certain degree, may, nevertheless, not be *stylish*.'

'That is one important step, George.—Next, pray favour us with what is the prevailing notion of *style* at your school.'

'A fashionable London tailor is sole judge of *style* with us, mother—plenty of pocket money, a blood nag, a gig—driving in *style*, dressing in *style*, gaming in *style*.'

'Stop, George, we have enough of what *style* is with you to satisfy even Sophia. But what was reckoned *style* at the dance last night, Sophia? Whether was Ann Dodsley, Maria Courtney, Miss Emma Lydgate, or yourself, arrayed in greatest *style*?'

‘O, mamma, you need not inquire that—Emma to be sure: though Maria dances so beautifully, and Ann is so handsome!—yet all Emma’s things are direct from Madame Friperie, who has “exquisite taste,” Emma says. There were above thirty yards of beautiful fancy ribbon depending from Emma’s gauze frock; you know I wore only that plain white satin sash, which I have so often worn before; however, before the dance was over, I daresay I thought Maria Courtney’s white dress quite as genteel and more handsome; and my own was not *shabby*.’

‘So you came to your senses a little, Sophia. If you had always enjoyed them, you would only have perceived Madame Friperie’s exquisite skill in swelling a bill, and working on the vanity of unthinking girls.’

‘I thought the supper so good and beautiful, mamma; but Emma whispered it should have been more in the French *style*, as the ball suppers at the *Grove* were, with *nougats* and *caramels*, and artificial *bouquets*, and *pieces-montées*.’

‘She is quite a *piece-montée* herself,’ said George, laughing. ‘Such an affected conceited girl, so dressed and over-dressed! She contrived to eat in the English *style*, however; actually scrambled for preserved ginger with her brother.’

‘And O, mamma, the beautiful frock’——

‘And all the depending ribbons,’ added George, laughing.

‘Enough of this,’ said their mother, somewhat amused; ‘only I am afraid neither you, Sophia, nor yet Ann Dodsley, must presume to invite Miss Emma

to any of your little dances, as neither Mrs. Dodsley nor I can afford expensive entertainments to your young friends: nor would we think it proper to make them for such occasions, although we could afford them. You must give up that idea, unless you have sufficient strength of mind to show Miss Lydgate that you are not ashamed of living as becomes your age and the fortune of your family,—and not in *style*.'

'I daresay, mother, I have talked very foolishly about *style*.'

'I am afraid you have thought a little foolishly too, my dear,' said Mrs. Herbert.

'I will tell you one thing of your friend Miss Emma, Sophy,' said Charles; 'and I could not help hearing it. We were in the winding lane when poor Fanny was stuck on Dapple, and the Miss Lydgates were across the hedge. "Good la! is that Fanny Herbert, like a gipsy's brat? I fancied that family, though their house is small, lived in some sort of *style*." '—Sophia looked flushed and offended.—'The Hollycot children have been nutting all day; and such a set out!'

'I fear, Sophia, what is considered *style* at the Grove, may be thought ostentatious vulgarity in other situations,' said George. 'When I came home last week, old Lady Harcourt, who brought over her grandson William from school in her carriage, gave me a seat also. She asked me, what *flary*, vulgar-looking girls those were in the Grove-house pew last Sunday, with the large Parisian bonnets—"so *suitable*," she said, "to a small country church."'

Sophia looked now exceedingly perplexed. 'Vulgar—vulgar-looking,' she repeated, as if she felt the injustice of the horrid impeachment.—'Was that *just*, mother?'

'I think not, Sophia.—These girls are what you vulgarly call *stylish*, and not, in appearance at least, what I think *vulgar*.'

'This *vulgar* is just as stupifying as *style*, mother,' said Sophia. 'I don't know rightly what it is, mamma,—sometimes one thing, and sometimes another.'

'What do you think vulgarity is, Sophia? tell us,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'Give us a definition of it, according to your ideas,—or a description of this odious and disgraceful quality, if you cannot do more.'

'I know, mother, *vulgar* means common, or what is practised among the common people.'

'The common people practise sleeping, eating, and saying their prayers,' said George, laughing. 'Are these things *vulgar*?'

'Surely not,' said Sophia, laughing. 'The dictionary does not tell right; and I do not know right yet what is *vulgar*.'

'The dictionary gives you words only—you must form ideas for yourself, Sophia. Give us your present idea of vulgarity.'

'I think, mamma, being fat must be vulgar, and having red hair, and wearing a scarlet waistcoat, or a gown of a large flowered pattern, or'——

'No, Sophy,' cried Fanny, 'that is not vulgar.—It is not wearing a white frock on Sunday that is vulgar.'

—For Sally said to me, when I stopped to talk to little Peggy, “What a *vulgar* little chit, with a blue frock of a Sunday !”’

‘Cousin Maurice does not think that vulgar,’ said Charles. ‘He thinks it eating fat bacon off a wooden trencher, and drinking a jug of ale under a sycamore tree. When we saw Farmer Wilmot, after he had loosened and suppered his horses, eating his own supper—“What a great *vulgar* brute, to bolt bacon and drink ale at such a rate,” said Maurice.’

‘Well, we have collected a few ideas on this subject—First, being fat?’

‘I don’t think being *fat* quite *vulgar*,’ said Charles ; ‘for Captain Harding is very stout, and I have heard you say, mamma, that though a seaman he is a perfect gentleman. I am sure he is not *vulgar*.’

‘And so am I,’ said Mrs. Herbert.—‘Now, red hair?’

‘But young Harcourt has red hair, mother,—and you told me once, how gentlemanlike a youth he was, especially in his movements and manner of speaking. And the red waistcoat cannot, of itself, Sophia, make a boy *vulgar* ; for I heard Widow Fenning tell mamma lately, when we went to her cottage, what “a *nice*, industrious, affectionate lad her son Tom was—and how he had brought her a half-guinea he had gained over his wages for working after hours, in saving his master’s hay from the rain, by getting up early and lying down late to lead it home ; and how she had bought a new shawl for herself, and a red waistcoat for him, and he looked so smart and genteel in church.”’



No, no, Sophia, depend on it, a red waistcoat is not always *vulgar*.'

'So it appears doubtful among you, children, whether any *mode* or *colour* of garments, or manner of feeding, or tinge of hair, or size of person, be *vulgar* or not,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'Will you next, my dear Maurice, give us your ideas of vulgarity?'

'It is so easy to know what is *vulgar*, ma'am,' said Maurice laughing. 'Almost everything in the country is *vulgar*.' Charles looked eagerly up, and Sophia fixed her large eyes on the speaker.

'As for example, cottages, wild-flowers, peasants and their children, trees, donkeys, and gipsies!' said George,—'all that enters into landscapes.'

'O! no, no,' exclaimed Sophia eagerly.

'I did not say so, Sophia,' said Maurice. 'But there are not many genteel houses or things in the country—nor any genteel people, scarce.'

'So you think whatever is *rustic* is also vulgar?' said Mrs. Herbert.

'And whatever is unusual too,' said George. 'Were you not of the faction that ridiculed and tortured the Irish boy, Consadine, when he first came to school?'

'O! Paddy Consadine, with his brogue and his broad-tailed jacket. He was, to be sure, monstrous *vulgar* at first,' said Maurice.

'But he got a new suit, boxed, or laughed right and left, and is no more vulgar.'

'We have got a very *vulgar* Scotch boy though, one Gordon, in our form—a shabby fellow too.'

'*Shabby* and *vulgar*—poor boy!' said Mrs. Herbert.

‘Yes, ma’am,’ cried Maurice, with unusual animation. ‘That green jacket, with the sugar-loaf buttons, he has had ever since he came to our school. One day when I told him of it before the boys—“Could not your father dye it for me?” said he. Think of that impudence, ma’am, in a beggarly Scot, with only sixpence a week of allowance,—because my papa dyes in his silk manufacture!’

‘But, cousin, you first insulted him,’ said Charles. ‘I have heard George say he is a very clever boy; and his own father is abroad, and not rich; so he could not help his jacket—could he, mother?’

‘No, Charles, nor had he any cause to be ashamed of it.’

‘But he speaks so *broad* and *vulgar*, aunt. One day as I *laid* on the hay, and as we *were being* called up, Sawney twitches me by the *gownd*—gown I mean. “Clements,” cries he, “are you *wauking*? You will be too late, our class is called up.” You see, ma’am, he meant *waking*, though he spoke it like walking.—“No,” cried I—“I am not walking, I am *laying*.” “What are you *laying*?” cries he,—“Is it a great goose egg?” Did you ever hear of such an idiot, ma’am?’—George laughed aloud, and Sophia and Charles looked all amazement.

‘Instead of indulging your mirthful propensities, George, it would be as well to acquaint your cousin with how many *vulgar* errors of speech he made in attempting to *quiz*, as it is called, this good-natured clever boy, whose only faults, so far as we have learned, are, having his father abroad, and using the

broad *A*.' Mrs. Herbert then patiently explained to her nephew the difference between *lie* and *lay*, words so often misapplied by those who fancy they speak much better than their neighbours.

'The refinements of Cockneyism, mother,' said George. 'But I think you *were being* about to speak.'

'Cockneyism would lead us as long a chase as *vulgarity*, George. We must leave one quality till we hunt down the other. Give us now your ideas of what constitutes *vulgar*.'

George paused a short time. 'I am not quite so sure of what *vulgar* is, as of what it is not. It does not, I am sure, consist in dress or external appearance, an old-fashioned coat, a dinner of bacon and beans, a fat figure, a red waistcoat, a blue 'kerchief:—none of these are *vulgar*. Want of polish of manner does not, I think, always imply vulgarity: rusticity is not vulgarity. I have read somewhere lately, that a London tradesman may be a much more *vulgar* person than an American Indian. The civilised man may be impudent, and chattering, and vulgar; and the savage reserved, silent, and polite: I can understand this. Nicknames, I think, are *vulgar*; national reflections; *quizzing*, if carried too far; oaths, slang, impudent mimicry; whatever shows conceit along with ignorance:—for ignorance, or mere want of information, is not vulgar. I consider want of attention to the feelings of others, ill-breeding, and selfishness in small matters, to be rank, disgusting vulgarity. A vulgar man, or woman, or child, is not one low in rank, and poor in fortune; but one low

in mind, low in principle, low in habits. I often feel as if I felt cruelty and rage of passion to be *vulgar* as well as vicious; and also speaking with insolence and passion to servants and inferiors; and to conclude, mamma,' said the young orator, laughing, 'I do believe, a rich man, and an Englishman, may sometimes be vulgar, whatever his dress or fortune is; and that a poor man, English, Irish, or Scottish, may have a gentleman's feelings, if not all a gentleman's ease and grace of manner, though he wore a red waistcoat, and ate fat bacon every day of the year.'

'Well said, George!' cried Mrs. Herbert, smiling at his youthful warmth and animation. 'We shall come to some tolerably clear notions of *vulgarity* at last. We have at least driven its main seat of empire from mere externals—from varying shows and fashions to permanent qualities of the mind. We will now reflect on what has passed, and compare notes afterwards; and I think we may soon come to form a correct notion both of what is *stylish* and what is *vulgar*. And now I must tell Fanny a story.'

'Do, mamma—a long story.'

'Not very long, but *very* good. When his present majesty was Prince of Wales, he often lived at Brighton in the Pavilion'——

'I have a print of it,' whispered Sophia. 'I will show it to you.'

'What sort of manners is it to speak while your mamma speaks, Miss Sophia?' said Maurice.

'Very bad manners, Master Maurice,' said Sophia. 'Thank you for the reproof.'

Mrs. Herbert resumed, addressing herself to Fanny, 'Some *vulgar* or foolish person who liked to *quiz*, sent an invitation in the Prince's name to a respectable old couple who had arrived at Brighton, requesting them to dine with him. They were what young fashionables among the *great vulgar* call 'vulgar folks.' Probably the old gentleman was fat—and perhaps the lady wore a gown that Madame Friperie would have laughed at. The honest couple were highly gratified by the honour they thought the Prince had done them, and never once suspected the trick, as better informed persons might have done. They accordingly presented themselves at the dinner-hour specified'——

'What capital fun—how the King would laugh,' cried Maurice, 'when they arrived in their hack-chaise, *rigged out* in their *best-becomes* !'

'Their *best-becomes* !' whispered Sophia.

'The Prince instantly understood the *hoax*, as, by another slang term, such vulgar tricks are called. Without suffering his unexpected and unusual guests to suspect the trick, he received the worthy, simple-hearted pair with great politeness, entertained them hospitably, and sent them home filled with delight and gratitude ; and, while he thus punished the contriver of the vulgar joke, gave the whole of his future subjects a memorable lesson of good-nature and good-breeding.' 'O, mother, I am so ashamed of my silly notions of vulgarity !' cried Sophia.

'You need not be so very much ashamed, Sophia ; you heard assertions from persons whose opinions you thought worthy of attention, and you adopted them





THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.—DIVERSIONS OF HOLLYCOT, p. 99.

without investigation. When you heard more, and saw farther, and began to use your own reason, you found cause to doubt and question. This is a great step, Sophia, in the *Art of Thinking*.'

'Well, I will never believe any one thing, at once, without thinking, all my life again.'

'No, Sophia?' said Mrs. Herbert, laughing. 'Then you will have a weary life of it, I promise you. *Prove* what is best, my little daughter, then *believe*, and next *hold fast*. You believe it is seven o'clock—and that James will bring tea exact to the minute—and old Mary send up a hot-cake.'

'Yes, yes, mother. These, you know, are all things of course, that I see at a glance on the timepiece; and—and'——

'Things that you have *experience* of, Sophia, and therefore can judge about in a moment. And perhaps when you are older, and have thought and reasoned about your own duty, and the actions and opinions of men and women, your understanding may come to be so accurate—so well-regulated—your principles so true and established, as to serve you in some respects as a timepiece, pointing to the *right*, the *true*, the *fitting*, and read at a single glance.'

After tea, Charles wished to read once more the account of the Battle of the Nile. Sophia had offered to work at his sails, and had a secret purpose of making him flags; for which end Fanny had generously sacrificed Fatima's sashes—all to do honour to his launch. 'You know I have heard of that battle so



often, Charles, and I never can comprehend it. I would far rather hear—and so would Fanny—about birds' nests, from my mother's book, George has just copied it in; and it is so delightful, I am sure!

But Charles was resolved that Sophia should understand how to manœuvre a fleet, and gain a sea-victory; for that was yet more delightful than the construction of birds' nests. He drew up chessmen in array to represent the fleets. 'Now, Sophia, this bishop is the Vanguard—our ship doubling here you see—Six colours flying, you see—or you must *suppose*.'

'I do not like it at all, Charles. It is all cruel and shocking. Do you remember the "Price of a Victory" in the "Evenings at Home," and the "Battle of Blenheim?"'

'Yes, I do, Sophia; but we must beat the French for all that, when it is our duty. And brave men are not cruel—are they, George? If mamma were not writing I would ask her.'

'They are not, little hero,' said George: 'on the contrary, the bravest men, seamen, are ever the most humane—often even *gentle* in their feelings. Your own Nelson, for example, was as tender-hearted as a woman.'

'Don't mock me, George. I may not be a *great man* like my own Nelson, but I *will* be a hero.'

'If you can, Charles.'

'There is no *if* in the case, brother,' said Charles, emphatically.

'Ha! little hero, that is "the Nelson-touch" indeed,' said George,—and Charles laughed and blushed. 'To

show you, Sophia, that bravery and courage are not only often allied with humanity, but are its best and most efficient instruments, I will read you one or two stories in your Rational Readings.' And George read—

BRITISH INTREPIDITY AND HUMANITY.\*

'A small French vessel, the *Leonora* of L'Orient, with a (1) of seven men, and a (2) of grain, was, in April 1817, attacked by a violent gale, and in (3) to get into the (4) of Calais, was overpowered by the force of the (5) and currents, and waves, and driven on the rocks to the east of the port, where she stuck. The danger soon became (6), and the wrecks thrown on shore announced the certain (7) of the (8) mariners. Numerous (9) of this scene of desolation, lamented that they could afford no (10). At this (11) moment, there was seen (12) with force of oars, a pinnacle-boat sent from the British yacht, the *Royal Sovereign*. The boat, commanded by Lieutenant Charles Moore, who had under him eight (13) advanced with (14) in spite of the dangers by which it was (15). Captain Owen, the commander of the yacht, stood on the extremity of the pier of (16), covered with the dashing (17), to cheer and direct the brave Lieutenant and his (18) crew. Four of the (19) men on the wreck had, by this time, disappeared; but at last, Lieutenant Moore got within a little (20) of it, and by means of a rope which they threw (21) saved two of the (22)

\* The blank words left here are supplied in the Appendix; though it is hoped the young reader will be able to make them all out, without looking into that.

men. Not being able longer to keep their position, they attempted to land these two on the pier, when Captain Wilkinson, commander of a Dover packet, threw himself into the boat to assist this manœuvre at the risk of his own (23). All was (24) accomplished, but there was still a poor man who had (25) himself to the mast with a rope, that he might not be (26) over-board. Lieutenant Moore, and his brave (27), returned to face anew a danger they already knew to be so great, and had nearly (28) the (29) when the gallant Lieutenant, standing up to direct the rowers, was swept into the water by a (30) wave that (31) over the pinnacle. He instantly disappeared !'

Sophia half screamed, and Charles held his breath and became pale.

'A feeling of horror and consternation struck the (32) spectators on the shore.' 'O, poor Lieutenant Moore!' Sophia now exclaimed in tears. 'Drowned in attempting to save the poor Frenchman !'

'Who said so, Sophia?' cried her mother. 'He was not drowned,—a life so valuable was preserved by another eminent quality generally possessed by British seamen—*presence of mind*—a quality most essential to all men, and women, and children ; for all of them may at some time, of their lives be placed in situations where its exercise may save themselves or others from the most fearful evils.—Read on, George.'

'The Lieutenant, after passing under the boat in that frightful sea, recovered himself, and rose to the surface, where he was immediately taken up by the (33) and replaced in the (34). The courage of this

generous man was not (35) by this narrow escape from death; he returned with (36) perseverance to the perishing (37), for whose safety he (38) his own.'

'It is a brave story, mother,' cried Charles. 'Perhaps I may see Lieutenant Moore one day in the navy, and I will look sharp at him.'

George read several other stories of a similar kind; and Sophia's mind now put upon this tack, she took up the volume, and, in company with Charles, made out anecdotes of Sydney, Bayard, Gustavus, Scipio, and other illustrious men distinguished by their humanity. She at last shut the volume. It was almost nine o'clock.

'Oh! Sophia, how could you read on, and make me neglect my lesson!—and my launch to-morrow, and my *jib* not properly fixed. I believe I will never learn to do things in the proper time.'

'That is not very easy even for me,' said Sophia, graciously. 'But I'll call you very early to finish your rigging of *La petite Victoire*.'

'You have Frenchified my frigate's name, Sophia; but I won't have it,' said Charles, bluntly.

'Then you may call her the *Ariel*, like the dear little ship my aunt told us of.'

'No, I won't, Sophia. I know you think I have not *a mind of my own*; but I have. I will call my ship the honest *Victory*. And I won't have those tinsel rags, Fanny, my dear; I'll hoist the plain British jack.'

'Upon my word, Charles,' cried Sophia, her eyes filling with tears,

'My Fatima's sashes,—you saucy boy,' said Fanny.

'A *mind of your own*, Charles, my dear,' said Charles's mother; 'we must hear to-morrow what sort of a mind *a mind of your own* is; of all minds in the world *a mind of one's own* must be the most useful.'

'You hear that, Sophia. Maurice told me that, mother. "You have no mind of your own, Charles," says he; "whatever Sophia wishes, that you do like a great baby."' '

'We'll talk of this to-morrow, Charles, or some day soon. Good-night now—"England expects every man to do his duty."' '

'I know that means learning my Latin lesson, mother,' said Charles, creeping off, casting an anxious look on the indignant Fanny, and the grieved Sophia, and wishing he had said less about "*a mind of his own*."

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE LAUNCH.



NEXT day, precisely at a quarter before two o'clock, Mrs. Herbert went towards the mill-pond to witness the launch of the Victory. Fanny was already there, and had partly forgotten, and wholly forgiven, the slight cast upon Fatima's sashes by the young sailor. Sophia would have been there too, but she had loitered over an amusing book, and neglected the work (a light task) that her mother had given her to do; so

she was not permitted to go out till that was accomplished.—‘I will do twice the quantity of work to-morrow, mother,’ said she.

‘I do not wish for twice the quantity to-morrow—I will have this well done, and to-day. I warned you many times this morning, Sophia, of the consequences of your trifling.’

‘Then just wait for me ten minutes, mother.’

‘Not one minute, Sophia. You cannot in ten minutes finish your work properly,—and I have delayed till the last minute already : I can see from the window the children assembled.’ Sophia was left alone.

Some of the younger Courtneys had come to see the launch, and Maurice, and George, and John Dodsley. And so busy was Charles, and so important, that he scarcely at first missed Sophia, till all breathless she ran forward, still luckily in time for the grand sight. It was a moment of great interest. The heart of Charles and Bob Sibthorpe, his chief carpenter, throbbed with mingled exultation and anxiety. But the planks were slipped,—the VICTORY, fairly hurled from the dock, swung round on the mill-pond, and righted, Charles said, ‘in grand style ;’ and he claimed his mother’s praises. ‘Mamma, is she not a sweet frigate?’

Mrs. Herbert could not speak just then ; but by the time the joyful acclamations were ended, she gave the ‘praises due.’

‘Read the speech now, Sophia,’ cried Charles ; ‘and you must not be offended about the flags,—for you see a ship is never rigged and flagged at the launch,—

read the speech. George says, mother, it was made by a great living poet.' Sophia both liked to read the speech and to meet the friendly advances of Charles. She read with amazing emphasis.

#### A SHIP LAUNCH.

'Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth she had to visit, and all that she had to do and suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.'

'Ah, Miss Sophy, you read like a clerk,' said Dame Sibthorpe, who attended the launch among the other grown-up spectators. 'If my Bob could read half as well'——

'I am sure Bob is a very clever boy, and might read quite as well if he chose,' said Sophia.

‘And so be ye gi’ un a stick and a whittle, and he will make anything on’t,’ said Dame Sibthorpe; ‘but on a book he does not know a ‘B from a bull’s foot,’ ma’am.’

‘I wish, mother, Bob would let me—I wish you would allow me to teach him,’ cried Charles. ‘I am sure but for Bob I never would have built the VICTORY—how lovely she floats!—built her so well at least—or at all indeed—let me have read naval architecture ever so much.’

‘I am happy to find you have this wish, Charles. Bob will soon learn to read when he knows how well books can direct him in guiding his whittle, and constructing his little wind-mills and water-mills. But are you aware of all that a teacher undertakes for, Charles; of all the virtues, which, besides knowledge, a good teacher should possess—patience, perseverance, good-temper, assiduity, punctuality. It will never do to give Bob a lesson to-day, and neglect him to-morrow—to cram him with learning for one week and then tire.’

Charles was quite sure that he never would tire of teaching Bob, though he did not express the same confidence of possessing all the necessary virtues.—‘Only try me, mother.’

It was settled that Bob was to come to Charles every morning at seven. Mrs. Herbert said half-past seven—but no, Charles was quite sure he would be ready by seven. Mrs. Herbert afterwards gave Bob a little book called “Early Genius,” which described the first attempts, contrivances, and inventions of many



young boys, mostly of poor parentage, who, by perseverance and patient study—never by chance—had become eminent mechanics, mathematicians, and artists.

When the party were dispersing, the Courtneys and some others going to Hollycot with Sophia to get luncheon, Charles ‘espied,’ he said, poor Amy staggering up with her little brother on her back to see the launch, and far too late ! ‘O how disappointed she must be, poor thing !’ Charles’s sympathy was excessive ; for he was secretly delighted with this mark of attention and interest in his naval affairs.—‘Go home to your luncheon, good folks ; I must take off my shoes and stockings, and wade into the pond for the VICTORY, and launch her again for Amy.’

Mrs. Herbert could not oppose this kind intention ; and she told him to bring home Amy and her little brother to dinner. Charles was astonished that every one left him and the second launch, for the sake of cold meat and apple-pasties, preserved cherries and cheese-cakes ; but he owned the second launch was not ‘so grand’ as the first. He took Amy to Hollycot. She and her little brother got a good dinner from old Mary, and a bundle of old clothes, which Mrs. Herbert said her mother would be able to make useful in the family ; and she showed the little girl how to cut out some of them.

‘If I might be allowed to teach Amy to sew, mother, while Charles teaches Bob to read, that would be so delightful,—we would have a *Morning Academy*,’ said Sophia.

‘But who would put on Amy’s mother’s fire, and sweep the floor, and make breakfast, when she goes out to a day’s work? or who nurse the child?’

‘But you know education is so important, mamma; Amy’s mother must make some sacrifices,’ said Sophia, with an air of great importance, and quite assured of her benevolence of intention.

‘Does Amy receive no education in her home morning hours, Sophia? Could your lesson in needle-work and reading—even admitting I allowed you to make such a use of your own time, or that you had resolution to persevere—be of half the utility to Amy of the habits she daily acquires in her mother’s house, and of the lessons she receives in her dame’s school?—And for *your lesson*, poor Amy must walk backwards and forwards five miles!’

‘Miss Emma Lydgate educates a village girl, mamma!’

‘I wish you, Sophia, in the first place, to be *educated* yourself. If, by *self-denial* or *industry*, you can afford to pay for Amy’s lessons at her dame’s school, I shall be glad to see you make such an exertion.’

Both Amy and Sophia were a little disappointed; and Amy went away. Afterwards Sophia inquired of her mother, as they sat in the arbour after dinner, how by *industry* she might be able to pay Amy’s school fees.—‘Would you give me work, mamma, and *pay* me?’

‘I have no work to give you, Sophia. My plain work is either done at home, or, as you know, by Widow Fenning and her daughter.—To take my em-

ployment from them, who work so neatly and so cleanly, and charge so moderately, to give it to you, would, I think, be unjust.'

'But, mamma, it would be charity.'

'No, Sophia, it would be really want of *charity*, want of *knowledge*, want of *reflection*. It is not by depriving Widow Fenning of her employment, that you can ever be useful to Amy, with my approbation:—neither is it by devoting the time necessary to your own lessons and recreation to working for her:—think of some other plan.'

'I might, to be sure, save my pocket-money; but what is sixpence a week?—the dame takes fivepence—I would have but one penny left for every purpose.'

Mrs. Herbert did not speak.

'And when I met any beggar, I would not have a fraction to give'——

'Or to buy comfits in the village,' said Fanny, 'for yourself.'

'I would not mind that, 'tis for Harry I buy—I bought Harry a drum—I would willingly give all my money in *charity*, if that would do, to put Amy to school.

'One can but give what one has, Sophia,' said Charles. 'You remember Sir Patrick Home and the *orkey*,—if you changed the left penny into farthings, perhaps you would not meet above four old women or blind men in one week. If it were not that I am *gathering up*—that I *will gather up*, I mean—as you know, to buy the BOOK OF TRADES, for

Bob, who has been so kind—and have not a farthing left after rigging the Victory’——

‘You need not tell me that,’ cried Sophia, hastily. —‘You never have anything.—Fanny is the only one ever has money in this house ; and her allowance is but threepence a week yet.’

‘*Waste not, want not,*’ said George, fondling his little sister, who was his great favourite. ‘How is Goody Two-shoes so rich always? Is Sophia so much more *charitable*?’

‘I suppose that must be it,’ said Sophia.

‘I doubt that very much, Sophia,’ said Mrs. Herbert. ‘But you can put the matter at rest by telling us how you spent your last week’s allowance?—Can *you*, Fanny?’

‘I can, mamma :—my penny for blind Susan—my *sacred* penny, as Sophia calls it—I paid that to you, mamma.’

‘You did. I don’t think you have omitted that above twice for the last half-year. I shall have a half-crown soon of these *sacred* pence belonging to you.’

‘I gave one halfpenny at church, mamma.’

‘*Shabby* girl—never gives but one halfpenny at church,’ said Sophia.

‘I can’t afford more, Sophy. I gave one halfpenny to the poor soldier’s wife’s child for her mother.’

‘I gave her twopence,’ said Sophia.

‘And I lent Charles threepence from my hoard, for cord for the Victory ; and, Sophia, I lent you all the rest—three half-pence, you remember, Sophia ; but I don’t ask it back.’

‘Admirable little Ledger,’ cried George. ‘Now, when you collect all your debts, you will have fourpence halfpenny of clear capital. What is to be made of that sum?’ Fanny was most willing to give it to her mother to lay out for her, but could not at once determine how to lay it out herself. George wished to prompt her benevolence in favour of Amy, and a week’s schooling; but his mother discouraged the attempt, and left her to herself. Sophia now attempted to account for her money—hesitated and blushed. ‘I paid no *sacred* pence into mamma’s hands this week. I usually pay twopence.’

‘You have not paid anything for three weeks, Sophia. You began with fourpence, as soon as your allowance was raised, then you fell to threepence, then to twopence *very irregularly paid*. I thought fourpence too much—even twopence was too much—but you had no doubt of yourself.’

‘If you would just keep my money for me, mother.’

‘Certainly, Sophia, if you feel yourself a fool, not able to manage your own affairs :—of your last week’s expenditure you surely can give an account.’

‘I thought I would pay my *sacred* pence when I hoarded, mother—for three weeks would have taken all; and I wished to have something to give, when we went a nutting, if we chanced to meet any impudent, saucy beggars. It is not possible to get past them, when they fairly begin with, “God bless your little ladyship—or your beautiful face, Miss.”’ George laughed, and Sophia blushed more deeply.

‘And so you give, Sophia, and then call your weak-

ness, your yielding to impudent solicitation, and gross vulgar flattery, by the heavenly name of charity?' said Mrs. Herbert.

'O, no, mamma, I am not quite so bad,' cried Sophia, much affected by her mother's observation.

'My dear children,' cried Mrs. Herbert, now addressing them all; 'I am not afraid that with your dispositions—with the *habits* and *principles* you are acquiring in the course of your education—you will ever be slow to perceive your *great faults*; but learn to distrust your *seeming virtues*. Never be too sure that you are really *generous*, or *charitable*, or *firm*, or *steadfast*, without patient self-examination. "*Know your own selves.*" Proceed, Sophia.'

'O, mamma, I can give but a miserable account. First, there was twopence among the gipsies in the forest—and that was nothing among them; then a basket-woman with ballads—and I had not a farthing left; and the three halfpence I borrowed from Fanny were for church.'

'You have made an honest confession, at any rate, Sophia.—Now, the difference between your sister and yourself is, that she has already given two-thirds of her little all, to really kind, and I think charitable purposes,—and by her providence, has been able to oblige her brother, and to enable you to make an ostentatious display on Sunday of your charity, by giving three times more than she who supplied your necessities: that was a more questionable act in Fanny.'

Sophia was much humbled and abashed: and, contrary to her general practice, her mother was glad to

see that she made no flaming, *candid* declarations of error, nor any vehement protestations of reformation. She only craved her mother's advice.

'I think you will allow that you must first pay your debts, Sophia?'

'I must. A half-crown to George—borrowed to give the poor pottery-man whose ass died.'

'The man you said was like Peter Bell, Sophia,' said Charles.

'I wish to hear of your *debts*, just now, Sophia, not of your generousities and poetical associations, still less of there being merit imagined in *borrowing* to *give*. That is cheap, thoughtless generosity.'

'Eightpence to Charles, mamma, and three-halfpence to Fanny'——

'And threepence before, Sophia. You know I made you mark it yourself with scratches on the garden gate.'

'Fanny is not likely to be choused out of her money, however,' said George, laughing at her receipt book.

'In all three shillings and sixpence halfpenny,' said Mrs. Herbert; 'seven weeks of your allowance;—and your pence to blind Susan, another sixpence, even at the lowest rate. Even after your debts are paid, if you mean to put Amy to school, you must withdraw your twopence from the poor blind woman.'

Sophia was more at a loss than ever, she could not take from the poor blind woman, whom she had found out herself.

'I freely give Sophia a certificate, if she be thus honestly bankrupt,' said George.—And when Charles

and Fanny understood what he meant, they said, 'So do I,' and 'So do I.'

'You are all very good, I am sure ; but I will pay my debts,' said Sophia, proudly.

'I applaud that resolution, Sophia. And after you have paid your debts you will have a clear, though small income : devote what part of it your judgment and your feelings dictate to benevolent purposes. I would not advise you to give too much, because I think there is no danger of your purposing to give too little—much greater I fear of your falling off. Apply that little, in the best manner, to Amy's schooling, or Susan's wants, and then you may hold up your head, should all the impudent beggars and flattering basket-women in England assail you, with the consciousness that the little you have to give is already well bestowed. If you don't give beyond your means, and are *self-denied* and *economical*, you may still have a few store pence for any pressing emergency. Far am I from wishing to steel your young heart against the appeal of even the casual needy vagrant !'

In the meanwhile, George, whom various causes, and particularly the love of books, had made saving of late, paid Amy's first quarter. After that, Charles and Sophia were to give twopence each, and Fanny a penny, to continue at least one of the children at school for a year.



## CHAPTER IX.

## TRUE CHARITY—INSTINCT OF BIRDS.



THE conversation on this evening, between George and his mother, again turned on *charity*, or rather on *almsgiving* and *benevolence*. Sophia was astonished to learn that the Turks, and many of the inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula, were very charitable to the poor; and that almsgiving was an important part of their religion.—Charles, who was the geographer of the family, showed Sophia the Indian Peninsula on the map.

‘The Friends, the Quakers as they are called, are, I think, considered a very benevolent sect,’ said George.

‘They are deservedly so,’ said Mrs. Herbert; ‘because their benevolence is guided by enlightened views of human nature. They are a *thinking people*; they don’t run the risk of pulling down with the one hand what they build up with the other.’

‘Mother,’ said George Herbert, ‘I am more astonished to find such pure, exalted, *enthusiastic* charity among members of the Roman Catholic Church. Here is a book, the *Memoirs of Madame Genlis*, containing I know not how many instances of well-born and high-bred ladies, of refined habits and manners, renouncing what are reckoned the innocent pleasures of life, and without retiring to a convent’s “solitary gloom,” giving up almost their entire incomes and time to purposes of charity—French women too!’

‘Such instances, my dear George, may at least teach us the higher kind of *charity*—*charitable* feelings and modes of judgment. I am not casuist nor political economist enough to say exactly whether these ladies do what is best for society or not; but I cannot help feeling a high degree of veneration for their characters, because I know, as well as Sophia, that strict, habitual self-denial, the continual sacrifice of our own tastes and habits to a high principle of duty, is no easy attainment, sweet though it be to give.’

‘I am sure not one of these benevolent Catholic ladies would have buttoned up her drab-coloured cassimere pocket-flap,’ said Sophia, ‘when Peter Bell’s ass—I mean the man I called so.’

‘Called Peter Bell’s ass?’

‘No, mother,’ said Sophia, laughing—‘begged alms of her, and have said, “Friend, I do not know thee—I have no money to bestow upon thee—go thy ways:”—as Mr. Ellis our neighbour did; and people call him so charitable.’

‘O, no,’ cried George, ‘she would have borrowed half-a-crown, and given it to a drunken rogue she never saw before, who had half killed his ass, by beating and starving it; and he would have gone to the Magpie and got drunk with her borrowed money, and then have beat his wife.’

‘Mother,’ cried Sophia, in indignation and despair, ‘I don’t know what to do—everything I do is wrong.—I cannot *think*, I cannot control myself—I wish to be not *vulgar*, and I am only foolish; and I wish to be *charitable*, and I am only silly, and do mischief

where I think I do good. I saw the dead ass—and the man looked so rueful.’

‘You judge yourself too severely now, my dear Sophia,’ said her mother. ‘Generous you are, and charitable too—and in no cold degree; and you will learn to *think* and control your feelings and actions too, *if you wish it*. Even your kindness to Peter Bell, as you chose to call the rogue, proceeded from an excellent motive. When you saw him in such distress, and his poor wife crying for the loss of the ass so useful in their traffic, I do not marvel at your conduct. That a girl like you never should have suspected the object of your compassion of such brutality is not wonderful. You have, however, got a good *cheap* lesson, both to be more rigid in scanning your own actions, and more just and lenient in judging those of your neighbours.’

‘Well, Sophia, I don’t know but I would rather be the dupe of Peter Bell, now and then, or some of his tribe, than such a cold, reasoning, self-sufficing, all-in-all, as’——

George was arrested by his mother’s glance.

‘We have had enough of discussion.—As everybody has broken faith with my Fanny, I must now myself tell her of the Humming-bird,’ said Mrs. Herbert.

‘And birds’ nests—and the Mason-bee,’ cried Charles; ‘and the Beaver?’

‘Delightful *Diversions of Hollycot*, for one night,’ cried Sophia, tottering under the weight of books which she laid on the table.

BIRDS' NESTS.

'The Eagle's nest first, mother,' cried Charles.

'It is but a simple nest, Charles, but well suited to the habits of the bold inmate. Its position forms its only security. One found on the Peak of Derbyshire is thus described: "It was made of great sticks, resting one end on a rock, the other on an overhanging birch tree; over the sticks was a layer of rushes, over these heath, and then rushes again. It contained no cavity or hollow part. In it were found one eaglet, an addle egg, a young lamb, a hare, and two heath-fowl. It was two yards square."—Nests are everywhere wonderful structures; but they are more simple in this climate, than in situations where birds are exposed to the attacks of monkeys and snakes.'

'How many orders of architecture have birds?' said George. 'I am sure I don't know,' said Sophia. 'There is the concave nest; the nest arched over like the Wren's and Ox-eye's, that James showed us—how curious it was!—the smaller the bird the nicer and *cosier* the nest, I think.'

'Some of the Pies in this country also arch over their nests, for warmth and protection,' said Mrs. Herbert: 'And what is more, they plant a sort of *chevaux de frize* of sharp thorns and briers round them for defence. There is another sort of nest, Sophia, in countries where monkeys molest birds—the *pensile* or suspended nest. No birds in this *free*, well-protected land *suspend* their nests, save the Hang-nest Titmouse, and the Oriola, which is not frequent in England.'

‘Every English bird’s nest is his castle, mamma,’ said Sophia.

‘Not quite so, as cats, and boys, and hawks can witness,—yet birds are here tolerably safe. The most curious of the *pensile* nests is that of the Tailor-bird. It will not trust even to the point of a twig which might sustain the weight of an enemy in approaching its airy fortress. It chooses a dead leaf, which it sews to a living one, using its bill as a needle, and fine fibres as thread.’ ‘I hope it fastens off its ends better than Sophia, mamma?’

‘I trust it does, Fanny, since so much depends on that. Here swings the airy cradle, which it lines with down and gossamer. It is a small yellow *bird*, weighing less than a quarter of an ounce, so that this slight holding is sufficient to sustain its weight and eggs.’

‘How pretty! dancing in the wind,’ said Sophia.

‘The nest of the Swallow of Java is very singular,’ continued Mrs. Herbert. ‘It is formed of a kind of slime or glutinous material like isinglass, which the bird has the power of secreting, or forming in its own stomach. The nest formed of this substance is esteemed a great delicacy in the East. It is dissolved in soups, and preferred by some gourmands either to mushrooms or oysters.’—Sophia and Charles made faces of disgust.

‘But pray, pray, mamma, come to the *Humming-bird!*’ cried Fanny, eagerly.—Mrs. Herbert showed her some coloured prints of those plumed beauties; and George, who had enjoyed the happiness of seeing some very elegant stuffed specimens in a museum in

London, spoke of them with rapture. He now told Fanny that those beautiful little creatures are found in America and the East Indies. 'There are several kinds,' he said. 'One very small, called the *Fly-bird*. The Humming-bird is also sometimes called the *Bee-bird*, and the *Honey-sucker*, from the food it finds in the petals of flowers. This sweet juice the birds suck up with their thin forked *tongue* or proboscis, as do the bees, forming with them a sort of sucking-pump for drawing up the nourishment they wish to obtain. Nothing can be more beautiful than to see those lovely birds, many of them no bigger than a butterfly, and all of them as brightly tinted, flitting about from blossom to blossom as numerous as flies on a summer noon. They are called *Humming-birds*, from the noise caused by the rapid fluttering of their little wings, while they beat the air, sustaining themselves over the blossom they suck.'

'The fairy winglet of the Humming-bird,  
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round,'

said Sophia ; and her mother nodded to her in approbation.

'The Indians call them "the locks of the sun ;" they are indeed the loveliest of feathered things. This specimen is splendidly coloured, but yet it does not equal the stuffed specimen I have seen. How brilliant then must be the opal-tinted dyes of the living creature. It forms a *pendant* nest, hung to the extremity of a twig of the citron, orange, or pomegranate tree ; sometimes to a twig in a house, or a straw hanging from an Indian cabin roof. This nest is delicately lined

with down, and contains two eggs like large pearls, ivory-white and no bigger than peas. The little parents feed their young by presenting to them their tongues covered with the honey of flowers. The legs and bill of the Humming-bird are not thicker than a pin ; one of the birds, weighed with its nest, did not amount to twenty-four grains. Its head is tufted with glossy jet, varying with every motion into shades of mingled green and purple. The breast is of bright scarlet ; and every feather, when viewed through a microscope, appears as if fringed with silver, and spangled with gold.'

Fanny got a loan of her mother's gold scales to weigh twenty-four grains. It was so little, so very little, and she appeared so much delighted with all she heard, that her brother promised to read her more about this tiny beauty from his abridgment of Buffon. He told Sophia that the Indian girls made ear-rings of Humming-birds ; and the women of the Sandwich Islands, necklaces of their wings. The Peruvians anciently formed their feathers into pictures—of exquisite colours of course.'

From this the discourse was led by Sophia to Miss Lydgate's Paradise-plume ; and Mrs. Montague's feather-hangings, of which she had read in Cowper ; and to hunting Ostriches. But neither Fanny nor Charles cared for Miss Lydgate's plumes. They both wished to see the wings of a butterfly by the aid of the microscope ; for it was 'plumed all over,' George said, 'with little shining gold, and purple, and azure feathers.'

Fanny could not understand this—‘Feathers upon a butterfly’s wing!’ ‘Wait till you see, Goody, to-morrow; but now we may as well have done with nests.’

‘The Ostrich, the unnatural Ostrich makes no nest!’ said Sophia.

‘She has good reasons for that, Sophia: she lays her large eggs in the hot sand, which assists her in hatching them. The Pelican is equally wise. She builds her nest in dry desert places, and is often obliged to bring water from a great distance to her young. For this purpose she is furnished by Nature—by her Creator,’ added the boy, more gravely, ‘with a large bag attached to and stretching along the under mandible of her bill; and in this bucket she brings home as much water as will serve her family for some days.’

‘Perhaps, mother, she applies at the fountains we know of,’ said Charles, nodding *knowingly* to his mother; ‘the *Bejuco* or *Nepenthes distillatoria*.’

‘To some such sylvan fountain, perhaps, Charles.’

Sophia eagerly inquired what was meant; and Charles promised to tell her to-morrow.

‘She brings home a good quantity wherever she finds it; for, besides giving her offspring drink, she cleans and cools the nest with water; and forms a pool in which the young learn to swim.’

George next told them of *wasps*’ nests, which they had all lately seen; and that sometimes 30,000 wasps have been found in one nest or colony. The cells or nests of bees they all knew perfectly well; for James had hives in the orchard, and a glass-hive



through which they often looked ; but they had never even heard of the *Mason-bee*—a solitary bee, of which George had discovered the nest that day, sticking to the wall of the tool-house in the orchard. It was too dark to see it now, but Sophia at once proposed a lantern. ‘Were it even broad day, you would see nothing save a rough bit of clay or lime, stuck as it were accidentally on the wall:—but what a wonderful structure is hid within!’

George had that morning written an account of the *Mason-bee* in his mother’s book of NATURAL HISTORY, and from it he now read:—‘Like every judicious architect, the first thing the female *Mason-bee* does—for the male gives her no assistance in building—is to find proper materials. She knows that every kind of sand will not suit her purpose, and grain by grain picks what she approves. Having thus as it were quarried her stones, she brings them into a heap together. The next step is to cement them with mortar. This she furnishes from her own body. From her mouth she throws forth a viscid or sticky liquid, which moistens the grains of sand. She now cements as many grains together as she is able to carry ; and, considering her size, she takes prodigious burdens in her teeth : for these are the foundation stones, and they cost her a terrible exertion.’

Fanny here dropped Fatima’s pockets at which she worked. Sophia laid aside her pencil ; and Charles, leaning his chin on his two hands, his elbows supported on the table, began to fancy even Bob Sibthorpe a poor mechanic compared with the *Mason-bee*.—

‘The foundation laid, she works night and day till her habitation is completed. This takes her about a week. All her apartments or cells are of one form, in the shape of Fanny’s thimble, and about an inch high and a half-inch wide. One thing worthy of notice, Sophia, is, that the *sensible* Mason-bee, never begins a second cell till she has completed the one on hand. These cells are intended to hold her eggs or worms, which remain in the cells till they pass into the *chrysalis* state. I think Fanny knows something of the changes which insects undergo :—You have seen a caterpillar taken from the garden become a butterfly? When the Mason-bee has reared the cell, with which she is occupied, about two-thirds of the height she intends to make it, she *thinks*—Nature inspires her with the knowledge—that the future inhabitant will require the food which the egg does not at first need, and she deposits a store for the sustenance of the young worm that comes from the egg. This food is the flour or meal of flowers diluted with honey.’

‘*Pap*, such as nurses give to babies,’ cried Sophia.

‘Just so, only more delicate.’

‘She makes this *pap* by first collecting the meal, and the honey she furnishes from her own body : together they form a rich paste. This done she finishes the cell ; and after leaving an egg in it, builds it over closely with some more of her mortar or building material. Of these cells she makes from three to seven or eight. Though thus seemingly closed against the admittance of air, it is ascertained by naturalists that the very small quantity of air necessary to the existence

of the worm does actually penetrate these sealed-up cells. The whole nest, as you will see to-morrow, appears of a roundish oblong shape as it sticks to the wall, and is covered all over with a coarser kind of mortar, which forms as it were an entire outer wall.'

'When the worm has gone through the *chrysalis* state, and become a *fly* or *bee*, it gnaws its way out of the cell by the top, or last closed place; then through the exterior wall, and flies away a perfect bee, to construct, if a female, nests for itself.'

'How wonderful!' exclaimed Sophia. 'The mason-bee is undoubtedly the most extraordinary insect we ever heard of.' 'It is the *last* you have heard of, Sophia,' said her mother, smiling. 'Have you forgot the ants and their cows?'

'The mason-bee does not always build from the foundation,' continued George. 'She sometimes takes possession of an untenanted house, and repairs the cells to suit herself.'

'How snug and secure she makes all!' said Charles.

'Yet she has her cunning enemies. After she has formed her cell, and laid in provisions, a terrible depredator, called the *ichneumon* fly, deposits its egg in her cell, as you have read the cuckoo does hers in the nests of the hedge-sparrow, the wagtail, and some of the finches.' 'I remember, in the Peacock at Home, mother,' cried Sophia:—

'And the cuckoo, who should have been one of the guests,  
Was roaming on visits to other birds' nests.'

'Right, Sophia.—When the egg of the *ichneumon* fly becomes a worm, it first eats up the provision the

mason-bee had laid up for her own offspring, and next devours the poor bee-worm itself. She, or her progeny, have yet another enemy. The egg of a species of beetle is sometimes laid in her cell, from which issues a most rapacious worm, armed with fangs. This monster not only devours the store of provisions and also his feeble neighbour in the cell, but spreads his depredations or conquests to the adjoining cells, by penetrating what I may call the partition or party walls, devouring all before him. The merciless depredator then becomes a fine beetle, pierces the exterior walls, and flies off to enjoy a new existence.'

'I hate him, mother,' cried Fanny.

'He preys on orphans, and devours widows' houses,' said Sophia. 'He follows his natural instincts, Sophia. To us they appear unamiable.'

'What is his name, mamma?' inquired Sophia.—Mrs. Herbert could not tell.—'Then I shall call him the *Attorney Beetle*, mamma.'

'Capital, Sophy,' cried George, laughing.

'The *Attorney Beetle*! Sophia. What do you mean?'

'You know, mother, that was just the way Attorney Crimp did about the lease of Mrs. John Clement's house, and her children's fortunes; and all attorneys are great rogues.' 'Who told you so?'

'Everybody—every book one reads'——

'Is your guardian and great-uncle, Mr. Robert Herbert, a great rogue?' 'Of course not, mother.'

'Is Mr. Orme, who used to visit us in London, a rogue?' 'O, no, no, mother—the kindest, *funniest*, most pleasant old gentleman, who took Charles and

me to see the pantomime, and quite enriched us with sweetmeats and oranges.'

'Proof enough that he must be an honest attorney, Sophia,' replied her mother, smiling. 'Well, I think these two gentlemen are all the personal acquaintances you yet enjoy among the class of persons you wish to stigmatise. I desire then that you will not presume to give any *beetle* or insect so improper a name. You are too young to understand your own feelings ; but you know well at what you aim. You wish to do a severe and injurious thing. Whatever books have taught you this, they cannot, so far, be proper books :—even your own childish experience contradicts their testimony. Those who denounce and stigmatise whole classes and professions, must be either *unthinking* persons, or persons incapable of judging.—I have said enough, Sophia. Now I will show you what I think you will all admire.' Mrs. Herbert unlocked her cabinet, and took from below a glass, a bird's nest !—a pretty chaffinch's nest, with four little eggs !—'This was not robbed, Fanny. It was found in a cherry-tree on the wall, deserted by the little mother, who had probably been frightened away.' The nest was excessively admired by all present—and then laid carefully away by Sophia, to whom her mother gave a passage to read from Montgomery's *Pelican Islands*, on the instinct by which birds practise that *art*—

' Which mother-bird did never teach her daughter ;  
Love, for his own delightful school, reserving  
That mystery, which novice never failed  
To learn infallibly, when taught by Him :

Hence that small masterpiece of Nature's Art,  
Still unimpaired—still unimproved remains.

\* \* \* \* \*

The nightingale that dwelt in Adam's bower,  
And poured her stream of music through his dreams ;  
The soaring lark that led the eye of Eve  
Into the clouds ;

The dove that perched upon the Tree of Life,  
And made her bed among its thickest leaves ;  
All the wing'd inhabitants of Paradise.

Whose songs were mingled with the songs of angels,  
Wove their first nests as curiously and well  
As the wood-minstrels of our evil day.'

Sophia next sought Grahame's *Birds of Scotland* ;  
and read of birds, and their nests, and habits, and  
forms, till, to her great surprise, both Charles and  
Fanny fell half asleep, even while she read of the  
Robin and the Wren.

## CHAPTER X.

### PUNCTUALITY—VISIT TO A COTTAGE.



NEXT morning when Mrs. Herbert passed  
the hall to go into the dining-room, a  
few minutes before eight, there stood  
Bob Sibthorpe, his book under his arm—  
but no Charles ! Charles had gone with his sisters  
before seven, to see if they could discover the nest of  
the mason-bee on the wall of the tool-house, resolved  
to be back in time to hear Bob his lesson. By dint  
of great exertion in running, he contrived to be a  
minute before his sisters, but it was a quarter past  
eight—almost time to go to Mr. Dodsley ; and

Maurice, lazy Maurice, was sitting on the hall-steps, instructing Bob. He had asked if he might give Bob his lesson ; and Mrs. Herbert said he certainly might. She said Charles ought to be obliged to him for making up for his failure ; but Charles did not look as if he felt obliged—nor did Bob. Charles swallowed his bread and milk in great haste.—‘If I had a watch, mother,’ he said at last—‘I *must* then be more punctual.’ ‘Does the possession of a watch *compel* punctuality, Charles ?’

‘Maurice and George have watches. I don’t care for a grand one ; but one that would go, and tell the hours, that one might be true to one’s engagements.’

‘Most men, and many boys have watches, Charles ; and when you are fit to take care of a watch, you shall have one ; but watches don’t teach punctuality, or else all the men and boys who wear them would be true to their time. Still less can a watch make a man keep his promise.’

‘I did not forget either, mother—not for one minute. I always was thinking—“Bob will be come—Bob will be waiting—It will be Bob’s hour to go to the mill, and let his father home to breakfast—I shall be too late for Mr. Dodsley ;” but you, Sophia, you persuaded me to search by the sunny churchyard wall for a Lady-bird, that Fanny might see it by the microscope ; and I went, always thinking,—“I shall be too late.”’

‘Your conscience *ticked*, Charles, though you had no watch,’ said Mrs. Herbert. ‘If you had heeded its “still, small voice,” you would not have needed a watch. But what became of that *mind of your own*,

of which I heard you boast, not very civilly, the other evening? It is a very accommodating *mind* which allows you to be persuaded against your *conscience* when *inclination* tempts you, and makes you *obstinate*, and almost *rude*, when your sisters request you to yield to their desires in a comparatively trifling matter.—Be off now.'

Charles went slowly away, ruminating on his weak points of character, and half afraid that even a watch would not cure him, without great resolution.

After dinner Mrs. Herbert walked to the cottage of Amy's mother, and took Sophia, Charles, and Fanny with her. It was a long walk, but they saw many pleasant objects by the way, and did not tire. The reapers were in the fields in some places, and the corn was leading home in others; the plough and harrows immediately following the carts that took away the last sheaves, that they might prepare the ground for a new crop. Amy's mother was out at harvest-work; but the little girl herself received them. She was spreading frocks, and petticoats, and aprons, on the dwarf furze bushes by the cottage, and caps so small that Fanny thought they must be dolls' caps.—No, they were those of the baby which Amy lifted from a sort of wicker basket, where it sat on a pillow playing in safety, while she did her work. Mrs. Herbert was much pleased with the neatness, cleanliness, and good order of the cottage, and with Amy's answers to her questions about her mother. Sophia heard her afterwards saying to Mrs. Dodsley, that the sight of this poor deserted woman's exertions for her six



children—of so much done and enjoyed on so *little*, strengthened her faith, and stifled every repining feeling, when she thought of her own orphans.

Sophia and Fanny went about on tiptoe, admiring every contrivance which, with cheap cost, or only patient industry, added to the comfort and neatness of the dwelling. The doors were ill-fitted, as is often the case in poor cottages. A neat plaiting of rushes, nailed all round, formed a pretty looking framework or border to them, and added greatly to the warmth of the house in winter. It had been woven by the little boy who scared the rooks from the farmer's fields; and there were several baskets of his framing, in which clothes and things to be mended were kept, and which were fit for many useful household purposes. There was a wicker-work hanging shelf stored with goods, and another on which the Sunday shoes were kept: and several baskets, of a conical shape inverted, hung against the walls, containing spoons and a few knives. The walls were stained yellow, the floor was nicely sanded, the dresser well scoured, and the bed neat; three bough-pots stood in the window-sill, between some volumes of old books. The fireplace was wide and whitened; but the fire-grate was so '*very, very, small*,' that Fanny did not like it. Over it was a brass candlestick, two smoothing-irons, and two bright small sauce-pan lids,—these were prettier; and the handle of the hearth-brush, and the bellows, and the dust-pan, were all so nice—but the bellows were damaged; Charles was sure he could mend them, at least with the assistance of Bob Sibthorpe. His mother said he might

try if Amy's mother would give him leave. But by far the most beautiful object they saw was a *cuckoo-clock*, which Charles examined minutely, and explained to Fanny, who appeared to understand him better than Sophia ; but *she* remembered Cowper's cuckoo-clock, and that was something. It struck six, and the child said her mother would soon come now. She put on the tea-kettle. Her mother, she said, could not eat the hearty dinner of the reapers,—she brought the bacon and bread home for the children, and had some tea or soup.—The woman came in,—thin, and fatigued, and overworked she looked ; but she was cheerful and grateful.

‘It is for my children I labour,’ she said ; ‘and good children they are ; every one, save the infant, doing some little thing to help me,—that poor thing toiling even above her strength ; but, please God, these are our hardest years ; we must set a stout heart to a steep hill, ma’am, and we will soon better ourselves.’

The little boy, whom Sophia called ‘Giles the Farmer's boy,’ came running in, carrying a bundle and a bird's cage. His master's son had taken his post for a half-hour. He brought home a dirty smock-frock and shirt ; and Amy took the clean change that was prepared, from one of the baskets, and gave it to him. He was a fine, stout, open-faced boy, of franker manners and handsomer appearance than Amy. He spoke to Charles at once, in reply to his questions ; and Charles offered a visit at his fields, the first day he could spare ; for there was much to see there. When the handkerchief was removed from the cage,

it was found to be a rough fabric of the boy's own making ; but the inmate was a beautiful goldfinch, which pranked itself, and showed its bright plumage, and crowed to the cheery well-known voice of Giles, its beloved master and instructor. Its charms did not end here. Giles had taught it to draw up its own water. It was in fact in all respects one of those goldfinches the bird-fanciers call *Draw-waters*. A small bucket, made of a silver thimble, was suspended by silken threads, and dipped into a cup of water, which formed the well. Bit by bit the little creature drew up the full bucket by its bill, as it drew holding down the chain with its foot. Then it drank, and the bucket ran down. It was delightful to see the operations of the little engineer, but grievous to witness his disappointment when sometimes the chain slipped from below his foot, just as the bucket was at his bill, and the whole business was to do over again.

‘Is this, mamma, mentioned in your book among “the artifices of animals?”’

‘No, Sophia, I have mentioned only such things as birds, beasts, and fishes, and plants also, *do*, if I may so speak, according to their own suggestion, and according to varying circumstances to which they certainly adapt themselves. This pretty *art* is taught to *Goldie*, as dogs are trained to dance, and learned pigs and ponies to do various tricks which you have seen.’

‘I should like to know something more of the *artifices* of animals,’ said Charles. ‘That looks as if they reasoned, mother ; does it not ?’ ‘It certainly, Charles, goes far beyond *blind*—what we call *blind instinct*.’

‘But I don’t like the word *artifices*, mamma—*artifices* are not honest.’ ‘I don’t dislike your objection, Charles, but naturalists use the word; and I do not know where a better could be found.—Language is a very rich and also a very poor thing.’

Mrs. Herbert now talked apart with Amy’s mother, whom she had before sent into the closet with the baby, saying she would amuse herself with the children at the labours of Giles’s pretty, well-taught bird. As the party came out, Fanny looked once more at one of the baby’s caps on the bushes, but at wary distance.

‘I daresay you may look at, and examine it nearer, Fanny. Amy’s mother will give you leave; the cap is dry, so your fingers will not soil it, if you take care.’

‘Surely look, miss,’ said Amy’s mother. ‘It is but a poor thing for you to look at.’

‘If you mean in materials and needlework,’ said Mrs. Herbert, ‘I question—nay, I am very sure, many a royal mother, in three of the four quarters of the globe, could not produce the equal of this little cap in materials and sewing.—Which are those quarters, Sophia?’

‘Asia, Africa, and America,’ replied Sophia, ‘where *manufactures* are not universally known.’

‘Mamma,’ said Fanny, after a patient examination, ‘I think I could make *one*.’ ‘A baby’s cap, yourself, Fanny!’ cried Sophia. ‘*I* could scarce do that.’ ‘No reason that Fanny should not,’ said Mrs. Herbert.

Fanny was still measuring, turning round, and narrowly investigating all the seams.—‘All but the cross-stitch and the *shaping*, mamma, I am sure I can do.’

‘But you are so busy with Fatima’s things.’

‘Yes, mamma—but if I could make a cap to a real living baby—this pretty boy—that would be so much better.’ ‘I think it would :—you may try.’

‘I’ll take Fatima’s cambric Circassian robe—that, with her scarf border to trim the cap, will make one nice one.’

Fanny detailed her plans, and Sophia walked on before with Charles. She told him Amy was to go to school as soon as the harvest-work was over, and the potatoes were taken up.

‘And mamma is to pay the value of Amy’s labour ; for I heard her say, “I have a little fund confided to me for good uses, and I can make no better use of part of it than to enable you to give up out-of-doors work, and send Amy to school for the winter. So if you indeed cannot spare her, tell me frankly, and I will cheerfully pay for her home labour. I will purchase her time to school, if you cannot afford to give it.” I am sure, Charles, I am *very* sure, Amy’s people are not *vulgar*.’

‘And I am sure not, also, Sophia ; and I am sure, too, mamma did not mean you to hear all this ; so I beg you will not tell it to me. I daresay, however, you could not help overhearing, the house is so small.’

Fanny wished very much to see a glow-worm on their way home ; but it was still too light, Sophia said, and also too late in the season ; but after Charles struck off into a lane to consult Bob Sibthorpe about mending the bellows, Sophia pointed out to her bees winging their way home, and ‘the shard-borne beetle

with its drowsy hum,' and moths, and the bat flickering about.

'What a long day's work the bees have, mamma.'

'Yes, Fanny, and they lose not a single instant of that long day.—Place them in a new hive, and in how short a time they will have set about and completed many cells, preparatory to their other labours.'

Sophia taught Fanny a few pretty lines to the Bee, on their homeward walk.

'Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee !  
As abroad I took my early way,  
Before the Cow from her resting place  
Had risen up and left her trace  
On the meadow, with dew so grey,  
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

'Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee !  
After the fall of the Cistus flower,  
When the Primrose of evening was ready to burst,  
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first ;  
In the silence of the evening hour,  
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

'Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee !  
Late and early at employ ;  
Still on thy golden stores intent,  
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent  
What thy winter will never enjoy ;  
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee !'

Fanny was very glad when they got home ; she was tired, and liked to see the tea-table, and the hot cakes, and the fire burning cheerfully ; for the harvest evenings were now become chill. She lolled on the table, and made herself 'comfortable' after tea. Every one else was employed.

'I don't think people have so much *sense* as bees,

mamma. If I had been "a busy, busy bee," I might have had Fatima's robe unpicked to-night, ready to begin the baby's cap to-morrow.'

'Some people, Fanny,' said her mother, smiling. 'But are you resolute to strip Fatima?'

'Yes, mamma, I am a whole month past seven. That is the age, Maurice told me, the Parliament gentlemen say, English girls should give up dolls.'

'Parliament gentlemen—Maurice told you? Fanny, I believe you are right in saying bees have more *sense* than persons,' said George, laughing; and Sophia laughed also.—Fanny was not pleased.

'I know what Fanny means,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'She refers to part of a very interesting and curious report, made to a committee of the House of Commons. You have already some idea of *production* and *manufacture*, and of the *division of labour*. You have all heard of, and George and Maurice have seen, the manufacture of that small, common, and seemingly worthless thing, a pin; and you know how many men and boys are employed in the process. You have read in *Evenings at Home*, of the value to which a pound of flax, or of pig-iron, may be raised by *manufacture*.

'A pound of flax, that costs only fourteenpence, may, if converted into fine French lace, become worth 5760 times the value of the flax; and a farthing's worth of pig-iron, when converted into a delicately-worked steel chain, be raised to 163,600 times its original value. The greatest political economist that the world has yet seen, has spoken on the subject of manufactures, in a way which will be per-

fectly intelligible, and I hope pleasing to you—I mean Adam Smith, author of the *Wealth of Nations*.' The children were sure they would be pleased, and George read as follows :—

#### ON THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

'Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilised and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts, in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation, in particular; how many shipbuilders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen. To say nothing of such



complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite, in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the bricklayer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them.'

'Manufactures are almost as wonderful as Natural History, mother,' said Sophia. 'But we have not yet heard of Fanny's *Parliamentary reason* for abandoning Fatima.'

'But you shall hear ; and you may still farther learn the *importance of trifles* in a commercial and manufacturing country. The statement was once made before a Parliamentary Committee, by a glass-trinket manufacturer, Mr. Osler of Birmingham, who was deputed, by the Chamber of Commerce of that town, to attend the committee.

#### DOLLS' EYES.

'Eighteen years ago, on my first journey to London, a respectable looking man, in the city, asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes—and I was foolish enough to feel half offended.—I thought it derogatory to my dignity as a manufacturer, to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room, quite as wide, and perhaps twice the length of this,\* and we had just room to

\* The Committee-room of the House of Commons.

walk between stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said "These are only the legs and arms, the trunks are below." But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes ; and as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment ; and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to the Tavistock Hotel, I found the order amounted to upwards of £500. I went into the country, and endeavoured to make them. I had some of the most ingenious glass toy-makers in the kingdom in my service ; but when I showed it to them, they shook their heads, and said they had often seen the article before, but could not make it. I engaged them by presents to use their best exertions ; but after trying and wasting a great deal of time for three or four weeks, I was obliged to relinquish the attempt. Soon afterwards I engaged in another branch of business (chandelier furniture), and took no more notice of it. About eighteen months ago I resumed the trinket trade, and then determined to think of the dolls' eyes ; and about eight months since I accidentally met with a poor fellow who had impoverished himself by drinking, and who was dying in a consumption, in a state of great want. I showed him ten sovereigns ; and he said he would instruct me in the process. He was in such a state that he could not bear the effluvia of his own lamp. Though I was very conversant with the manual part of the business—and it related to things I was daily in the habit of

seeing—I felt I could do nothing from his description.—(I mention this to show how difficult it is to convey, by description, the mode of working.)—He took me into his garret. In an instant, before I had seen him make three, I felt competent to make a gross ; and the difference between his mode and that of my own workmen was so trifling, that I felt the utmost astonishment.

‘ You can now make dolls’ eyes ? ’

‘ I can. As it was eighteen years ago that I received the order I have mentioned, and feeling doubtful of my own recollection, though very strong, and suspecting that it could not have been to the amount stated, I last night took the present very reduced price of that article (less than half now of what it was then) ; and calculating that every child in this country, not using a doll till two years old, and throwing it aside at seven, and having a new one annually, I satisfied myself that the eyes alone would produce a circulation of a great many thousand pounds. I mention this merely to show the importance of trifles.’

‘ You perceive what my Fanny aimed at ; and that you were rash in laughing at her,’ said Mrs. Herbert, smiling, to her little daughter. But no one would stop to think of Fanny, and her parliamentary meanings, and her confusion of ideas.

‘ Many thousand pounds circulated by the demand for dolls’ eyes ! It was quite wonderful,’ Charles said. ‘ Penny dolls and two-penny dolls ’——

‘ And, at prime cost, farthing dolls, and halfpenny

dolls,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'How many thousand pounds then, by the demand for needles and pins—allowing every sempstress to break or lose one fine needle and four pins a week. That is but a low average—quite too low for you Sophia, you are aware.'

'Far too low, mother,' replied Sophia, laughing and blushing.

Maurice and Charles got their slates, and engaged in long and, to them, puzzling calculations. Mrs. Herbert was by no means certain of their accuracy; but so far they were allowed to be right; and the results were, Charles said, 'prodigious for needles and pins!' Then, *darning*-needles had been forgotten, and *carpet*-needles, and *sailcloth*-needles. There was no end to it at bedtime—so the subject was laid aside for the present.

Next morning, Charles, without a watch, was pointed, as the hall clock, to the hour of Bob's lesson; and even before that he had been at the forge with the bellows. George said, 'they were mended very sufficiently; and certainly considerably more clumsily than any tinker would have done them for a groat.' Whatever George thought, Charles's sisters admired his ingenuity exceedingly; and so did Amy and her mother,—and his good-nature also. And Charles demonstrated the power of the bellows on the dining-room fire, till half the coals were sent up the chimney.

On this sunshine day, Fanny saw the 'butterfly's plumed wings' by the microscope; and said, 'seeing is believing.' She also saw several gnats and beetles, and some minute parts of flowers,—and the curious

vegetation called mould, that grows on paste, and also on starch and leather exposed to damp. Some of the insects looked, she thought, very fierce and ugly. Some small feathers, and moss, and thistle-down, and eider-down, were certainly very beautiful ; but the lady-bird was not so pretty as she expected it to be. Her mother said she was rather young yet to understand or to enjoy the wonders of the microscope ; and George, that 'it was not a poetical instrument.' Sophia had an unconquerable aversion to look at spiders, wasps, etc., through this medium ; and her mother did not urge her. She saw, what in her opinion was far more beautiful, as well as more wonderful, the circulation of the blood, through no disagreeable medium, but in the transparent and delicate substance, a minnow's tail. The poor little minnow was fastened down to a slip of glass. And how brightly the crystal fluid rushed on, careering through those minute lucid conduits, faster than the eye could follow its course ! Sophia declared that this must be the most beautiful experiment in the world ; George, that it was certainly one of the most striking of the wonders exhibited by the microscope. It was delightful too, to relieve the minnow from its bondage ; and to see it enjoy its escape, sporting in the globe of water in which it was kept.

To restore Fanny to her original admiration of the lady-bird, her eldest brother, as they went carefully to restore their specimen to the sunny wall where they had found it, repeated to her a little poem, which she afterwards learned.

## TO THE LADY-BIRD.

'LADY-BIRD ! Lady-Bird ! fly away home—

The field-mouse is gone to her nest,  
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,  
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

'Lady-Bird ! Lady-Bird ! fly away home—

The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,  
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings  
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

'Lady-Bird ! Lady-Bird ! fly away home—

The fairy-bells tinkle afar ;  
Make haste, or they'll catch ye, and harness ye fast  
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

'Lady-Bird ! Lady-Bird ! fly away now,

To your house in the old willow-tree,  
Where your children, so dear, have invited the ant,  
And a few cozy neighbours, to tea.'

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE JUVENILE DEBATE—BEAUTY OR UTILITY.



ONE evening, before the lights were brought in, little Harry came downstairs ; and to amuse him the young group gathered round the blazing hearth, and had, what Charles called, a *famous* game at '*All the horns in the wood.*' Sophia was astonished that, though she was older than Fanny, she was much oftener *out* in the game : she thought herself cleverer too ; but she did not mention this.

'I suppose your eagerness puts you *out*,' said her mother. 'In this game, as in every concern of life,

the cool, the self-possessed, those who have their wits about them, will have the advantage over scared, scatter-brained persons, who, even with much more talent, may have less *presence of mind* and *power of attention*.'

The game went on—still Sophia was *out*—even Maurice showed superior *presence of mind*. Sophia was not pleased ; she became clamorous in vindicating herself; Harry became obstreperous; and Mrs. Herbert, after enduring, for some minutes, noise, which only a mother could endure, ordered the young culprit to the nursery. The pastime led the discourse to the characters and habits of quadrupeds. 'That means four-footed beasts, Sophia,' whispered Charles, 'from two Latin words, signifying *four* and *feet*. The meaning of words is one good one gets from Latin : I learned the meaning of that name to-day.'

'You are a very learned man, Charles,' returned Sophia ; 'but I knew that long ago.' Sophia sometimes told Charles things that he knew before ; but he never gave her an answer like this. He had a mind to tell her so, but he checked himself, and gulped back his angry retort ; and his mother smiled and nodded to him. 'Mamma can read my thoughts, and she is pleased with me,' thought Charles. Sophia also caught her mother's glance ; and she reddened with shame.

George now proposed, as a less noisy amusement, that, till the candles were brought in, every one should tell what beast, or kind of beast, he should prefer, if left on Robinson Crusoe's island, and confined to one animal. He began with Fanny.

'I love a white rabbit with red eyes, or a squirrel ;

it is so pretty, and nimble, and sensible too ; it lays up a store for winter.'

'Such a silly choice !' cried Sophia. 'Give me the bounding deer !—or stay, the zebra—or "the half-reasoning elephant ;" but the one we saw was so ugly and lumpish. But how could I forget—Above all four-footed creatures, I do love the royal antelope—'tis the very humming-bird among beasts—beautiful, elegant creature !'

'Be sure you know your own mind, Sophia.'

'Then stay—the leopard is so graceful and agile'—

'The lion so bold and majestic,' said George, who liked to lead on his sister. 'True—and his roar so terrible—and his mane so shaggy.' Sophia hesitated.

'Or the bright-eyed gazelle,' said George ; and Sophia was overjoyed. 'O yes, the gazelle—the dear gazelle—how could I forget it. Or perhaps a fawn, or a white doe ; yes, yes—I stand by the white doe.'

'White she is as the lily of June,  
And beauteous as the silver moon.'

'And very *useful* she will be to you in your desert island. Six loves and preferences in six seconds !'

'Well, no matter, mother ;—no matter, George—I stand by my white doe.'

'It is not what individual animal—what *pet* you admire, Sophia, that is our play ; but what kind of beast, for good and substantial reasons, you choose to accompany you to your desert island ?'

'Still I say the deer. Now do you choose, George.'

'I choose the horse. He is not so immediately useful as cows or sheep perhaps ; but I hope to turn



him to good account, and to support my choice by excellent reasons.' 'Mamma, I would like to put away my squirrels, and get a sheep and lambs,' said Fanny. 'The squirrel is very *funny* and *clever* for himself; but he could do little good to *me* in my desert island.'

'That is so *selfish*,' cried Sophia. But this was overruled; and Fanny recorded her amended choice. Maurice could not at once make up his mind: he liked a pony, and Charles liked a dog. Little Amy came in just then on a message: the game was explained to her, and she chose a pig, at which all the children laughed; but Mrs. Herbert said she admired Amy's good sense in preferring the most useful animal she had any experience of; and which she had seen giving plenty and comfort to her mother's cottage. 'Now, mamma, do you choose,' cried Sophia. 'Something *superb*, I am sure; an elk, or a camelopard mamma will choose.'

'But how am I to be situated in your island?—Am I to be alone, or to have my family with me? The choice of every rational being must be greatly *influenced*, if not wholly determined, by the circumstances in which he is placed.'

'We must all be with you, mamma,' cried Charles.

'Then I choose a milk-cow; had I been alone, I might have chosen a sheep, with Fanny, for the sake of the wool to afford me clothing, and to furnish my cabin comfortably.'

'O, mother, the stupid cow—the dull sheep'——

'I have much to say in favour of my choice, Sophia. A cow is a sort of walking manufactory—a fortune to a poor family in herself. Consider how much she affords.'

‘Cream and butter,’ said Charles; ‘and milk, and cheese, and curds.’ ‘Much more still.’

Charles resumed the enumeration—‘Leather, and candles, and horn-spoons, and combs, and glue, and helps to make plaster-lime.’ ‘Yes, every part of her is useful.’ ‘I wish I had chosen a cow, too, aunt.—Roast beef, and soup, and tongue,’ said Maurice.

‘Fanny’s poor sheep is quite eclipsed,’ said George.

‘Far from it,’ said Fanny’s mother.—‘Look round this room—examine from the kitchen to the garret, and see how much of our comfort, and elegant accommodation, we owe to this useful animal.’

Charles again began to enumerate. The list was astonishing—flannels, blankets, shawls, coats, carpets, rugs, curtains, sofa-covers, mattresses, mixed stuffs for dresses;—the importance and usefulness of the sheep was visible in a thousand ways. Sophia began to fear she had been rash in her choice; for lambs were so pretty in the spring.

‘And now, George, suppose you landed on your island with your horse—no shed for him, no hay, no oats?’

‘I would erect a shed for him, mother, if needful in that climate; he would find pasture; then I would mount him and hunt; by his strength and fleetness he would give me immense advantages in the chase; and by and by I might put him in the plough. With his strength, docility, and swiftness, and my reason and power, we would soon subdue our world; and have such delight in the conquest. Subdue all your cows, and sheep, and pigs, and’—— ‘Not my dog,’ cried Charles. ‘Nor my deer,’ cried Sophia.

‘Yes, all animals should own our empire.’

‘Then we could only hope that you would break your neck in your attempt,’ said Sophia, laughing, ‘and try to lay pitfalls for you.’

‘Your ambitious project is hazardous and doubtful, you perceive, George,’ said Mrs. Herbert; ‘but how secure would Fanny and I be.’

‘Yes, mamma; I would have a little drop of milk, and then lamb and mutton: and I would shear my sheep, and begin to spin, and weave, and knit, and dye; and I would so like to look at my good useful sheep, and my pretty lambs at feed.’

‘And what does poor Sophia make of her deer?’

‘It is a noble animal, George, and I love and admire it.’

‘And it runs off from you, and grows wild, and you are left alone to live on admiration, and herbs; you would not even get his skin for clothing or buskins. Acknowledge you have made a foolish choice.’

Sophia would not confess. She said her *white doe* would be as docile and affectionate as Charles’s dog. But this was denied, and Charles was called on to defend his choice. ‘A dog is an honest, generous, faithful brute;—I do love a dog!’

‘So far good, Charles; but how is he to contribute to your comfort and subsistence in your desert island?’

‘I would hunt, like George, mamma. My dog would help me. I would fish too; and he would go into the water with me; I would find food some way, and clothing too. My dog would perhaps save my life some day; and at any rate he would love me every day, and never forsake me. In some countries,

you remember, Sophia, dogs are eaten, and his little hide makes shoes too ; but I don't value him for that—I only wish him for a friend at home in my solitude, and a companion and assistant abroad. He would bark for gladness to see me, and wag his tail. If I were sick he would couch beside me, and lick my hands and my feet ; and when I died he would chase the wild beasts and vultures from my body, as we read lately of the poor dog and the French soldier.—Mamma, I do love a dog !'

'You make me love him too, Charles ; and if I were Charles I would almost give up my cow and choose a dog.' This was high praise to Charles.

As sometimes happens in the debates of older persons, each individual retained his own opinion, save Sophia, who proposed to change her deer into a goat, from respect to the principle of *utility*. Mrs. Herbert next told Charles several anecdotes of the sagacity and affectionate fidelity of dogs, some of them amusing and others deeply affecting. George told of a poor dog that had been found watching by the skeleton of his master, who had perished three months before in Helvellyn, the faithful creature itself worn to a skeleton. Tears stole down Charles's cheeks, nor could he conceal them. He was not apt to cry ; and now he whispered, 'It is not quite *silly crying*, mother, and I am not very sorry ; but I could not just then help it.'

'No, my dear boy, it is not *silly* crying. It is generous sympathy with a noble animal, of which you need never be ashamed. Two of the greatest poets of the age have expressed the same feelings about this

very dog, more eloquently, but not more naturally, nor from a purer source than your tears now spring.'

Charles was thus reconciled to his involuntary display of feeling ; and though not particularly fond of poetry, he silently, from the recital of his brother, committed to memory part of the pathetic address of Sir Walter Scott to this faithful dog, when supposed to be watching by its dead master.

'How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ;  
When the wind waved his garments how oft didst thou start ;  
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,  
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?'

Mrs. Herbert now told several lively stories of the sagacity and address of dogs, many of which are well attested ; and many instances both curious and amusing of the *artifice* of animals,—or that something giving indication of a power beyond blind limited *instinct*, by which the inferior creatures, and even vegetables, accommodate themselves to existing circumstances, and seek their own good by the best means in their power.

'How very different, mamma, my little dog Frisky is from Blind Samuel's Guide, yet they are brothers.'

'They are, Charles ; and a proof how *instinct* may be modified. There is Guide, the faithful, indefatigable auxiliary of Blind Samuel, watchful, patient, importunate in soliciting charity—no bad physiognomist ; and Frisky, a little, gamesome, merry fool, trotting carelessly at your heels, or your whistle ; yet even he, in doing this, knows his duties.'

'There may have been some original difference in

the characters of these brothers,' said George. 'Guide looks like a sage, Frisky like a schoolboy's dog.'

'Rather *education*, I think. Yet we do see a great difference in the dispositions of beasts—in horses, dogs, elephants; indeed this runs, so far as we can observe, through all nature. In the late history of the fight of the lions, Wallace and Nero, with bull-dogs, which Charles and Maurice read so faithfully in the newspapers, we had a strong example of this. Both animals were born and reared in circumstances precisely similar.' 'And what a noble, generous fellow Nero was,' cried Sophia; 'how different in disposition from surly, savage Wallace!—I wish they had changed names.' 'Nero wanted *pluck*, Sophia,' cried Maurice. 'All the boys at our school said that to a man.' Sophia looked exceedingly disgusted, both with the sentiment and language.

'I seldom interfere with your language, my young friends,' said Mrs. Herbert, smiling. 'I seldom need—but I must say, Maurice, your technical or slang phrase for courage is better suited to Nero's keepers than to a well-taught boy, and is utterly inadmissible in a circle like this.' 'I believe, mamma, beasts and birds have often more sense than we guess,' said Charles, who was sorry for Maurice.

'No doubt of it, Charles, sense and feeling both; and we should bear that in mind in our treatment of them. Many animals have a high sense of honour and shame. They are sensible of insults as well as of wrongs. They are susceptible of emulation; but I think never of envy, and rarely of revenge.'

‘As I don’t like to beat Frisky, I sometimes reason with him ; and I think I make him *ashamed*, mamma ; but he forgets in a moment ; and he has his little *artifices* too.’ ‘But is not *artifice* very wrong, mamma?’

‘If I applied the word to you, Fanny, it must imply something wrong. You know words are used in different significations. When we say, Miss Fanny Herbert’s *artificial* flowers, we mean no harm of the flowers ; but if we said, Miss Fanny Herbert is an *artificial* character, what would that convey?’

‘No good, I fear, mamma.’

‘The word *artifice*, as used by naturalists, always means *good* to the creature which practises it. You have heard—some of you have seen—the *artifice* of the lapwing, to lure people from her nest. There is a beetle, that when pursued by its enemies counterfeits death. Ravens, when pressed for food, pick up shell-fish. But they cannot break them, and must employ *artifice*. So they fly to a great height, and let the fish drop, which breaks the shell. There is no end to the *artifices* of animals. But do you, Fanny, recollect any instance in which you have been guilty of *artifice*?’

‘Never, mamma,—if, yet, perhaps’——

‘Well,—if, yet perhaps,—— shall I help you,’ said George.—‘Planting, I mean sticking in the beautiful jonquils we got in the *bouquet* from Miss Ellis, in Sophia’s parterre, to make Emma Lydgate believe they were growing. She always boasts so of the Grove green-house.—Now we have no green-house :—mother, perhaps that was’——

‘You need not hesitate, Fanny ; it was a silly, paltry

*artifice*, suggested by vanity, and perhaps a little envy also,—an artifice, moreover, which could do no good to the *animal* that practised it.’ ‘How can you speak so to Fanny, brother George—envious!—odious envy, mother?—Fanny is incapable of that feeling.’

‘Your sister was too young to know what she was about perhaps; but I do not see how the *weak*, who are silly enough to heed the boasts of the Emma Lydgates of their acquaintance, and the *vain* who wish to rival them, whether in ribbons, gauze frocks, or green-houses, can keep quite free of the base feeling of envy.’

Sophia coloured to the top of her high brow; and her eyes, filled with indignant tears, were turned on her mother, at once in deprecation and tender reproach.

‘How many faults of character you are displaying just now, Sophia,—suspicious—foolishly suspicious, that your best and kindest friend is judging harshly of you—tormenting yourself with a shadow created by your own silly apprehensions!—Of a mean and envious disposition, no one can ever justly accuse you: your errors lie in the other extreme—an overweening opinion of the excellence of whatever is your friends’; and often, by consequence, unjust contempt, a very false estimate of other persons and their possessions. This makes you even silly enough to transfer your dislike of the possessors to the things possessed.’

‘Certainly, mamma, I told Emma, while Fanny and Mary Dodsley were *quizzing* her with the jonquils that I thought our own moss-roses and jessamine as pretty as the tube-roses, and great flaunting dahlias of the Grove green-house—but I thought it too.’



‘Quizzing Emma,—by which I presume you mean deceiving her by a silly trick or *artifice*—let us use accurate language. And you not only told this to Emma, but you told her proudly, angrily, and contemptuously, what you scarcely believed yourself.’

‘How Sophia used to rave about the sweet-scented tuberose, and the brilliant and splendid dahlia,’ said George.

‘I did admire, as I praised, warmly—I do so yet,’ said Sophia, again in tears; ‘too warmly probably.’

‘And have the tuberoses lost their beauty, or their delicate scent, because the girl to whom they belong is conceited and ostentatious?—Are your flowers either better or worse, than before she was pleased to call them worthless weeds?’

‘No, mother—quite the same; but Emma was so provoking’—— ‘And because the Emmas you may meet in life may be provoking, do you choose to be unjust, foolish, and unhappy?’

‘I feel something is wrong, mamma. I must think more of this. But I am certain, Fanny only liked a little spiteful fun.—Our Fanny envious of Emma Lydgate!’ cried Sophia, proudly rearing her long neck.

Mrs. Herbert shook her head—‘Tis a bad story at the best.’ ‘Indeed, mamma—indeed, Mary Dodsley only said, do let us mortify the vain thing.’

‘Think no more of it, Fanny. The only good I can perceive is that you appear to have a very correct idea of what is *artifice* or *deceit*; and may thus, if you choose, guard in future against such despicable tricks.’

Charles was very glad when James brought the

lights, for poor Fanny was silently crying ; but no one noticed her distress, as she wished to conceal it herself. Charles brought her work-bag to her—and jogged Sophia's elbow, in the midst of her loud laughter at a story which George was now reading, to drive away unpleasant remembrances.

'Stop one minute, George.—Kind considerate Charles,' whispered Sophia, putting the little cap into Fanny's hands. And Fanny wiped her eyes, and sighed, and threaded her needle, and did not sob above three times afterwards. The story which George read, was the *Memoirs of Moustache*, a very famous character, a French poodle, that had served during the whole revolutionary war. The delightful humour of the story banished every unpleasant feeling,—even Fanny smiled ; and *Moustache* became the hero of the hour.

During the last holidays, Maurice had seen a play called the *Dog of Montargis*, in which, as the name imported, a principal part was borne by a dog—a remarkably docile and sagacious water-dog. Sophia thought she never had heard Maurice talk so agreeably as in describing this dog and the play in which it appeared. Among the performers, he mentioned the name of a comedian well known to Mrs. Herbert.

With a look of great interest, she said, 'Is that old man—that very old man, still on the stage ? What delight he afforded me at my first play, when I was scarcely so old as my little Fanny.'

Poor Fanny looked eagerly over to her mother, who kindly smiled on her. 'Dear mamma loves me,

though I be so bad,' thought Fanny. 'O, I will be so good.' Fanny wiped off another rush of tears, that flowed from a sweeter source than those she had lately shed; her needle flew more quickly, while Maurice replied: 'He is still on the stage, ma'am; and such a squeaking, shuffling old fellow. We had some famous hissing of him.'

'Hiss that poor old man?' cried Mrs. Herbert. 'Shame!' Her tone thrilled to the heart of Charles, even though the rebuke was not addressed to himself.

'Nobody hissed when Mr. Orme took Charles and me to the play, mamma; every one was so good-humoured and merry. I suppose hissing must be a *vulgar* custom.'

'Inhuman and *vulgar*. Yes, Sophia,—this is *vulgarity*, rudeness, barbarism. Could you, my nephew, have guessed the agony of feeling of that poor comedian, probably forced for bread to appear before a set of thoughtless and insolent youths and schoolboys, I trust your young heart is too good to have permitted you to join those who tortured and insulted him.'

'I am sure, ma'am, I never thought about it.—Big fellows—gentlemen hiss. I don't think I would hiss old —— again.'

'I am sure you would not,' said Charles. 'You must read in our Rational Readings, The Player and his Poodle.—What chapter is it in, Sophia? 'In the chapter against Cruelty to Animals,' said Sophia.

'A very appropriate classification, perhaps,' said George, laughing. 'But I don't think my mother would class rudeness to persons who exercise the pro-

fession of Garrick and Siddons, under the head of *Cruelty to Animals*.' 'But I am certain, brother—positive.' 'Why so positive?' 'Because that chapter has the fine motto from Cowper :—

'I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manner and fine sense,  
Yet, wanting sensibility, the man  
That needlessly sets foot upon a worm !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
They are all the meanest things that are  
As free to live and to enjoy their life,  
As God was free to form them at the first,  
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.  
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
To love it too.'

'I excuse your bad *logic*, for the sake of your fine quotation, Sophia ;—your *because* is no reason. The story Charles means is under the section *True Politeness*, immediately after the anecdote of the old man in the theatre of Athens ; who, when driven about by the insolent youths of Athens, and accommodated respectfully by those of Sparta, said, "The Athenians boast themselves to know what is good, but the Spartans practise it." Maurice, though somewhat sullen, read the

#### PLAYER AND HIS POODLE.

'*B.* You never hiss a player, you say?' '*A.* No, certainly, I do not.' '*B.* Your reason, if you please?'

'*A.* Certainly. I was once travelling in the south of France, and happening to sojourn for a few weeks in a small dull town, went frequently as a *pis aller* to the theatre, in which a sorry enough troop of actors figured. They were strollers, or, in their own language, *couroient les provinces*.

‘I recognised, after a little, the face of one of the comedians on the staircase of the house where I lived, and found that he occupied a little garret above me. He had a very fine, though not fat, poodle, his only and inseparable companion. The man’s face on the stairs struck me as singularly different, however, from what it appeared on the stage, where his parts were generally of the farcical order ; and I asked my landlady if he were not ailing.’

‘O no, sir,’ said she, ‘poor Monsieur B—— is as well now as I ever knew him, and he has lodged in my house some three or four weeks every summer, for at least ten years. But he is such a sensitive creature, and the young people begin to have less taste for his style of joking. In short, they hissed the old gentleman decidedly a few nights back. I carried up his supper to him as soon as I heard him come in ; and knowing what had happened (for I had been at the theatre myself that evening), I wished to say something to comfort him : he smiled and bowed, but waved his hand,—and I left the room.

‘I lingered for a moment at the door, however, and heard him say to old Cid (that’s his dog’s name, sir), —“ *Tiens, mon ami, mange, tu le merites ; pour moi, je ne suis pas digne de vivre.*” \* Now I never hiss, because I hate to think of a man’s doing his best to please us, and then not having the heart to eat his supper.’

We have the satisfaction of recording, that when Maurice concluded reading, he whispered his cousin, ‘Charles, I shall never hiss a player again.’

\* ‘Eat, my friend, you deserve it. For me, I am not worthy to live.’

## CHAPTER XII.

## INFIRMITY OF PURPOSE—PHILOSOPHY OF DAILY LIFE.



OPHIA followed Charles upstairs this night, when they retired, and requested that he would sit with her a moment on the window-seat, under the plants. She wished to converse with him—‘Charles, I have discovered the source of half my *little errors*. I don’t examine my actions duly and properly. I am resolved this very night to begin a regular course of self-examination,—and I would advise you to do the same.’

Charles thought this sounded rather *grand* for Sophia.—‘I am sure it will be very right, if you mean to think of all the foolish cross things you have done to-day, and try not to repeat them to-morrow. I wish I could do that too; but it will be better for me not to *do* more ill than I can help; for I know in thinking in my room of my faults, I should go to sleep in the middle of it. But did it not make your heart start, Sophia, when mamma cried—Shame! If my mother were ever to apply that word to me, I think it would kill me, Sophia; though I had a ship of my own, and were a big gentleman.’

‘Where are you, big gentleman?’ cried little Fanny, skipping upstairs in high spirits. ‘Mamma kissed me when I went to shake hands, and so did George.’

Charles sympathised in the joy of his little sister on recovered favour; but Sophia, wrapt in the high duty of self-examination, and pitying the acknowledged

infirmity of Charles, walked off with dignity to the sleeping closet within her mother's room, which she shared with Fanny.

When that notable and orderly little woman had undressed herself, folded her clothes neatly up, and kneeling within the curtain, repeated, in a very low voice, her short form of secret evening prayer, she stepped into bed, and had a long sleep before she called out, 'Sophia, Sophia, come to bed ; you will set your hair on fire at the candle ; and your frock is so rumpled.'

Sophia awoke with a start, chilled and humbled. She heard her mother in the next room—'Mamma, are you not asleep? May I come to you, mamma?'

Sophia crept to her mother's bed, who started up—'Are you ill, my love? Sophia, my dear child, is Fanny ill?' 'O! no, no, mamma—all well.—Have I alarmed you?—I am always a fool.'

Sophia was trembling with cold and agitation. She burst into tears ; and her mother clasped her in her arms, and soothed her in this unusual and alarming agitation. 'I am not ill, mamma, but I have faults to confess, and advice to crave.—I heard you were awake.'

'You have chosen an extraordinary hour, Sophia ; but I cannot refuse to listen to you.' Sophia made her weeping confession in her mother's bosom.

'We must draw good from evil, Sophia. You will in time be taught watchfulness and self-distrust. And I do not think your falling asleep was sinful. It was indeed quite natural—what honest Charles expected of himself. Neither do I dissuade you from the important and serious duty of self-examination, pro-

vided you enter on it with a proper understanding of what you are about ; but I do urge you to habitual watchfulness of your conduct and motives. I know your *resolutions* are generally good. *Watch, persevere, be vigilant*, till these have settled into confirmed habits. Two years ago, and even last year, you remember you wrote and translated slowly and painfully, looking up many words in the dictionary, and examining your exercise line by line. Now that you have so long taken pains and care, you have lately translated, from my selections from Buffon, whole pages,—the *Swan*, the *Horse*, the *Humming-bird*, without once turning up your dictionary. And at a glance you perceive your few errors. It will be thus with your *moral* habits, if you persevere.'

This was cheering ; and at this moment Sophia, bowed down by a sense of her presumption and conceit, needed consolation and encouragement.—'I have at least watched against *exaggeration* this week ; and I find, mother, to guard against being 'poetical in my prose,' I must guard against *exaggeration* even in my thoughts. I never can see things in the true light that little Fanny does, who is so much younger.'

'If you are truly sensible of your defects, Sophia, and heartily desire to correct them, there is no fear of you. Sleep where you are to-night, and don't disturb poor Fanny. God bless you, my dear child, and give you strength of mind to keep all your good resolutions.' The affectionate mother kissed the brow of her happy daughter ; and in a few minutes 'the tear, forgot as soon as shed,' dried on Sophia's cheek ; nor



did she know where she was, till next morning that she found little Harry climbing over her, crying 'Sophy, Sophy, why are *you* sleeping with *my* mamma?'

'Harry, Harry!—mamma, is Sophy's mamma too—her dear mamma!'

Sophia kissed her mother's hand, and kissed little Harry; and, jumping up, ran to her closet; thinking, while she dressed herself, how much she owed to her mother, and how good she ought to be.

One day soon after this, when Charles came home from school, Fanny showed him the baby's cap made by herself, washed by herself too, in the nursery, and ironed by old Mary. It had a border of lace, and a pink top-knot. Fanny named this a cockade, in honour of the sex of the intended wearer. She thought this a very grand decoration; and so did Charles, perhaps to oblige her.

'Don't you think the cockade a great ornament, mamma?' 'I have not thought about it, Fanny.'

'Then, perhaps, mamma, you think it wrong?' said Sophia, who had been not only strictly watchful of her own conduct for the last two days, but had some superfluous vigilance to spare for Fanny. 'I heard Mrs. Lydgate saying something lately about frills and ribbons giving poor persons wrong ideas; and Miss Ellis, as a Quakeress, has a professed dislike of finery. I gave you a hint of that, Fanny.'

'As I do not think this fine top-knot'——

'A cockade it is, mamma—and very pretty.'

'Well, cockade, if you please, Fanny—can give the wearer any idea, except, perhaps, that of pulling it to

pieces ; I conceive it a matter of perfect indifference ; and if it give pleasure to his sister, and the little milliner, I should be sorry to interfere, much less to object—especially as it shows taste and ingenuity, and costs nothing. But I do admire those little pinafores, which you, Sophia, have patched up so neatly out of Harry's old ones. These must be a real comfort to the baby ; and while doing a really kind, useful action, you are gaining what to a woman is always a most valuable acquirement. Can you recollect, Charles,—or you, Sophia,—that delightful picture of humble domestic life which we saw lately ?'

'Yes, mamma, yes—The Cottar's Saturday Night.—Don't you remember, Charles ?'

'I do, Sophia, the print ; and below it this reading—

'The Mother with her needle and her shears,  
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.'

Yes, Charles,' said Mrs Herbert, 'that is the description of some of a mother's *duties* ; she does this while the Christian father performs his part—

'The Father mixes a' with *admonition* due.'

'And Sophia did all these pinafores while I only made the cockade,' said Fanny to herself. She again held up the nice, pretty cap on her finger. 'Still, mamma, it is so much prettier—and Amy will be so pleased, and perhaps her mother too.'

'Fanny, my love, you have quite convinced me. I cannot think it wisdom to dislike a top-knot that costs nothing, and will give so much pleasure.'

'Mamma, you will say top-knot for cockade,' said Fanny, laughing ; 'to think of you, mamma, being as

heedless as I was the day I always said *creditor* for *debtor*.' 'As heedless—and from the same cause, Fanny—not thinking or caring about the matter.'

How to get the cap conveyed was the difficulty. Fanny wished very much to see how it fitted ; but the distance her mother thought too much either for her to walk, or for Amy to bring the baby.

'I will make Bob Sibthorpe telegraph Giles, mamma,' said Charles. 'Then Giles will run to Amy, for she does not understand our signals. She will come to the Prior's Oak at half-past five, and Fanny can meet her.'

And this arrangement was adopted. Fanny had the pleasure—and, to judge from her happy looks, it was no small one—of tying on the cap gently, and not too tightly, with her own hands. 'Little Joe,' she said, and believed, 'looked so much the prettier for it.'

She kissed him with mingled pride and fondness ; and he laughed to her, and crowed, and quivered his little limbs, as Sophia held him up at the utmost stretch of her arms.—'Your present feelings are somewhat different from those you experienced in trying to mortify Miss Emma by the *artifice* of the stuck-in jonquils?' said George.

'O, no comparison—I am so happy—and I love Joe so much better than Fatima—if he could only understand that his cap has that beautiful cockade in it.—Oh, you rogue ! you don't know how nice you are.'

In the exuberance of animal spirits, excited by the playful group around him, and by the clapping of Fanny's hands, the young gentleman, so much admired, soon showed that he had feelings of some kind. He

crowed and kicked ; and raising his hands to the unwonted something that annoyed his head, at one clutch brought off the pink cockade, and tore the lace border.

‘Amy screamed in consternation and horror,—Sophia seized the little mischievous hands,—George smiled, and Mrs. Herbert calmly looked at her little daughter. Grief and vexation were depicted in Fanny’s face ; but the struggle was brief ; her smile was grave and sweet, as she shook her little head at the baby, saying, ‘O Diamond, Diamond, if you only knew the mischief you have done !’

‘Aptly remembered, little philosopher,’ said George.

‘She means the story of Sir Isaac Newton and his little dog, that we read last night,’ said Maurice, with that solemn air of profound intelligence, which sometimes afforded George more amusement than his mother approved. ‘Mother, was it not fortunate I sewed on the cockade instead of pinning it, or poor Joey might have torn his fingers. Old Mary advised me to sew it. I will always take her advice about babies.’

‘My dear Fanny, I admire the good-humour with which you have borne this trial, as much as your kindness in sacrificing, as, last week, Sophia called it, Fatima’s robe, and making the cap.’

‘I would not call it *sacrificing*, this week, mother.”

‘Then, Sophia, I am sorry for reminding you that you ever called it so. And, Fanny, you may now know what your brother meant at the time we read the memoirs of Lady Grisell Baillie, when he spoke of the “Philosophy of daily life.” You have shown a good example of the firmness and cheerfulness with

which unavoidable evils should be met—particularly little trials of temper and petty vexations of this kind. But what is to be done with the torn cap?’

‘I must mend that, in the first place, mother ; the cockade is useless—it is so squeezed. Then, if Amy would promise, or Charles, and Bob Sibthorpe, contrive any way to keep down the rogue’s hands—I have a nice bit of sky-blue ribbon’——

‘And with all those provisions, you would hazard the sky-blue for another top-knot,’ said Mrs. Herbert, smiling. ‘Come, sit down on the grass. I will rest myself on the bench, and we must *reason* about this, Fanny. In the first place, do you think Amy has any right to make such a promise? Joey is not like your Fatima—a mixture of timber and wax—he has *rights*, and powers, and privileges. He would soon show Amy that she could not keep her promise of confining his limbs ; and I trust that our friends, Bob and Charles, ingenious mechanics as they are, will never set about contrivances to fetter the hands of a freeborn Briton like little Joey. Poor fellow ! he tumbles among the grass, and crows as merrily as when he wore his smart cockade.’—Fanny drew a low, thoughtful sigh.—‘What is your decision, Fanny? be quick ; we must return to tea.’ ‘I fear, mamma, Joe will like better to tear and romp as he pleases, than to wear a nice cap. I see it would not do to tie his hands ; he is not like a doll that will sit quiet in its good clothes.’

‘Not like a doll, Fanny, but a creature gifted with excellent powers and faculties, whom you cannot benefit without consulting *his necessities* and *his tastes*,

as well as your own pleasure or benevolent feelings.' 'I think, on the whole, mamma, I will mend this *best-most* cap—I mean this *nice* cap, for Sunday—and put the sky-blue ribbon on it still, if, Amy, you will watch the rogue's hands till he get a little sense. I can soon make him two tidy stout ones, of the calico my aunt gave me for Fatima's dressing-gowns, which will defy him to tear—I will put no cross-stich on them; but while I might be doing it, I will knit him a pair of boots to make him *comfortable*—scarlet boots. Perhaps Mary will show me how to knit in a big J for Joe. With his scarlet boots—a bright scarlet—and his white pinafore, he will look very smart, though he haveno cockade.' 'Spoken like an oracle,' cried George.

'Wisely spoken, and kindly spoken, my little daughter; and for all or any of those really useful purposes, I give you leave to apply to me for thread, or tape, or bits of cloth—I know you have very bright scarlet worsted—provided you apply at the proper hour.' 'I know your hour, mamma—between eight and nine, when Sally comes sometimes for sugar, and raisins, and plums.'

'Ay, and for soap and candles too,' said Mrs. Herbert, smiling. Joey was kissed, and Amy was dismissed, and the family party walked homeward:—but the trials of the day were not yet over. Bob Sibthorpe was seen running by the side of the mill-dam—he approached with a face of dismay—'O, Charles—Master Charles!'

'What is it, Bob? But you need not call me *Master* because mamma is here. She will like you as well to

call me Charles.' 'Your frigate, Master Charles'—  
'The Victory!' cried Charles, reddening. 'Is she stranded?—that is the fortune of many a stout ship.' Charles, if not pleased, was at least consoled to think his vessel had met so grand and seaman-like an adventure.

'Stranded in the mill-pond!—Charles, how can you be so foolish?' said Sophia.

'The gipsy-boys!—she is stolen, Master Charles. I forgot her. I was working at the *Geyser*—our *Geyser*. I neglected to bring in the Victory!'—This was a dreadful blow; but Charles strove to bear it like a man. 'There is no help for it, Bob,—I am sure it was not your fault. At any rate, you are very sorry—and I don't wish you to be sorry.' Bob was pushing on after the supposed thieves; Charles would gladly have joined in pursuit, but this his mother disapproved, as he had a cold, and might increase it by over-heating himself in running: but George volunteered to go.—  
'She was a most beautiful vessel, that is certain—and I loved her very much; but there is no help for it, mother.' Charles whistled 'Hearts of Oak.'

'I am glad to see you bear your misfortunes so well, Charles.' 'Do I bear it like a *man*, mamma?'

'You bear it like a sensible boy, that will grow to be a brave, firm man; and that is all we can expect of you;—you bear it almost as well as Fanny did her misfortune. We are all, you perceive, in turn, called upon to exercise the "Philosophy of daily life."'  
Charles could not help thinking that there was an immense difference between the spoiling of a pink top-knot and the loss of the Victory; but then, 'Fanny

was much younger than he.'—In an hour, George returned from the village; but, alas! no tidings of the Victory!

Charles, next morning, showed peculiar attention and kindness to Bob when he came to his lesson; and what was more difficult, great patience too—for Bob was a very slow, untoward scholar. All the children were in the hall when Mrs. Herbert passed through it with her keys to give out stores to her cook—they stood round Amy and the goldfinch, the Draw-water, which she had brought as a present to Hollycot—a welcome and delightful present it was. Bob fancied he could improve the tackle with which it drew its water; and instead of the *first-rate* or three-decker, which he proposed to put immediately on the stocks, to make up the dreadful loss Charles so good-humouredly sustained, a more commodious cage was projected for Goldy. The bird had been made over by Giles to his sister; and she wished to present it, not to the Hollycot children in general, but to Charles. Sophia was generous and obliging; Fanny had lately been kind—but Charles was Amy's first and fast friend. He had given up his ball to keep his promise to her. Then, Sophia was a little proud, or assumed a grand air sometimes; and Fanny had examined too curiously, and wondered at first rather too much at the coarseness and scantiness of Amy's blue petticoat. Amy had her own feelings, though she was a poor girl; and Charles alone had been everkind and considerate of her.

In short, he was the object of Amy's preference, for reasons that Mrs. Herbert allowed to be good, as



well as natural. But for all this, Sophia, without much thought, at once appropriated the bird to herself; and as Charles generously acquiesced, and Fanny did not imagine she could have any right to contest the point, Amy was ashamed to explain.

The Draw-water was now to be named. Sophia wished it to be called Sylph; but Charles thought that a silly, conceited name, and insisted for *Moustache*. This was the subject of a rather noisy altercation when Mrs. Herbert inquired to whom the bird belonged.

‘He is mine, mother.—Amy brought him—I am to take charge of him;—beautiful little creature! with ivory beak and velvet cowl.—Look at his spread wing, mamma—

“A fairy fan of golden spokes it seems,”’

‘Bob, do you remember what George told us of the eyes of birds? do you see it in Sylph?’ said Charles; ‘that which George called a beautiful provision of Nature—of the Almighty Creator—for protecting the eyes of birds while rapidly flying through the air, or through thickets. It was at the same time, you recollect, that he told us about the structure of the *hoof* of the reindeer and the foot of the camel.’ Bob recollected distinctly, but he could not explain what he appeared nevertheless to understand; and Charles ran to his dressing-table drawer, and brought the explanation which George had written down for them to refer to at any time.—“Birds flying through the air, and meeting with many obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection, and sometimes as *round* or

*convex* as possible, that they may see the flies and insects they are hunting, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of the eye, round the place where the light enters ; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres by which motion is communicated ; so that by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales, and thus squeeze the eye into a round shape, in order to pursue its prey, or relax it into a flat form when it wishes to see a distant object, or make its way safely through leaves and twigs. Besides, for protection, birds are furnished with a third eyelid—a skin or membrane—very fine and thin, which is constantly moved over the eyeball, by two muscles placed for this purpose in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a *loop*, the other in a *string* which goes through this *loop*, and is fixed in the corner of the fine thin covering, to pull it backwards and forwards.”

‘Do you understand that, Sophia?—’Tis almost reading for Sundays. If we had time, Bob and I would show you the experiment of moving things by a loop and string, as this is done, in the most rapid and beautiful manner,’ said Charles.

‘How wonderful!—O, how very wonderful!’ cried Sophia. ‘How wise and gracious are all those things! I must return to Natural History, or to the Philosophy of Natural History again, this very day. Have you the camel’s foot on this paper?’ ‘I have the de-

scription of it at least—Shall I read it?’ ‘Do—quick. I should follow mamma for silk-thread that I need ; but pray be quick—I know all about the camel except its foot.’

Charles read—‘“There is a singular and beautiful provision made in this animal’s foot, for enabling it to sustain the fatigue of journeys, under the pressure of its great weight. Besides the yielding of those bones and ligatures, or bindings, which gives elasticity to the foot of the deer and other animals, there is, in the camel’s foot, between the horny sole and the bones, a cushion, like a ball of soft matter, almost fluid, but in which there is a mass of threads, extremely elastic, interwoven with the pulpy substance. The cushion thus easily changes its shape when pressed, yet it has such an elastic spring, that the bones of the foot press on it, uninjured by the heavy body which they support ; and this huge animal steps as softly as a cat.”—Mark that, Sophia. Now, if we could contrive an elastic cushion, in imitation of this, for old James, when he goes to the market-town, he complains so of his feet—eh, Bob? What do you think? It would require needle-work, I am sure. James gets so stiff, poor old man. These elastic camel-soles for his hoofs’——Sophia laughed.—‘I did not mean anything disrespectful to James, Sophia. I am sure you know that, but hoofs were running in my head.’

‘Then, O, do ! put the reindeers out of your head into mine, as fast as possible ; for I must hang up my Sylph in my own closet, and mamma will have locked up her storeroom before I reach her.’

“The reindeer inhabits a region covered with snow for the greater part of the year”’——

‘I know all that—pray make haste.’ ‘If you are in such haste, Sophia, had you not better go now?’

‘No—I will still have time, if you read quick. Mamma is giving out things to Sally for the week.’

“Then the matter to be noticed *is*, how admirably the hoof of the reindeer is constructed for going over snow—a cold and light substance—without being frozen, or sinking into the snow. The underside of the hoof, which, in other countries, is hard and horny, is here covered entirely with hair of a warm and close texture; and the hoof altogether is very broad, acting exactly like the snow-shoes which men, in snowy regions, have contrived for giving them a larger space to stand on than their feet, and thus avoid sinking. The reindeer, when it places its hoof on the ground, takes advantage of its form, and spreads it as wide as possible; but when it is raised again, this breadth or wideness would be inconvenient, by occasioning a greater resistance of air while he is moving; so, no sooner does he lift the hoof, than the two parts, into which it is *cloven* or divided, fall together, and so lessen the surface exposed to the resistance of the air. The shape and structure of the hoof is also well adapted to scrape away the snow, and get at the lichens on which the reindeer feeds; and which, to supply its wants, is, unlike all other plants, at its utmost perfection and abundance in the depths of winter.”’

Sophia was still exclaiming in admiration when her mother and Fanny returned.—‘I see you have your

work-basket well stored, Fanny, but you have not heard of the camel's hoof.'

'The basket is duly stored ; and I hope the camel's hoof will not run away from Fanny. And now, Sophia, that you have closed your lecture on *Natural Philosophy*, will you listen to a very short one on *Moral Philosophy* ?'

'With the greatest pleasure, mamma—any philosophy—even the *Philosophy of daily life*, which should, just now, teach me how patiently I ought to bear your reproof of my—my—my *irresolution*—my forgetfulness of the maxim, "That to abstain is to enjoy."

'I am glad you are sensible of that, Sophia ; and now, do you conceive yourself fit to take charge of this bird ? Had we not better place him under charge of Mary, if we accept of him at all ?'

'Charge of him ! O, mamma, I shall have such pleasure in attending him !—I will hang him in my own closet over the hall, among my books and drawings, and my china-roses and geraniums—

'Himself a fairer flower.'

'My lovely bird !' The little creature again pranked itself, and loudly returned the greeting of its young mistress. Mrs. Herbert still looked very grave.—'This is all very fine, Sophia ; but are you quite aware that the supply of all his wants, his life itself in his state of confinement, must depend on your daily, I may say, hourly care and attention ? I cannot advise you to undertake such a charge.'

'No fear of me, mother—Neglect you ! my lovely Sylph—O no !—from cats, and hawks, and schoolboys, shall be my delight to guard you.'

‘Guard him from your own carelessness, Sophia ; he is in no danger from either hawks or schoolboys here.’

‘I don’t believe Sophia would neglect him, mother. She is not cruel ; and if she did neglect him he would die.’ ‘O, horrible ! such a thing is, I hope, not to be supposed of me.’ Tears filled Sophia’s eyes.

‘Sophia is not cruel, Charles ; on the contrary, she is a girl of great natural tenderness—of lively sensibility :—in natural disposition she is the very reverse of cruel ; but how often have thoughtlessness, carelessness, and neglect, all the effects of cruelty. I would like to see Sophia show a little more distrust of herself. At any rate, I insist on this pretty machinery being taken away, and on the bird being permitted to drink at its pleasure, without all this toil,—unless Fanny is joined in the trust.’

‘Surely, Fanny, mamma, if you doubt *me* :—but to throw away all my Sylph’s education, and his pretty talents, to sink him from a Draw-water into a mere common goldfinch—to let him forget his *hydraulics*, as George calls his trick.’

‘No matter what fine name you or George give his little art—I must provide for his safety.’

Sophia hung up her bird, stayed with him a little while to see him reconciled to his new abode, and went to her studies. When the daily lessons were over, and the books and writing materials removed, she whispered to Fanny, who had begun to work, that she would not be able to overtake the purse, she had promised George, before he went back to school. ‘And I wish,’ she said aloud, ‘to keep my promises.’

‘And I *do* keep my resolutions,’ said her mother. ‘I understand your hint, Sophia ; and I wish, at all times, to oblige you and every one ; but I will not quit my own employments to comply with every desultory demand made on my time by my children or servants. That would be neither proper for them nor me. Last day that I supplied you with some trifle, in the midst of what was, to me, an anxious employment, writing to Mr. Manning about your brother, I told you that unless you were sick, or unavoidably absent at my hour, I would not be troubled with your random applications.’

Sophia knew that remonstrance was as vain as unjust. ‘Could I have guessed at your employment, mother—your “anxious employment,” dear mamma, I would rather have wanted that bodkin’—Sophia was going to say ‘for ever,’ but she said ‘a month.’ She went to her Sylph. It would have been so pleasant to sit beside him, and sing to him, or talk with him while she knitted her purse. Now she had no work. She came to invite Fanny to sit in her closet, and offered to assist her ; but Fanny’s work would not admit of assistance. She was nimbly knitting a little scarlet boot with a silver hooked pin her mother had lent to her ; and the caps were not cut out yet—and ‘Sophia’s closet was cold ; and, besides, mamma was telling her about the camel’s hoof, precisely as Charles had read of it.’—‘If I could but have commanded myself,’ thought Sophia.—‘What shall I set about now?—if I could make the camel’s hoofs for old James.’—She related Charles’s project to her mother, who smiled and told her she had better leave that in the

meanwhile to the projectors.—‘Then, mamma, situated as I am—my voluntary promise to George, and so little time to lose—what would you advise in my circumstances?’ ‘I would advise you to make the best of it, Sophia, in all circumstances.’

‘Well, mamma, if you would relax a little, what do you think of this plan? To-morrow morning is *darning Saturday*—suppose I mend my stockings to-day, I might have leisure to knit to-morrow morning, and no time be lost from the purse.’

‘I like everything to be done in its proper time, Sophia; but I also like very much to gratify and accommodate you. I do *relax* thus much, very cheerfully, and even approve of your plan.’

Sophia flew for the basket which stood in her sleeping closet, in which such stockings, nightcaps, etc., of her own as needed repair, were placed clean by old Mary, ready for what she called ‘darning Saturday.’ The basket was at this time very full. Sophia had just commenced operations on a strong and rather coarse stocking, when Fanny saw an open carriage, full of ladies, drive through the ford below the White Bridge. It contained the Miss Lydgates and their mother—and all so fine: Emma’s bonnet beautifully trimmed, with such quantities of evening primrose ribbon.—Had Fanny not been thus engaged in viewing dresses, and returning nods, she might have seen her sister looking now at her stocking basket—a strong rustic basket—now at her mother; ashamed of her homely employment, but too proud or wrong-headed to lay it aside. In spite of Fanny’s exclamations, and Sophia’s



dilemma, Mrs. Herbert quietly pursued her own work.—‘But it was making a cap: no one needed to be ashamed of that—but darning a stocking!’

Yet, with a flushed brow, Sophia proudly pushed her long needle out and in, and, ‘What cared she for the Lydgates?’

‘A great deal too much, Sophia,’ said Mrs. Herbert.

The carriage party were heard in the hall, and Fanny pulled the stocking from her sister. ‘This is not artifice—is it, mamma?’

‘No, my dear; it is good nature—and not bad sense. Even a mistaken, or narrow feeling of *propriety*, is in a girl more valuable than senseless pride.’

‘Are you not quite glad they are gone, mamma?’ said Sophia, who had kept a proud silence all the time the visitors remained. But she had kept her temper, even while her beautiful draw-water, which Fanny produced, was declared not by fifty times so pretty as a paroquet Miss Louisa Lydgate expected from Liverpool. The pert mimicry of the same young lady had also been viewed with wonderful calmness, when the warmth of Sophia’s feelings was considered.—‘You must be quite glad they are gone, mother.’

‘Neither sorry nor glad, Sophia. As far as is possible, quite indifferent. A morning visit, at this late hour, cannot interrupt the regular course of my employments—I can work while I talk.’ ‘But to be teased with people one does not care a rush for!’

‘They did not tease me;—did they tease you, ophia, or do you tease yourself? These ladies wish

to show us what are esteemed the ordinary courtesies of good neighbourhood—if no great good is gained, no positive harm is done. Nay, I think there must be blame somewhere, if some positive good is not done, either to ourselves or our neighbours, by the interchange of civilities. To-day, Mrs. Lydgate wanted a little boy to be under the gardener and to run messages. I recommended Giles, who, since harvest is over, is idle. He is accepted. Had I shut my doors, and been uncivil to my rich vain neighbours, I could not have had the power of being useful to my poor and worthy ones.'

'I admired, mother, how you made them feel it would not do to talk of the *pride* of the Harcourts, or the *preciseness* of the Ellises here.'

'You don't mean to accuse me of rudeness to my guests, Sophia?'

'Rudeness from you, mamma!—Surely not; but you have a way, I don't know how, of repressing ill-nature and tattling. Now, when disagreeable ill-taught girls begin to gossip to me, or mimic my friends, I either feel so ashamed for them, that I listen, as if perhaps I wished to hear; or I get into a passion of disdain, and upbraid them, and so make them worse.'

'With this consciousness of infirmity of temper, infirmity of understanding too, can you not, my dear, choose a middle course? Even a girl, if she have any modesty or feeling at all, may be repressed by another girl, whose character and principles she respects. I guess to what you allude, I saw the *virtuous indignation* that sparkled in your eyes, when Louisa attempted to mimic Miss Ellis.'

‘I was indeed indignant, mamma. — Miss Ellis, though an unmarried lady, and a Quakeress, is so amiable and so kind. So good she was to Charles, when he had the scarlet-fever, and she would, I knew, be even as kind to Louisa in distress,—and to every one—I was indeed too indignant to speak.’

‘There was discretion in not trusting yourself to speak, when you could not command your temper. But are you sure that you were not a little offended with Louisa, before she talked of Miss Ellis?’

‘Only the very least in the world, mamma,—about my faded sash at Mr. Capriole’s ball. And you were exceedingly amused, Miss Fanny. Nay, don’t deny it,—your laughing encouraged the mimic. The *mimic*—what a name for a girl!—I always feel, mamma, as if a mimic were a very *vulgar*, as well as an impudent person. I cannot look at the exhibitions of mimics for very shame for them.’

‘Your feelings are quite natural to your character, Sophia. Meanwhile, there is no need for so great warmth.—And where is your work? If your stockings are not darned to-day, you can have no purse-knitting on Saturday.’

‘Are you displeased with me, mamma?’ said Fanny, a little ashamed of her ungracious mirth; for Miss Ellis, kind to every one, was also very kind to Fanny. ‘Louisa’s prim faces, and winking dolls’ eyes, and little mincing steps, did seem very funny at the time. If I had thought Miss Ellis would be angry, I would not have laughed, I am sure.’

‘That excellent and benevolent lady, had she been

present, might probably have smiled herself, Fanny ; and have also been sorry for an ill-bred girl like Louisa, and a silly child like Fanny, who, I am afraid, from admiring, wishes sometimes to imitate Louisa.'

'Only once, mamma,—or twice ; and it was Miss Louisa herself I mimicked. George said I did it very cleverly, but that I must not do it again ; for mimicry in a girl was an odious, low propensity. Charles said, Nelson, nor no great man ever he knew of, was a mimic. George said too, it was the talent of apes, the most ugly and spiteful of creatures.—That was at the ball you remember, Sophia, when Mr. Capriole danced that *pas seul*.' And here, Fanny, after a short struggle with herself, burst into one of those irrepressible giggling fits, to which, in common with some other lively little folks, she was liable.

'Fie upon you, Fanny !' cried Sophia. 'Can you have a bad heart? The poor dancing master :—it was understood to be in kindness, we all—the Courtneys, Dodsleys, Lydgates, and ourselves—were sent to the village-ball. I am sure I should have enjoyed the ball very much, and never have thought of his oddities,—but for those vile boys, and girls too. He was excessively polite, and so happy and great, poor man, giving out his commands among us.'

'And so *grand*, with that strut, and the blue green coat, and white silk stockings washed yellow. And that *pas seul*. O, Sophia, how could you keep from laughing !' 'Fie upon you, Fanny !' was again the exclamation of Sophia. Mrs. Herbert was quite silent.

'I did not, and could not laugh to his face, mamma

—I ran behind the benches ;—indeed I did—I hope, mamma, you are not angry?’

‘Not angry, Fanny—nor do I think you very ill-natured—you were only silly. I must believe your sister displayed, in this affair, far nobler feeling—a much higher character—do not mistake me, my little daughter. Perhaps Sophia, and I also, had we seen Mr. Capriole with his *strut*, and his *grand air*, in the *pas seul* you are so much amused with, might have been as much tempted to smile as you were : but a stronger feeling would have restrained our mirth—good-breeding and humanity—ay, and indignation too, at the cruel insolence of those young people. Though your sister feels such proper contempt of this odious and detestable mirth, she can perceive and be amused with the ludicrous in things and persons as quickly as you. That is very different from rudeness and vulgar mimicry.’ Fanny did not venture to raise her head.

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE GEYSERS—THE CUTTLE-FISH—KNOWLEDGE  
IS POWER—YOUNG CASA BIANCA.



SEVERAL weeks went by at Hollycot. Charles had begun to study navigation, but this new duty did not lessen his attention to his pupil, the miller's son. Mrs. Hersch said that if he continued as steady and assiduous in instructing Bob till Christmas, he should have a

watch. 'Mamma says you have got more useful discipline in teaching Bob Slow, than if you had gone through the same lesson yourself,' said Sophia, 'so punctual and steady; up and dressed every cold morning so soon.'

'I must not mind these little hardships, Sophia:—even at school, or the university, or in business, a *man* must be up—you would not have me be a *lubber*.—I disliked getting up very much at first; but when I am a sailor-boy I must be up at all hours, cold or warm, and dressed in a minute—so I practise now. It is good to begin. And I don't warm myself at mamma's dressing-room fire now, I take a run on the gravel, and call it the quarter-deck, for I suppose the midshipmen will have no fires.'

Sophia fancied this self-denial would be time enough, when necessary; but Charles's mother thought his course of preparation prudent and sensible.

'If your watch depend on Bob's reading, you may wait till doomsday,' said Sophia. 'In reading he has no more brains than an oyster.' 'Yet in arithmetic, he is far beyond me, Sophia; even beyond'—

'Beyond *me* you mean to say—so he is, Charles. So much cleverness and so much stupidity united.—I don't, mother, understand Bob Sibthorpe.'—Mrs. Herbert smiled.

'I am afraid it must be my fault that Bob does not read better,' said Charles; 'for Mr. Dodsley and George, and everybody says he is so attentive and accurate. It must be my own fault, not Bob's, if I don't win the watch.'

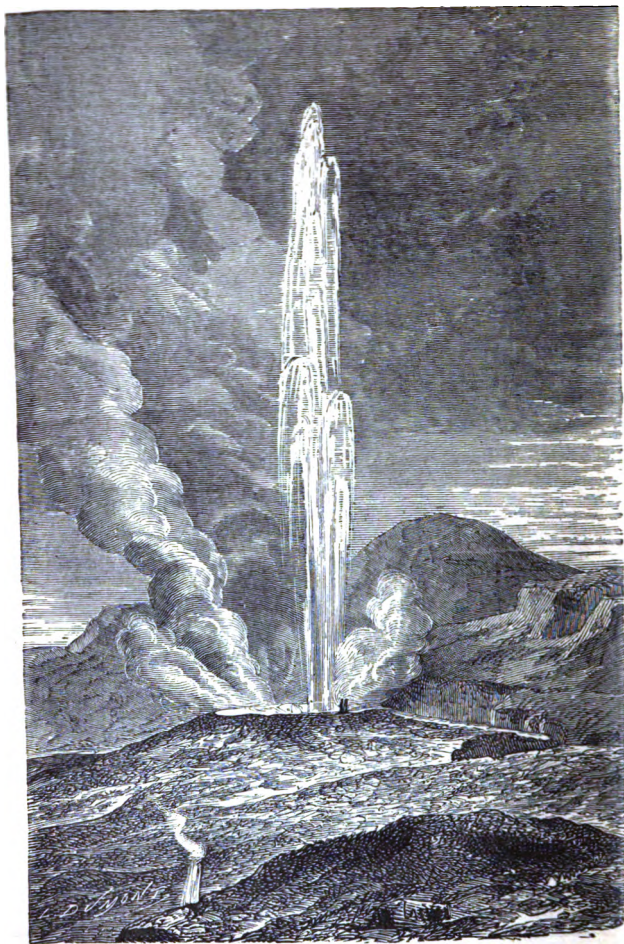
‘I am persuaded you will win it, Charles,’ said Mrs. Herbert; ‘nor does it depend on your cleverness, or Bob’s progress, but solely on your assiduity and punctuality. These are virtues in every one’s power, and therefore their reward must be sure. Nor would I have you despair. You remember the spring before last, when Sophia, in her impatience, planted the scarlet runners and nasturtiums under the dairy windows full three weeks before the proper season. She fancied they would never appear above ground. All the while they were making silent and steady, though slow progress.

‘And then they made such shoots, mamma.—Well, Bob may do so also. He understands all that George tells us about *air* and *magnets*, and *magnifiers*.—What would you think, mamma, if Bob were to find out the *perpetual motion*. Ay, you may laugh, Sophia, but it is true.’

‘I do not know whether Bob is likely to *discover a perpetual motion* or not,’ said Mrs. Herbert. ‘I rather think not yet at least. But when he has nothing better to do he may try. Many useful discoveries have been made while the discoverer pursued what ignorant persons, like Sophia, who laughed and sneered at him, fancied a chimerical object. I did not, for example, believe that either Bob or you would make an exact *camel’s hoof* at which you laboured so long; but I was tolerably sure, that with that heap of whale-bone and worsted, and horse-hair, and all the stuff you collected, you could, if you *persevered*, make very comfortable elastic soles for old James; and you did







THE GREAT GEYSER—ICELAND.—DIVERSIONS OF HOLLYCOT, p. 187.

so.' 'I assure you, Sophia,' said Charles, 'Bob is very ingenious, if I were at liberty to speak.'

'If you are not quite sure of that, Charles, I would recommend you to be silent. It is not necessary that boys should make discoveries, but it is indispensable that they abide by truth and honour,' said Mrs. Herbert.

'I must be silent till the time come, on the grand discovery, but this is no secret.' Charles ran to his own room, and soon returned with a little machine made of tin and wood, which he called the 'Great Geyser of Iceland,' or 'Bob's Geyser.' 'The Iceland boiling fountains, mamma, described in our Rational Readings; and this is not a *model* like Bob's diving bell—it is an *invention*, ma'am.'

Mrs. Herbert smiled at the importance which Charles ascribed to this distinction.

'George told us last summer on what principle the *jets* of the fountain depended; that is the *intermitting* explosions of hot water: Bob thought and thought, and worked and worked, till he made the *Great Geyser*. I don't quite understand the principle myself.'

'It is by *air* I daresay,' said Sophia; 'everything is by *pressure of air*.'

'I can work the machine and show you some famous jets,' said Charles; and he got hot water from the tea-urn, that his imitation might be the more close, and commenced operations, his sisters hanging over him.

'Stop, stop, my dear, if your fountain work you will deluge the tea-table,' cried Mrs. Herbert. But the remonstrance came too late. The fountain played, —the jets of water sprang not quite to the roof, a

Sophia said, but to a good height ; and for the interests and glory of science, Mrs. Herbert bore a good deal of inconvenience, and some wetting, very patiently. There were *jets* and intermissions till even Sophia declared herself satisfied, and she pronounced Bob ‘a most wonderful boy ! Perhaps, mamma, the greatest genius of this age.’

‘And a few minutes ago he was the stupidest of boys. That he is a great genius remains to be shown ; but he is assuredly an ingenious, and, what is more to be relied on, an *indefatigable* boy.’

‘I think, Sophia, you will never again say Bob has no more brains than an oyster,’ said Charles, jealous for the honour of his friend.

‘I beg Bob’s pardon for the comparison.’

‘You ought to extend the entreaty for pardon to the oyster too, my dear, to which, in your ignorance, you have been equally unjust.’

‘Unjust, mother ! What can be so stupid as shell-fish—always excepting the *Nautilus*, the little mariner, the really first navigator.’

‘The *Nautilus* is indeed a very pretty shell-animal ; but there are many others quite as wonderful, as admirable, in their structure and instinct.’

‘But, mamma, dear mamma, first the *Nautilus*, if you please. Miss Ellis showed Sophia the shell. It is so beautiful,’ said Fanny.

‘O, so very beautiful !’ cried Sophia.

‘With orient pearl each cabin lined,  
Varying with every change of light.’

‘Mother, why do I think first of the creature itself

—the *nautilus* or the *humming-bird*—and Fanny always of its shell, or its nest?’ said Charles.

‘A very profound query, Charles; but as I consider your kind of curiosity more sensible, I will tell Fanny of the animal first.’

Mrs. Herbert, having told of the *nautilus*, declined telling more stories to Fanny of shell-animals; but she pointed out where they might be found in her *Stories from Natural History*; and, to Sophia’s amazement, it was seen that the scallop, besides its shell being the badge of pilgrims bound to the shrines of those apostles who were fishermen, had many wonderful faculties. That the oyster, regarded as so stupid, *moves* and *feels*, nay almost *reasons*. Wonders were also read on this night of the *Medusa*, the sea-nettle, and the razor-fish, and the sea-urchin.

‘I will never dare to call anything stupid again,’ said Sophia,—‘not even a mussel.’

‘You will do wisely, for not even the mussel is forgotten by that gracious and benignant Power which provideth for the wants of every living thing. Mussels, inert as they appear to you, have a power of motion peculiar to themselves. You have seen how they are fastened to rocks, by a number of films or tough threads?’

‘Yes, mother, *moored* by *cables* to rocks in creeks, in whole fleets,—colonies of them.’

‘And these *cables* they both manufacture and fasten for themselves. But for these they would be drifted at the mercy of every wave. Sometimes a hundred and fifty of these *cables*, as you properly call them,

will be employed, in particular situations, to fasten a single mussel to its *moorings*.'

The sisters wished their mother good-night ; but Charles, who said he had no curling of hair, or foldings to do, lingered. 'Mother, how much you do know !' said Charles, drawing a long breath, 'of every bird and beast, — I shall never know half as much. I must really get up far earlier.'

'You know much more of this delightful kind of knowledge than I did at your age, Charles, or at a far more advanced age. Till we came to Hollycot, my information on such subjects was very limited.' 'And why did you study, mother ?' 'I had a strong motive, Charles. I studied because I loved you all.'

Charles pressed closer to his mother's side. 'O, mamma, I will study too, because I love *you*. I will make James call me at five. I will learn'——

'You will learn chiefly because that is good for yourself, Charles, and also because you love your mother. And by and by, when you get older, and are far from me ; and even now the earlier the better, you must begin to refer all your actions—all you *learn*, and *do*, and *think*, to a higher authority, and a higher motive than even your mother's approbation, or any one's applause ; yet when you do right, the pleasure and the praise of those who love you will follow your deeds. Do you understand what authority I mean ?'

'I think I do, mother,' whispered the boy,—'the will of God my Creator.'

'Yes, Charles, this is indeed the standard by which the actions and thoughts of all beings should be re-

gulated. And where are you to learn this divine and holy will?’

‘Your lessons, mother, and Mr. Dodsley’s, have told me,—in the Bible. I have known that for some time now.’

‘And you also know,’ whispered the mother, ‘that obedience to that Will commands from you the practice of all virtues, the observance of all duties; all the good *habits* and *kindly affections* which your education, for these ten years was intended to fix on your mind, and impress on your heart: *love* to your brothers and sisters, and to all mankind in their just degree:—*charity, truth, justice, patience, firmness, and humanity.*’

‘I hope I know this a little, mother, and that I shall learn more,’ whispered Charles.

‘Then good-night, my boy; you will learn your duty if you love it,—no fear of that. God bless you.’

Next evening, Mrs. Herbert herself said, ‘I must keep my promise to-night. The beaver, or the cuttle-fish?’ ‘The cuttle-fish, if you please, mother,’ said Fanny; ‘for Charles and Sophia know about the beaver already, and I can wait.’

‘Good little woman. Then is every one busy? for I can work and speak.’ ‘All busy, mamma.’

‘The Cuttle-Fish,’ said Mrs. Herbert, ‘though classed with worms, from some of its peculiarities, is often found two feet in length. Its body is *cylindrical*—you know what that is, Fanny?’

‘O yes. The roller Charles and James draw over the grass is cylindrical—it is a perfect cylinder.’

Mrs. Herbert nodded, and went on with her story and her work :—‘ In some species of the cuttle-fish, the body is covered with a sheath ; in others this outer covering comes but half-way up. The *Sepia*, one of the most remarkable kinds, has eight feet or *tentacles*—that is fingers or arms—besides two feelers, which are much larger than those arms ; and the most wonderful part of the structure of the animal, to our view, is, that each of these feelers is furnished at the extremity with strong cups or suckers, in shape somewhat like the cup which holds the acorn. By means of these, the *sepia* seizes its prey, and clings to it ; and also fastens itself to the ground at the bottom of the sea. This it does by the same power, I believe—but I am not quite certain, Charles,—that enables the fly to creep along the ceiling, and the sea-horse to climb the ice-bergs : the same mechanical power which makes the piston descend in the steam-engine—a power which, for wise and beneficent purposes, is possessed by many animals. The cuttle-fish has also two prominent eyes ; and you recollect, in reading about the eyes of birds, you understood why *round, prominent* eyes enable birds, even in full flight, when our eyes should be dazzled, to see flies, and the small insects they pursue.—See how Sophia just now, very naturally, contracts her eye in threading that small needle.’

‘ Mother, has the *sepia* the power of flattening its eye at pleasure, like the birds of prey?—has it a third eyelid like the birds and the horse?’

‘ That, Charles, I cannot tell ; but I believe not. It does not, like birds, fly through bush and brake.

In its watery element, it is not exposed to encounter twigs and leaves, nor to the dangers incurred by rapid motion. I know it has, what is more useful, a strong, horny beak, like the bill of a parrot, with which it adroitly breaks the limpets, and other small shell-fish, on which it feeds. It has also a hole in its belly, through which, when hard pursued by the stronger sea-animals that prey on it, it pours out a black liquid, which, by darkening the water, helps it to escape.'

'Mamma, I can tell you something I learned from my Latin lessons yesterday. The Romans sometimes used that black liquid as ink.'

'Thank you, Charles ; I did not know that before. How pleasant it is to talk together of what we know, and to increase each other's stock of information.'

'And, mamma, I forgot, till this minute, what my drawing-master told me, long ago, that, besides gypsum and sulphur, and other things, the bone of the cuttle-fish, which is very light, after being finely pounded, sifted, and wetted, is employed by artists to take moulds.'

'Better and better, Sophia. Besides renewing information in our own minds, our conversing gives us the power of adding to the general knowledge, and furnishes a motive for acquiring more. And now, Charles, you know we never like to leave any animal till we know something of his *moral qualities*, if I may so say. The cuttle-fish has some admirable ones. When the female'——

'That means his wife, mamma?' inquired Fanny.

'Just his wife—he makes an excellent husband. I



mean to say, that his instincts make him the faithful friend and brave defender of the female with whom he associates. He never, in any emergency, deserts her ; he braves every danger, and hazards his life to cherish and protect her.'

'To find such determined gallantry—the truest spirit of chivalry, in the genus *worms* !' said George Herbert, laughing.

'Pray what is gallantry, mamma?' cried Charles, eagerly. 'Yesterday, when I led blind Susan over the White Bridge, Maurice cried, "Charles, you are vastly gallant."—What is gallantry, mother?'

'Part—and the better part too—is what you were then doing, Charles—assisting a helpless woman. George must tell you what true gallantry is, my boy.'

George Herbert, now a lad of sixteen, blushed slightly when urged to speak ; and then said, 'Indeed, Charles, I can tell nothing about it.'

'O, fie, George !' cried Sophia, who had now gone to the pianoforte, 'I hope you can ; for I shall like all my brothers to be chivalrous and gallant.' She hurriedly played a piece of music, composed to the words—

'High deeds achieved in Palestine,'

then went to her favourite, 'Huntsman, rest,' and from that jumped to 'Dunois, the young and brave.' With these various illustrations, Charles was about as wise as before ; and Mrs. Herbert was displeased with her daughter's musical trifling. Sophia resumed her regular musical lesson.

'Do tell me, George,' said Charles. 'The day

after I walked in the village with Sophia and the Courtneys, all our boys said, I was so gallant; and laughed at me.'

'Laughed at you for walking with your sisters and your friends, and taking care of them?'

'I don't mind being laughed at for walking with girls, I assure you, mother. I would not be ashamed of being kind to my own sisters, or Mary Dodsley, or little Amy, or blind Susan, either. But all day long to hear—"Charles Herbert is so gallant!"'

'To prove to you that you had no reason to be ashamed, little hero, I must try to tell you what gallantry is. You have read of Bayard, and Sir Philip Sydney, in your stories of illustrious men. There you will learn that true gallantry is that respectful homage and tenderness to all women, which all men and boys should feel and show, because they have mothers and sisters, and because it is right; and because'——

The boy hesitated and stammered, and Sophia promptly broke in—'And are in love with some beautiful lady, man. You are very poor at a definition, George.' 'Let George, however, give his own,' said Mrs. Herbert, smiling.

'—That kind of worship, and reverence, and promptitude,' continued George, 'to protect and defend all females, especially those with whom a man is connected by ties of blood or friendship. But it will be better to read True Gallantry at once from your book, mother.' 'I believe it will, especially as my young sailor, after hearing *Elias's* beautiful illustration, can

have no doubts of what this manly quality, which Sophia desires for all her brothers, really is.'

The lesson was read and admired, and found profitable; and, as an agreeable commentary, Sophia played and sang with her eldest brother what her mother called 'a noble old song of chivalry'—

'Should doughty deeds my lady please.'

'I wish you would really begin in earnest to draw, Charles,' said George. 'I would be glad to begin if mamma would give me pencils,—if my duty permits.'

'Gladly, Charles; provided you neither lose your pencils nor idly cut them away: and that you may be the sooner able to fulfil your intention, so properly conditional, that it does not interfere with your duty, what if you begin to draw a line to-night, as you are quite idle.' 'If I could only draw the blowing up of the Orient, mother, in the battle of the Nile, and exhibit the horrible pause in the action.'

'In thinking of your future profession, Charles, you fix your mind too much on battles and victory. These may be called the prizes in the lottery of a seaman's life, and they are few in number. You may be many years at sea,—many long, tedious years, silly persons would call them, who don't know how to employ their time,—and never be in an engagement; but no day need pass over you head in which you may not have the power of doing good—of increasing your knowledge, either general or professional; or of exercising your pencil to fill a vacant hour; and when the engagement does come, you will not do your duty one whit the

worse, but probably much better : for you remember “ Knowledge is power.”

‘ Pray, mother, do tell us some of your old stories about that. I used so to like them.’

‘ My dear Charles, almost everything you hear or see tells you that “ knowledge is power.” Was not the knowledge of the basket-maker power among the savages?—did not Robinson Crusoe’s knowledge give him power to sustain his life in health and comfort in his island?—Every ship that sails the sea—every building you look at—every manufacture—every man or boy you see on horseback, tells you that. And knowledge is not merely power—it is often humanity, and mercy flowing from power, where ignorance is cruelty. In the profession of surgery how often may this be exemplified.—There is one story I have heard connected with that engagement which runs so much in your little head, that I have often wished to tell you. In some degree this story also shows that knowledge is power. It is told of a boy like yourself, the son of Commodore Casa Bianca, who was in the Orient in that dreadful though glorious battle.’

‘ That boy is mentioned in my *Life of Nelson*. He is called a ‘ brave boy, only ten years old.’ I would like to hear of him, though he be an Italian or French boy.’

‘ No matter of his country. I speak of his conduct, Charles—’tis of his courage, intelligence, and filial affection, I can tell you. He was about thirteen years of age, and familiar with ships ; and, like you, longing for battles, though with far more knowledge

of what they are. In the engagement in which the Orient bore so severe a part, he displayed the greatest courage and self-possession. He took his place among the gunners and seamen, and when their firing happened by some confusion to slacken in the heat of action, by his firmness and presence of mind he restored order, and saw the guns properly served. He had even, in that dreadful scene, all his wits about him. He was able to point out the mistakes of the gunners and sailors ; and, in the midst of the apparent confusion, he took care that each gun should be served with cartridges suitable to its size. In the action his father had been wounded, but this he did not know ; and when fire broke out in the ship, and every man provided for his safety in the promptest way, this brave boy remained by himself at the guns, calling to know if he might now leave his post without dishonour. The flames raged round him, but he stood firm, waiting the commodore's answer. An old seaman informed him that his father was wounded and unable to move, but had commanded him to surrender, and save his life. He ran to the gun-room, threw himself on his wounded father, clasped him in his arms, and declared he would not leave him. The commodore entreated him to fly, and so did the old seaman—"I must die—I will die with my father," said the boy. The old seaman had just time to provide for his own safety, when the flames reached the powder magazine, and that explosion happened which Charles wishes to be able to represent in a drawing. It carried up into the air young Casa Bianca, who in

the impulse of affection had tried to cover the body of his wounded father. This, Charles, was one small part of the Price of that Victory—but so nobly was it paid, that one can scarce regret it.’

A few seconds before, the eyes of Charles Herbert had been overflowing with enthusiastic admiration of young Casa Bianca. Now he suddenly hid his face on his arm, and ran out of the room. Charles drew no more that night.

For some weeks Sophia Herbert, delighting in her goldfinch, attended to its wants with the utmost punctuality. Her first business every morning was to visit him; and in her walks she picked up the herbs that he liked; and the bird soon learned to know his protectress, and at the sound of her sweet young voice, he ever pranked himself, and raised his shrill pipe in welcome.

About this time Mrs. Herbert, who rarely left home, was compelled to visit a friend at a little distance, and expected to be detained for two nights. She took the younger children with her, and left Sophia uncontrolled housekeeper.

‘Surely,’ Sophia’s mother said on stepping into the carriage, ‘I need not bid you be careful of goldy; nor recommend Mary to your kindness under her bad cold.’ ‘I think not, mamma,’ replied Sophia, smiling at the needless caution; ‘it is not very likely I should neglect either.’

Sophia ordered dinner on this day, and presided at table; and she made tea,—and went through all

these duties with so much propriety, that Charles said 'she was a very good mistress of a family—and the damson pie was very nice—and she did not forget where she laid things, or mislay the keys very often for the first day. If she rang the bell far more frequently than mamma, from sometimes forgetting things, yet she always after ringing ran out into the hall, to cry out what she wanted, to save poor James trouble. Now, though mamma did not ring half, nor quarter so often, she never ran out to meet James ; so that upon the whole, this was not so bad of Sophia.'

The young housekeeper had projected so many sudden alterations and improvements, that though up with the lark next morning, she neither had leisure, she fancied, to make nor eat breakfast ; and when Charles came home from school, she was still undressed, her hair in papers, and her frock torn at the hem. But a toilet-cover, for which she had heard her mother wish some days before, was made ; and six sketches in pencil, by George, with which she wished to ornament her mother's dressing closet, were pasted, and in great forwardness. There were also a few prints of natural history stuck on the walls of Harry's nursery.

'I have had no leisure to dress, and we must just eat anything for dinner, Charles,' she said. 'Sally has teased me the whole morning with "Miss Herbert, what is for dinner?" though she saw me so busy.'

'Never mind, Sophia,' said Charles, 'I can take a slice of bread,—or milk and potatoes, or anything.'

There was no dressing, no dinner, no tea ; but Charles continued to work and eat at the same time ;

and Sophia cared for nothing save to surprise and gratify her mother. Just as Charles announced the chaise at a distance the whole design was completed. The toilet-cover looked clean and showy. Sophia had generously torn up her best India muslin frock for it. The drawings looked beautiful, relieved by their deep black and white borders, after an antique design Sophia had seen on a workbox.

‘Such a figure, Sophia!’ cried Fanny, from the carriage window.

‘Are you well, my dear?—you look so pale, nay haggard; and are so untidy.’

‘All well, mamma—quite well! Jump out, Harry:—you have all had a delightful journey.’

‘And a delightful surprise you will have, mamma.’

‘Hist! Charles,’ said Sophia, placing her finger on her lips.

‘We have seen such a beautiful conservatory, Sophia—so many curious and beautiful plants—I have so much to tell of them,’ cried Fanny, jumping out.

‘Let me hoist out your box, mother,’ cried Charles; ‘I am strong now.’

‘But how came you by those hands, boy—paste and soot to the knuckles, and blood too!—what is the matter?’ ‘Only knocking in a nail or two, mother—and this is not soot—it is ivory black.’

‘Still it is soot, Charles, and well as I like to shake hands with you, I cannot touch fingers like those.’

The children got out, and now Mrs. Herbert inquired for her old and worthy domestic. ‘I must see Mary before I even lay aside my pelisse,’ she said. ‘I am



sure you have nursed her carefully—her cold is gone I trust.’ ‘Mary, mamma!—really, mamma!’—said Sophia, reddening in confusion. ‘I trust she is—I—have not seen her to-day—I am sure Sally must have attended to her—we have been rather busy.’

‘So it appears,’ returned Mrs. Herbert, coldly.—“You surely ordered her broth though?—In my house, poor Mary cares for every creature save herself.’

‘Mamma, I will run up to her.’

‘Why is Sylphie not singing, Sophia?’ said Fanny, looking up to the window above the hall, where the bird-cage hung. ‘I don’t see him on his perch.’

Sophia uttered a stifled scream, and flew upstairs. Her mother hastily followed her. The poor bird had fallen exhausted to the bottom of the cage, where it lay feebly panting, and apparently dying. Sophia, screaming in agony, threw herself upon the cage, uttering wild exclamations of grief and despair.

‘Thoughtless and cruel girl, begone from my presence,’ said Sophia’s mother, in a tone that made Charles’s heart ache for his sister, grieved as he was for the pretty bird. Sophia had already taken it from the cage, and pressed it in her bosom, sobbing as if she would have gone into a fit.

‘Give me the bird, and begone to your room instantly,’ said her mother. ‘Is your foolish grief to finish what your thoughtless cruelty has already carried so far?’ Sophia sobbed more wildly than before.

‘Command yourself, and leave my presence.’

‘I cannot indeed, mamma—I cannot,’ sobbed the girl convulsively. ‘O my beautiful bird, have I killed

you !' 'She cannot indeed, mother,' cried Charles, clinging to his sister.

'She can and must control this mad burst of passion,' said Mrs. Herbert, while she tried to restore the bird. 'Sophia, if you command yourself, I may be able to save this poor bird—to give it at least a chance for life ; if not, I must leave it to perish, and attend to you—you will throw yourself into fits.'

By a strong effort Sophia stifled her sobs, and crawled from her mother's presence, casting a look of passionate grief and remorse on her favourite.

In less than ten minutes Charles was at her closet door, whispering, 'Your Sylph will live, Sophia—it has opened its little eyes—it was dying of thirst, mamma says. It has taken a little water—mamma bathed his bill, and his little feet.'

There was a new burst of sobbing, and Charles went in. His sister was lying across her bed—her right arm hanging so oddly—so limber, Charles thought.

'Will Sylph live, Charles?—but he is no longer my Sylph—O how shall I ever dare to look at my mother :—and old Mary. If you could help me up stairs to her !' 'Sophia, your arm is sore—it is all swelled—it is hanging so'——

'O don't touch it,' cried Sophia, shrinking from her brother's gentle touch. 'I was blind, and I fell down the stairs—my torn frock caught my foot—I have hurt my arm very bad, I fancy.—Help me to Mary now.'

Charles more sensibly ran to his mother, though Sophia entreated that her mother might be left with the goldfinch.

Mrs. Herbert, leaving the bird tolerably restored, came on the instant to her daughter, alarmed by what Charles said, but hoping he was mistaken. She found that Sophia had broken her right arm, a little above the elbow. She touched the fractured limb ; she softly felt and held it ; she became as pale as a corpse.

‘Charles, get mamma a little water,’ whispered Sophia. ‘Mamma will faint.’

‘I will not faint—Fanny will get me a little water—do you write a short note, Charles—you can write now—to Doctor ——, telling him what has happened, and to come to us instantly ; meanwhile order James to saddle the pony.’

‘Let me go myself, mother. I can saddle the pony fast. I can gallop harder than James—far harder.’

‘Go, then, Charles—I can trust you.’

The trust was well placed. In a very short time the surgeon came, riding on Charles’s pony. Charles ran and walked, and walked and ran the four miles back : but before he came the arm was set. Sophia’s mother had taken precautions to prevent it from swelling ; and Sophia, the surgeon said, had borne the setting most heroically—‘it was a pleasure to see her.’

She smiled to Charles, and whispered, ‘Sylph has *spoken*, Fanny says. Mary is coming down to see me to-night :—but O, Charles, my mother !’

‘Mamma is not angry now, Sophia.’

‘Mamma called me cruel,’ whispered Sophia ; ‘and so I am—most cruel ;—and she detests cruelty, and so I thought did I.’

Mrs. Herbert was writing a note at the bed-side of

her daughter to Miss Ellis, requesting her to come to Hollycot in the morning, but not till then ;—then she could be of *use*.

‘I called you cruel, Sophia, not because I think your natural disposition cruel, but because, as I told you long before, thoughtlessness may often have all the effects of premeditated cruelty. Now I entreat and command you to be quiet, and not to throw yourself into any fresh agitation ; on this condition alone, do I permit Charles to remain in your sight.’ Sophia commanded herself with great resolution. Fanny brought her Sylph into the room, to show how well he was. At her faint whisper, it crowed to her, as if fully restored—happy and forgiving. Sophia was quite overcome by this undeserved kindness from her little favourite ; and if her mother perceived the soft gracious tears that stole silently down her cheeks, she did not now chide them.

It was some days before Mrs. Herbert spoke about the decorations of her dressing-room. Sophia’s arm was going on well.—‘I am much gratified by your wish to please and oblige me, my dear Sophia. The drawings are, indeed, a very pretty ornament to my dressing-closet ; and the toilet-cover, though expensive, very neat and tidy—but if’——

‘Ah, mamma, those “but ifs !” I shall never in my life surmount in my conduct “but if.”’

‘You will yourself allow this to be a very proper “but if,” Sophia. If, instead of my dressing-room being decorated with six nicely bordered drawings, I had, on my return, met my daughter cheerful and

happy, neatly dressed, and her face beaming with the consciousness of having faithfully performed all her little duties—her sick old nurse kindly attended to—her affectionate little pet cared for—her brother and herself with their ordinary regular meals and lessons, instead of a household starved, neglected, and disorderly, I would have been much better pleased.—“But if,” again, Sophia, I had found all right, and two of the drawings hung up; or only the toilet-cover made of suitable materials, I would have felt gratified and obliged by your attention; whereas—but I have said enough.’

‘I know well what George meant now, mamma, when he said, “There was a want of keeping in my mind.” I am very, very sensible of the importance of consistency in one’s conduct. I meant to be very good and kind, and dashing too a little, perhaps; and I was.—I never will again, I hope, forget what Lady Grisell said to her daughters, “that trifles, if neglected, will become affairs of moment.” I was twice on the stairs going up to Sylph. How I could forget what I love so much is the greater wonder,—and twice I meant to mend my frock. How one fault does lead to another.’

Sophia was lying languid in bed while she moralised in this manner; but in a week afterwards she was going about the house with her arm in a sling—thin, and grown very tall, her last year’s frocks showing a great deal of her slim ankles.—‘I am growing a great girl,’ was her sober thought, ‘and how idle and useless I am. I can neither play, nor draw, nor work just

now ; I can't walk very far, and one tires of always reading.'—Though Sophia judged herself thus, and much more severely, when she thought of her faults and their consequences, her mother was pleased with her. For, notwithstanding late errors, Sophia had, for months, maintained, if not an uniform yet an anxious watch over herself, and had really made considerable progress in correcting her faults. George owned that he had not once detected her in being 'poetical in her prose.' The glow which her imagination threw around every favourite object was inseparable from her character ; but she no longer viewed things through a false medium. She struggled to subdue, as her mother perceived, the high indignant temper she used formerly to show, when provoked by the malice or meanness of her young acquaintance. Nor did she assume sole rule over Charles, nor wrangle for power with George, nor yet yield points with that lofty air of offensive superiority which Fanny justly disliked. She had learned, in an instance that had nearly proved fatal, that even the greatest warmth of affection is not sufficient to sustain the mind in the uniform and rigid performance of duty without system and regularity.

Meanwhile, her accident had gained Sophia one firm and most useful friend, Miss Ellis, the Quaker lady ; she called herself 'Sarah Ellis,' but Sophia could never name her thus simply. The ingenuousness, the purity, the childlike simplicity of Sophia, a girl of twelve, with high natural gifts, yet knowing less of the working-day world than her shrewd little sister at eight, made her, with all her faults, a very interest-

ing creature to those capable of appreciating her true character. To Miss Ellis the warmth and freshness of nature in Sophia Herbert, and even the early romance of her character, were peculiarly delightful. Her enthusiasm was, to Sophia's mother, the source of smiles and sighs, delight and apprehension.

'Fanny was so *safe* a little person,' Miss Ellis said, 'any one might educate Fanny.' Miss Ellis possessed, in an eminent degree, those useful feminine qualities, and meek and patient dispositions of mind that Sophia required to cultivate. Her example was, therefore, in many respects, beneficial. When she left Hollycot to return home, she said, smilingly, to Mrs. Herbert at parting, 'Ballast the imagination of our dear young friend with the weight of thy keys, and the burden of thy household business.' And next morning, proud of the trust, but trembling under the awful load of fresh responsibility, Sophia entered on her extended duties. When systematically performed, these became every day more easy and light. Both her bird and the key of her pianoforte, which Sophia had given to her mother to keep for her, were restored at the end of a month of trial, to be used henceforth at discretion.

'If she do not grow into a mincing, fastidious, fiddle-faddle, *nimmine-pimmine* Miss now, with all this niceness and attention to housewifery and lady-matters—for Sophia is ever in extremes—what an admirable creature she might become,' said Sophia's brother George. 'The original bent is too strong and decided to permit of the extreme you fear,' replied his mother. No one who sees Sophia's sober face at what she calls

her pantry-business, and her eyes at her music lesson, will ever fear that :—but by and by I mean to relieve her. She is too young and has too much to acquire, to be yet all housekeeper. I have found those domestic every-day duties just the alterative Sophia's mind required. She was becoming too musical—far too fond of literature.' Sophia entered the room. She had been sending out to-morrow's feast to the cottage of Amy's mother, and to the desolate dwelling of blind Susan ; for to-morrow was the festival of the Christian world—this was Christmas Eve.

'Before we see another Christmas, perhaps both George and Charles will have left us for their own future good,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'Suppose then to-night we will tell each other what valuable acquirements we have made—what good habits practice has confirmed in us during the last year.—I begin with Fanny.' 'Mamma, do I spell better? I know some more grammar and geography, and my notes. I am sure I sew better, and—no more, mamma.' Fanny shook her little head over the poor account. 'And a great deal too, Fanny. But what evil habit have you conquered—what good one acquired? Fanny was silent.

'I think Fanny does not try to mimic now, mamma,' said Sophia. 'She knows that artifice is false and degrading ; she does not mumble her lessons now—and how well she dances this year.' 'I did not think of dancing,' said Fanny, dancing her little foot.

'Ah, little coquette !' said George, smiling. 'I am afraid, mother, I can give but a poor account of myself



Greek and mathematics, and hard reading, are not cared for at Hollycot.'

'Not understood perhaps, but much cared for,' replied his mother, 'as the necessary accomplishments of a professional man and a gentleman. But at Hollycot we do understand the merit of trying to conquer pride, and jealous irascibility of temper towards those whom chance has made our superiors in station or fortune,—of subduing unreasonable dislike of the rich and great, and unmeasured contempt of the dull or stupid,—of struggling with a turn for satire, and biting sarcasm, even though friends and school-fellows laugh and applaud.' George made no reply, and Mrs. Herbert turned to Charles. 'Mamma, I am like Fanny, I have done so little. I can skate now, and climb better—but these are not useful things—and swim.'

'More than all that, Charles,' cried Sophia—'don't you know more French and Latin, and history and arithmetic; and you write far better, and can dance with Fanny, and draw with George, and work with Bob, all far, far better.' 'What is more,' said Mrs. Herbert, 'Charles has made some progress in the important art of judging for himself, by his own reason and principles; and of commanding himself. Many a heedless action you may have committed within the last year, my dear boy, but, so far as your mother knows, not one cruel or base one.'

'And so generous, and so kind to us all,' cried Sophia.

'O, Sophia!' cried Charles, blushing with pleasure and confusion.

Sophia cast down her eyes: her turn was come.



**‘I have found those domestic everyday duties just the alterative Sophia’s mind required.’—DIVERSIONS OF HOLLYCOT, p. 210.**



‘Sophia has certainly made great progress this year,’ said George. ‘She plays so much better, and draws so much better.’ ‘That is so little,’ whispered Sophia.

‘Do not be falsely humble, Sophia,’ said her mother. ‘I have been strictly watchful of you for many a day : to-night I have the pleasure of telling your friends that you have paid all your debts ; that I, on examination to-day, found your clothes, and books, and music, all in excellent order ; your household matters and accounts clear, and well arranged ; and that, aware of your besetting faults, you have been prudently distrustful of yourself, and watchful over your every word and action.’ ‘And so kind a nurse when mamma was sick,—and so good to Harry,’ said Charles, who took a generous delight in remembering and commemorating Sophia’s virtues. ‘I could not help that,’ said Sophia, looking affectionately at her mother.

‘And when Miss Ellis was sick,’ added Charles.

‘I love Miss Ellis too.’

‘Happy for us, my dear Sophia, when an affectionate nature makes our duties light. This has been to you a memorable year for so early a period of life ; at its close, I am most happy to say of all my dear children, their mother is satisfied with their attainments.’

Old James, on his camel-hoofs, brought in a box from London. It was addressed ‘To the Young People of Hollycot.’ Charles flew for his little hammer to strike up the lid. First was a letter, telling that Mr. Clements and his daughters were to arrive on the morrow, to spend the holidays.

‘O, how delightful !’ cried Fanny ; ‘we could have a dance every night ; if good little Mr. Capriole would play the violin.’ Fanny stopped abashed, as her mother’s eye fell on her.

‘The value of the different articles in this box, my letters inform me, is twenty-five pounds,’ said Mrs. Herbert,—‘money with which Mr. Clements intended to purchase a pony for you, Maurice, till he learned the history of the *nutting* excursion from your teacher, and what he is good enough to call the manly and honourable conduct of George Herbert, who refused to share in the cruel pastimes of those rude and vicious lads, and scorned to betray them ; and who, moreover, generously gave up his own pocket-money, for three months, to make up his cousin’s share of the damage of that disgraceful day.’ Mrs. Herbert closed the letter. ‘What a world of pretty toys must be here,’ cried Fanny, with sparkling eyes ; and she touched the tempting paper wrappers that concealed the treasures she yet knew she had no right to touch.

‘Twenty-five pounds is too considerable a sum to be given for toys, my dear. The money was placed at the disposal of your eldest brother : these gifts are all of his ordering.’ ‘A very big print Dr. Doddridge, for old Mary,’ said Sophia, unpacking and reading the labels. ‘A *ditto* Gardener’s Directory for James,’ cried Charles, running out with the books into the kitchen. ‘A box of colours and drawing materials of all kinds, for Charles.’

‘What a happy Christmas this is !’ cried Sophia.

‘This book of prints of birds, so exquisitely drawn,

and so brilliantly coloured, is for you, Sophia,' said George. 'Peacocks, cockatoos, jays, and those beautiful pigeons.' 'And the ibis!' exclaimed Sophia.

'This is the happiest Christmas ever I knew, Sophia,' said Charles,—'If there be anything for poor Mauricé.' 'A work-box, with every instrument a young lady requires, for Miss Fanny,' said George.

'Of rosewood, mamma, good substantial rose wood,—and a pink satin lining. O how beautiful!'

Some toys for Harry were next drawn out, and a small set of mathematical instruments for Bob, which his friend Charles most gratefully received.

'Since Bob has got this I have nothing to do with grandmamma Harding's half-guinea—if I knew what Maurice would like,' said Charles. Grandmamma Harding sent each of her grandchildren a half-guinea every Christmas. 'And mine too, Charles,' cried Sophia.—'But blind Susan's duffle cloak,—no, I can't give my money.' 'Nor can I approve of Charles frustrating Mr. Clements' wish to punish his son,' said Mrs. Herbert; 'tis quite as proper that the *offending* should suffer, as that the *deserving* should be rewarded.'

'Then I don't know what to do with my half-guinea. I would like to buy a mathematical book for Bob, and something for my sisters, and old James, and Mary, and blind Susan, and Giles, and Amy.'

'And the skates you wished for so.'

'I could go without them this winter yet.'

'As a half-guinea will not do all this, buy what you think best, Charles, and bestow as your heart and judgment bid you.'

## CHRISTMAS—A HOME—HOLIDAYS.

‘Charlie! Charlie, get up! Bob is come, and your watch is ticking!’ cried little Harry on Christmas morning, beating his drum furiously at Charles’s chamber door. ‘Mamma made it tick.’

‘It certainly is a most beautiful old-fashioned little gold watch,’ Charles said, and every one agreed with him. It had been his great-uncle Richard’s watch, and had been in sea battles. Sophia fastened a blue ribbon chain to it—navy blue. Charles compared it with every watch and clock in the house, and with old James’s in the garden. Fanny asked him the hour several times, and so did Sophia. He wore it in church, and reckoned the length of the service by it; but took care that no one should see him pull it out, lest he might be thought vain of having so beautiful a watch. After the service, Mr. Dodsley examined some of the young people of his parish in the church, and distributed among them rewards of their good conduct. The book given to Charles bore, in fair characters, ‘*Presented to Charles Herbert, for assiduity in his studies, attention to his duties, and general good conduct, by his affectionate tutor and pastor, William Dodsley.*’ Sophia carried the book home in triumph. But even a prize-book and a watch that will go, cannot charm for ever. ‘There is *beautiful* ice on the mill-pond—*strong* ice, mamma,’ said Charles; ‘and George has given me his old skates.’

Charles had lately got many a tumble in learning to skate; and as his mother was satisfied that the ice

was strong, he had permission to skate for two hours. As he was setting out for the ice, where many of his friends were already assembled, he received a note, addressed to himself, desiring him to come to the parsonage, and bring with him Bob, his mills, and engines, and his *Geyser*. It was hard not to prove the ice, and the skates; but Charles did not hesitate. A gentleman he had seen in church was with Mr. Dodsley. He examined Bob's various little machines, and called on Bob to explain them;—and, awkward as Bob generally was, and frightened as Charles was for him now, he acquitted himself very well in this affair. The gentleman made him read. This he also did very well, though slowly; and then he wrote a few lines so badly, that he candidly said, 'Master Charles did not teach me writing—only reading and spelling.'

'Did this young gentleman teach you?' said the stranger, turning quickly round and smiling on Charles. Mr. Dodsley related the progress of Bob's studies. 'Pon my word, youngster,' said the gentleman, smiling again, and Charles now smiled also. Then Bob was made to do sums on his slate, each more difficult than the last—and still the stranger smiled, and said, 'Pon my word!' Charles learned that this gentleman was from some of the great shipbuilding docks, far away beyond London; and that if Bob could obtain, in another year, a knowledge of drawing and geometry, he would take him into his employment—provided Mr. Dodsley and Mrs. Herbert then gave Bob a good character. The boys looked at each other.

'But I cannot teach him,' said Charles.—'I did



not teach him arithmetic. I don't know these things yet myself.—I have one half-guinea'—— Charles hesitated. 'I will ask my mother.' Charles ran home with Bob. He placed all his money in his mother's hands.

'If another year's tuition fit your friend for such respectable employment, he shall not want that, Charles. He shall be sent to a good school, if his parents agree to it. I am not rich, but I will trust to his honest father, and himself, repaying my advances for him, when they can.' Charles was overwhelmed with gratitude, and he insisted on his mother keeping his money to help.—'Stay, Charles, my boy,' said his mother; and Sophia, as Bob withdrew, stole close to her brother's side.—'I have received since you went out a letter from Captain Harding. He is to visit us soon, and perhaps may take you with him.' Charles became pale; and then his cheeks and brow flushed. He looked anxious, but did not speak. His mother put the letter into his hand. He gazed on the seal.

'I am sure Captain Harding is very good-natured, said Sophia, in a trembling voice.—Captain Suckling, Nelson's uncle, was not *very* kind.'

'But he was though,' said Charles, with more energy than good-breeding. 'I beg your pardon, Sophia, for speaking so rough. Though Captain Suckling did not *pet* little Nelson, he was kind. You know, Sophia, men cannot be so kind to little boys as are their own mothers and sisters. If you had been at Mr. Dodsley's school you would have known that. Mamma, you often told me not to expect great kindness. Captain

Suckling gave Nelson fair-play ; and if I get *fair-play*, mother,' said Charles, firmly.

'And you will, my boy—no fear of that : your commander is a man of honour, sense, and humanity.'

'Then I don't want—I mean I don't care for—I won't miss kindness.' Sophia pressed the hand she had taken, till the under lip of Charles trembled for an instant.—'O, Sophia,—my mother—my own mother !' Charles seized his mother's arm, and clung to it. But I won't cry, mamma, he said more firmly. 'I'll go and buckle on my skates, as I first intended.'—Charles left Sophia drowned in tears. He was himself heard whistling rather ostentatiously as he climbed the bannisters, and whistled sailor-wise.—'If I go to the North Pole, we shall have famous skating,' he said, in again passing out.

The excitement of skating soon banished all feelings but of its own delights, increased as these were by the information that Dame Sibthorpe had prevailed with the miller to let Bob give up the mill, and be sent to school, not to mar his prospects.

It was almost dark when Charles, his skates dangling over his shoulders, came whistling along the orchard hedge, in good spirits, and very hungry. Sophia, also in good spirits, came running to him without her bonnet.—'Charles ! Charles !' she cried, 'the Scotch boy, and the Irish boy, and the Victory !'

'My ship ! is she found ?' cried Charles. 'Is not this a happy Christmas !'

'They re-captured her from the gipsy-boys this morning ; and had a good running fight for her. Mr.

Norman Gordon, the Scotch boy, said "he knew she was Mr. George Herbert's little brother's ship."

'I daresay they took little Harry for me,' said Charles, smiling; and Sophia smiled too as she passed her arm through that of Charles, the midshipman. 'To fight for my ship, and carry her home seven miles, I am sure that was very kind of the Scotch boy and the Irish boy. What can I do for them, Sophia? Have I anything in the world they would like?'

'They are eating a good lunch, and mamma has ordered the gig to take them home,' said Sophia.

Charles had never been half so eloquent in his life, as in expressing his gratitude to these new friends. He caressed his recovered ship, and actually embraced it. The Scotch boy said nothing; but the young Irishman observed, that 'it was a pleasure to be able to serve the brother of so gentlemanly and obliging a school-fellow as Mr. George Herbert.'

Harry, and Fanny, and Sophia, were soon all nicely dressed; the Christmas dinner was diffusing its steams through the house; the Round Table was loaded with holiday gifts, and the hall cleared for the children's dance, before Charles had told or shown his new friends half of what he had to tell and to show. The gig had been announced; dinner only waited the appearance of Mr. Clements and his daughters, and he was always punctual. 'Stay one minute, till mamma is dressed,' said Charles, running upstairs to his mother.

'Well, my boy, you have got your ship; what want you working in your tell-tale face now?'

‘Mother, I will soon be far away from home, perhaps ; and the Scotch boy, and the Irish boy—Mr. Frank Consadine, and Norman Gordon, mother,—they have, in England, no *homes* nor *holidays*.’

‘My dear Charles, they shall have both homes and holidays, if we can make them—You are my own good, generous boy. Come with me.’ Charles followed his mother into the hall. ‘You need not be for ever telling of that gig, James,’ whispered Sophia. ‘We all know it is ready.’ ‘But we *must* go now,’ said the Scotch boy, sighing, as he looked round on a *home* and *holiday*. ‘Mr. Harley will expect us.’

‘I will take your apologies to Mr. Harley upon myself,’ said Mrs. Herbert—‘if you young gentlemen will do me and my children the pleasure of sharing with us the Diversions of Hollycot for the holidays.’

‘I am vastly happy, for one, ma’am,’ said the young Irishman, frankly and gaily ; and he instantly hung up his hat. ‘I don’t think Mr. Harley will miss me much—nor Mrs. Harley in the least, during the holidays.’

‘I am very glad—I *should be* very glad too,’ said the other boy, more modestly. His eye, Sophia fancied, brushed over ‘the old green jacket, with the sugar-loaf buttons.’ ‘We are all very glad, I am sure,’ said she, blushing with ingenuous modesty and delight, at this welcome addition to the juvenile party.

‘O, don’t mind your jacket,’ said Charles, taking the arm of Gordon ; ‘but you may brush your clothes, and wash your hands, in my closet, if you like. Mamma does not like dandy boys—she likes rough boys best, that are not rude in their manners ; and so

does Sophia.' In the estimation of Charles, this was a perfect standard of politeness.

'Come quick down, Charles,' cried Sophia. 'Don't you hear the carriage with Helen and Maria?' A joyful shout rung the stairs as Charles and his friend rapidly descended. Sophia was in the arms of her young and favourite aunt—'Come to share the Diversions of Hollycot, dear aunt Jane,' said the happy girl, clinging to her aunt. Miss Jane Harding glanced her glad, dark eyes beyond the *small* nephew and niece at her knees, to George and Charles, both much grown since she had last seen them, and to the handsome and animated faces of the stranger youths, whose names Sophia had whispered in her ear.

In all the domestic circles of Merry England, no happier faces could be seen, on this Christmas night, than those that encircled Mrs. Herbert's fireside.

---

WORDS left blank in the anecdote entitled BRITISH INTREPIDITY AND HUMANITY, page 101.

(1) crew; (2) cargo; (3) endeavouring; (4) harbour; (5) wind; (6) imminent; (7) fate; (8) wretched; (9) spectators; (10) help; (11) perilous; (12) advancing; (13) men; (14) rapidity; (15) surrounded; (16) Calais; (17) spray; (18) daring; (19) unfortunate; (20) distance; (21) out; (22) unfortunate; (23) life; (24) happily; (25) lashed; (26) ed; (27) crew; (28) reached; (29) wreck; (30) dous; (31) broke; (32) anxious; (33) sailors; at; (35) shaken; (36) unabated; (37) seaman; ked.

A SELECTION FROM CATALOGUE  
OF  
Popular and Standard Books

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM P. NIMMO, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

~~~~~  
\* \* Complete Catalogue of Mr. NIMMO's Publications, choicely printed and elegantly bound, suitable for the Library, Presentation, and School Prizes, etc. etc., will be forwarded gratis, post free, on application.

~~~~~  
*'Mr. Nimmo's books are well known as marvels of cheapness, elegance, and sterling worth.'*—OBSERVER.

~~~~~  
NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION  
OF  
THE WORKS OF THE POETS.  
—o—

In fcap. 8vo, printed on toned paper, elegantly bound in cloth extra, with beautifully illuminated imitation ivory tablet on side, price 3s. 6d.; also kept in cloth extra, gilt edges, without tablet; in fine morocco, plain, price 7s. 6d.; also in Caledonian wood, fern pattern, with Photo. Portrait, etc., on side, morocco extra back, price 10s. Each Volume contains a Memoir, and is illustrated with a Portrait of the Author engraved on Steel, and numerous full-page Illustrations on Wood, from designs by eminent Artists; also beautiful illuminated Title-page.

- ~~~~~
1. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.
  2. SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
  3. BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.
  4. MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
  5. WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

[Continued on next page.]

**NIMMO'S POPULAR EDITION OF THE  
WORKS OF THE POETS,  
CONTINUED.**

—o—

6. COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS.
  7. MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.
  8. THOMSON'S POETICAL WORKS.
  9. GOLDSMITH'S CHOICE WORKS.
  10. POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.
  11. BURNS' POETICAL WORKS.
  12. THE CASQUET OF GEMS.    Choice Selections  
    from the Poets.
  13. THE BOOK OF HUMOROUS POETRY.
  14. BALLADS : Scottish and English.
  15. BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS AND  
    HOLY WAR.
  16. LIVES OF THE BRITISH POETS.
  17. THE PROSE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.
  18. POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS OF THE  
    SEA.
- ~~~~~

\* \* This Series of Books, from the very superior manner in which it is produced, is at once the cheapest and handsomest edition of the Poets in the market. The volumes form elegant and appropriate Presents as School Prizes and Gift-Books, either in cloth or morocco.

' They are a marvel of cheapness, some of the volumes extending to as many as 700, and even 900, pages, printed on toned paper in a beautifully clear type. Add to this, that they are profusely illustrated with wood engravings, are elegantly and tastefully bound, and that they are published at 2s. 6d. each, and our recommendation of them is complete.'—*Scotsman*.

# NIMMO'S SELECT LIBRARY.

*New Series of Choice Books, beautifully printed on superfine paper, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, and elegantly bound in cloth extra. plain edges, price 8s. 6d. each, or richly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, price 5s. each.*

THIRD EDITION.

1. **Almost Faultless : A Story of the Present Day.** By the Author of 'A Book for Governesses.'

'The author has written a capital story in a high moral tone.'—*The Court Journal*.

SECOND EDITION.

2. **Lives of Old English Worthies before the Conquest.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'The author's aim is to illuminate, what may be regarded as obscure, certain periods of historic England, accompanied with biographical sketches.'—*Courant*.

SECOND EDITION.

3. **Every-Day Objects ; or, Picturesque Aspects of Natural History.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

FIFTH EDITION.

4. **My Schoolboy Friends : A Story of Whitminster Grammar School.** By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of 'A Book about Dominies,' 'Stories of School Life,' etc.

'This is a most interesting book. Boys, for whom it is especially written, will thoroughly enjoy it.'—*Westminster Review*.

SECOND EDITION.

5. **Drifted and Sifted : A Domestic Chronicle of the Seventeenth Century.**

'The author of this interesting, and we may add pathetic, story appears to possess the art of reproducing bygone times with much ability.'—*The Record*.

6. **Warrior, Priest, and Statesman ; or, English Heroes in the Thirteenth Century.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

7. **Totty Testudo. The Life and Wonderful Adventures of Totty Testudo.** An Autobiography by FLORA F. WYLD.

'The book is of engrossing interest, and the reader will be astonished, as he lays it down, to find that he has been able to get so much entertainment and instruction from the personal adventures of a tortoise.'—*Inverness Courier*.

8. **On Holy Ground ; or, Scenes and Incidents in the Land of Promise.** By EDWIN HODDER, Author of 'Memories of New Zealand Life,' 'The Junior Clerk,' etc.



## NIMMO'S CROWN GIFT BOOKS.

*Crown 8vo, beautifully printed on superfine paper, profusely Illustrated by eminent Artists, in cloth extra, plain edges, price 8s. 6d. each, or richly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, price 5s. each.*

### THIRD EDITION.

1. **Sword and Pen; or, English Worthies in the Reign of Elizabeth.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'A more wholesome book for young readers we have seldom seen.'—*The Athenæum*.

### SECOND EDITION.

2. **Norrie Seton; or, Driven to Sea.** By Mrs. George Cupples, Author of 'Unexpected Pleasures,' etc.

'Mrs. Cupples has given to the boys in this volume just the sort of sea-story with which they will be delighted.'—*The Scotsman*.

### SECOND EDITION.

3. **The Circle of the Year; or, Studies of Nature and Pictures of the Seasons.** By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

'Its purpose is to tell both young and old, but especially the former, how much of interest there is in everything connected with Nature.'—*Bell's Messenger*.

### SECOND EDITION.

4. **The Wealth of Nature: Our Food Supplies from the Vegetable Kingdom.** By the Rev. JOHN MONTGOMERY, A.M.

'It would be difficult to put into the hands of any boy or girl a volume which more equally combines the instructive and interesting in literature.'—*N. B. Mail*.

### FIFTH EDITION.

5. **Stories of School Life.** By Ascott R. Hope.
6. **Stories of French School Life.** By Ascott R. Hope.

'We were among the many who greatly admired Mr. Hope's "Stories of School Life" and "Stories about Boys," and when we found that he had undertaken to illustrate French school life, we gladly opened the volume. The stories are interesting in the highest degree; they appeal to the best sympathies of the lads for whom they are written. They set forth the right and the true against the false, and they are all of good, hearty humour.'—*Public Opinion*.

## NIMMO'S UNIVERSAL GIFT BOOKS.

*A Series of excellent Works, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, choicely printed on superfine paper, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each.*

1. **Tales of Old English Life ; or, Pictures of the Periods.** By WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER, LL.D., Author of 'History of English Literature,' etc.
2. **Mungo Park's Life and Travels.** With a Supplementary Chapter, detailing the results of recent Discovery in Africa.
3. **Benjamin Franklin : A Biography.** From the celebrated 'Life' by JARED SPARKS, and the more recent and extensive 'Life and Times' by JAMES PARTON.
4. **Wallace, the Hero of Scotland : A Biography.** By JAMES PATERSON.
5. **Men of History.** By Eminent Writers.
6. **Women of History.** By Eminent Writers.
7. **Old-World Worthies ; or, Classical Biography.** Selected from PLUTARCH'S LIVES.
8. **Epoch Men, and the Results of their Lives.** By Samuel NEIL.
9. **The Mirror of Character.** Selected from the Writings of OVERBURY, EARLE, and BUTLER.
10. **Wisdom, Wit, and Allegory.** Selected from 'The Spectator.'
11. **The Spanish Inquisition : Its Heroes and Martyrs.** By JANET GORDON, Author of 'Champions of the Reformation,' etc.
12. **The Improvement of the Mind.** By Isaac Watts, D.D.
13. **The Man of Business considered in Six Aspects.** A Book for Young Men.
14. **The Pampas : A Story of Adventure in the Argentine Republic.** By A. R. HOPE, Author of 'Stories of Whitminster,' etc. *Illustrated by Phiz Junior.*

\* \* This elegant and useful Series of Books has been specially prepared for School and College Prizes : they are, however, equally suitable for General Presentation. In selecting the works for this Series, the aim of the Publisher has been to produce books of a permanent value, interesting in manner and instructive in matter—books that youth will read eagerly and with profit, and which will be found equally attractive in after-life.

## NIMMO'S ALL THE YEAR ROUND GIFT BOOKS.

*A series of entertaining and instructive volumes, profusely Illustrated with original Engravings by the first Artists, choicely printed on superfine paper, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold, and gilt edges, crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each.*

1. **Christian Osborne's Friends.** By Mrs. Harriet Miller DAVIDSON, Author of 'Isobel Jardine's History,' and Daughter of the late Hugh Miller.
2. **Round the Grange Farm; or, Good Old Times.** By JEAN L. WATSON, Author of 'Bygone Days in our Village,' etc.
3. **Stories about Boys.** By Ascott R. Hope, Author of 'Stories of School Life,' 'My Schoolboy Friends,' etc. etc.
4. **George's Enemies: A Sequel to 'My Schoolboy Friends.'** By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of 'Stories about Boys,' etc. etc.
5. **Violet Rivers; or, Loyal to Duty. A Tale for Girls.** By WINIFRED TAYLOR, Author of 'Story of Two Lives,' etc.
6. **Wild Animals and Birds: Curious and Instructive Stories about their Habits and Sagacity.** With numerous Illustrations.
7. **The Twins of Saint-Marcel: A Tale of Paris Incendie.** By Mrs. A. S. ORR, Author of 'The Roseville Family,' etc. etc.
8. **Rupert Rochester, the Banker's Son. A Tale.** By WINIFRED TAYLOR, Author of 'Story of Two Lives,' etc.
9. **The Story of Two Lives; or, The Trials of Wealth and Poverty.** By WINIFRED TAYLOR, Author of 'Rupert Rochester,' etc.
10. **The Lost Father; or, Cecilia's Triumph. A Story of our own Day.** By DARYL HOLME.
11. **Friendly Fairies; or, Once upon a Time.**
12. **The Young Mountaineer; or, Frank Miller's Lot in Life.** The Story of a Swiss Boy. By DARYL HOLME.
13. **Stories from over the Sea.** With Illustrations.
14. **The Story of a Noble Life; or, Zurich and its Reformer Ulric Zwingle.** By Mrs. HARDY (JANET GORDON), Author of 'The Spanish Inquisition,' 'Champions of the Reformation,' etc. etc.
15. **Stories of Whitminster.** By Ascott R. Hope, Author of 'My Schoolboy Friends,' 'Stories about Boys,' etc. etc.

\* \* The object steadily kept in view in preparing the above series has been to give a collection of works of a thoroughly healthy moral tone, agreeably blending entertainment and instruction. It is believed this end has been attained, and that the several volumes will be found eminently suitable as Gift Books and School Prizes, besides proving of permanent value in the Home Library.

**NIMMO'S HALF-CROWN REWARD BOOKS.**

Extra foolscap 8vo, cloth elegant, gilt edges, Illustrated,  
price 2s. 6d. each.

~~~~~

1. **Memorable Wars of Scotland.** By Patrick Fraser Tytler, F.R.S.E., Author of 'The History of Scotland,' etc.
2. **Seeing the World: A Young Sailor's own Story.** By CHARLES NORDHOFF, Author of 'The Young Man-of-War's Man.'
3. **The Martyr Missionary: Five Years in China.** By Rev. CHARLES P. BUSH, M.A.
4. **My New Home: A Woman's Diary.**
5. **Home Heroines: Tales for Girls.** By T. S. Arthur, Author of 'Life's Crosses,' etc.
6. **Lessons from Women's Lives.** By Sarah J. Hale.
7. **The Roseville Family. A Historical Tale of the Eighteenth Century.** By Mrs. A. S. ORR, Author of 'Mountain Patriots,' etc.
8. **Leah. A Tale of Ancient Palestine. Illustrative of the Story of Naaman the Syrian.** By Mrs. A. S. ORR.
9. **Champions of the Reformation: The Stories of their Lives.** By JANET GORDON.
10. **The History of Two Wanderers; or, Cast Adrift.**
11. **Beattie's Poetical Works.**
12. **The Vicar of Wakefield.** By Oliver Goldsmith.
13. **Edgar Allan Poe's Poetical Works.**
14. **The Miner's Son, and Margaret Vernon.** By M. M. POLLARD, Author of 'The Minister's Daughter,' etc. etc.
15. **How Frank began to Climb the Ladder, and the Friends who lent him a hand.** By CHARLES BRUCE, Author of 'Lame Felix,' etc.
16. **Conrad and Columbine. A Fairy Tale.** By James MASON.
17. **Aunt Ann's Stories.** Edited by Louisa Loughborough.
18. **The Snow-Sweepers' Party, and the Tale of Old Tubbins.** By R. ST. JOHN CORBET, Author of 'Mince Pie Island,' etc. etc.
19. **The Story of Elise Marcel. A Tale for Girls.**

## NIMMO'S

**Two Shilling Reward Books.**

*Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated, elegantly bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt back and side, gilt edges, price 2s. each.*

1. **The Far North: Explorations in the Arctic Regions.** By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D.
2. **Great Men of European History.** From the Beginning of the Christian Era till the Present Time. By DAVID PRYDE, M.A.
3. **The Young Men of the Bible.** A Series of Papers, Biographical and Suggestive. By Rev. JOSEPH A. COLLIER.
4. **The Blade and the Ear: A Book for Young Men.**
5. **Monarchs of Ocean: Columbus and Cook.**
6. **Life's Crosses, and How to Meet them.** By T. S. ARTHUR.
7. **A Father's Legacy to his Daughters, etc.** By Dr. GREGORY.
8. **Mountain Patriots.** A Tale of the Reformation in Savoy. By Mrs. A. S. ORR.
9. **Labours of Love: A Tale for the Young.** By Winifred TAYLOR.
10. **Mossdale: A Tale for the Young.** By Anna M. De IONGH.
11. **The Standard-Bearer.** A Tale of the Times of Constantine the Great. By ELLEN PALMER.
12. **Jacqueline.** A Story of the Reformation in Holland. By Mrs. HARDY (JANET GORDON).
13. **Afloat and Ashore with Sir Walter Raleigh.** By Mrs. HARDY (JANET GORDON), Author of 'Champions of the Reformation,' etc.

## NIMMO'S

**Home and School Reward Books.**

*Foolscap 8vo, Illustrated, elegantly bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt back and side, gilt edges, price 2s. each.*

1. **Lame Felix.** A Book for Boys. By CHARLES BRUCE.
2. **Picture Lessons by the Divine Teacher; or, Illustrations of the Parables of our Lord.** By PETER GRANT, D.D.
3. **Nonna: A Story of the Days of Julian the Apostate.** By ELLEN PALMER.
4. **Philip Walton; or, Light at Last.** By the Author of 'Meta Frantz,' etc.
5. **The Minister's Daughter, and Old Anthony's Will.** Tales for the Young. By M. M. POLLARD, Author of 'The Miner's Son,' etc. etc.
6. **The Two Sisters.** By M. M. POLLARD.
7. **A Needle and Thread: A Tale for Girls.** By EMMA J. BARNES, Author of 'Faithful and True, or the Mother's Legacy.'
8. **Taken Up: A Tale for Boys and Girls.** By A. WHYMPER.
9. **An Earl's Daughter.** By M. M. POLLARD.
10. **Life at Hartwell; or, Frank and his Friends.** By KATHARINE E. MAX, Author of 'Alfred and his Mother,' etc. etc.
11. **Stories Told in a Fisherman's Cottage.** By ELLEN PALMER, Author of 'Nonna,' 'The Standard-Bearer,' etc. etc.
12. **Max Wild, the Merchant's Son; and other Stories for the Young.**
13. **Noble Mottoes: Familiar Talks with Peter Glenville on the Mottoes of Great Families.** By CHARLES BRUCE, Author of 'Lame Felix,' etc.

## NIMMO'S Sunday-School Reward Books.

*Foolscap 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated, price 1s. 6d. each.*

1. **Bible Blessings.** By Rev. Richard Newton.
2. **One Hour a Week: Fifty-two Bible Lessons for the Young.**
3. **The Best Things.** By Rev. Richard Newton.
4. **The Story of John Heywood: A Tale of the Time of Harry VIII.** By CHARLES BRUCE, Author of 'How Frank began to Climb,' etc.
5. **Lessons from Rose Hill; and Little Nannette.**
6. **Great and Good Women: Biographies for Girls.** By LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.
7. **At Home and Abroad; or, Uncle William's Adventures.**
8. **Alfred and his Mother; or, Seeking the Kingdom.** By KATHARINE E. MAY.
9. **Asriel; or, The Crystal Cup.** By Mrs. Henderson.
10. **The Kind Governess; or, How to make Home Happy.**
11. **Percy and Ida.** By Katharine E. May.
12. **Three Wet Sundays with the Book of Joshua.** By ELLEN PALMER, Author of 'Christmas at the Beacon,' etc. etc.
13. **The Fishermen of Galilee; or, Sunday Talks with Papa.** By ELLEN PALMER.

## NIMMO'S Sunday and Week-Day Reward Books.

*Foolscap 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, Illustrated, price 1s. 6d. each.*

1. **The Sculptor of Bruges.** By Mrs. W. G. Hall.
2. **From Cottage to Castle; or, Faithful in Little.** A Tale founded on Fact. By M. H., Author of 'The Red Velvet Bible,' etc.
3. **Christmas at the Beacon.** By Ellen Palmer.
4. **The Sea and the Savages: A Story of Adventure.** By HAROLD LINCOLN.
5. **The Swedish Singer; or, The Story of Vanda Rosendahl.** By Mrs. W. G. Hall.
6. **My Beautiful Home; or, Lily's Search.** By Chas. Bruce.
7. **The Story of a Moss Rose; or, Ruth and the Orphan Family.** By CHARLES BRUCE.
8. **Summer Holidays at Silversea.** By E. Rosalie Salmon.
9. **Fred Graham's Resolve.** By the Author of 'Mat and Sofia.'
10. **Wilton School; or, Harry Campbell's Revenge.** A Tale. By F. E. WEATHERLY.
11. **Grace Harvey and her Cousins.**
12. **Blind Mercy; and other Tales.** By Gertrude Crockford.
13. **Evan Lindsay.** By Margaret Fraser Tytler, Author of 'Tales of Good and Great Kings,' 'Tales of the Great and Brave,' etc.

## Nimmo's One Shilling Favourite Reward Books.

Demy 18mo, Illustrated, cloth extra, price 1s. each; also in gilt side and edges, price 1s. 6d. each.

1. **The Vicar of Wakefield.** Poems and Essays. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
2. **Æsop's Fables, with Instructive Applications.** By Dr. CROXALL.
3. **Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.**
4. **The Young Man-of-War's-Man: A Boy's Voyage round the World.** By CHARLES NORDHOFF.
5. **The Treasury of Anecdote: Moral and Religious.**
6. **The Boy's Own Workshop; or, The Young Carpenters.** By JACOB ABBOTT.
7. **The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.**
8. **The History of Sandford and Merton. A Moral and Instructive Lesson for Young Persons.**
9. **Evenings at Home; or, The Juvenile Budget Opened.** Consisting of a variety of Miscellaneous Pieces for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons. By Dr. AIKIN and Mrs. BANBAULD.
10. **Unexpected Pleasures; or, Left alone in the Holidays.** By Mrs. GEORGE CUPPLES, Author of 'Norrie Seton,' etc.
11. **The Beauties of Shakespeare.** With a General Index by the Rev. WILLIAM DODD, LL.D.
12. **Gems from 'The Spectator.'** A Selection from the most admired Writings of Addison and Steele.
13. **Burns' Poetical Works.** With a Complete Glossary.
14. **The Sketch Book.** By WASHINGTON IRVING.

\*.\* The above Series of elegant and useful books is specially prepared for the entertainment and instruction of young persons.

## Nimmo's Popular Religious Gift Books.

18mo, finely printed on toned paper, handsomely bound in cloth extra, price 1s. each.

1. **Across the River: Twelve Views of Heaven.** By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.; R. W. HAMILTON, D.D.; ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.; JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.; etc. etc.
2. **Emblems of Jesus; or, Illustrations of Emmanuel's Character and Work.**
3. **Life Thoughts of Eminent Christians.**
4. **Comfort for the Desponding; or, Words to Soothe and Cheer Troubled Hearts.**
5. **The Chastening of Love: Words of Consolation for the Christian Mourner.** By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., Manchester.
6. **The Cedar Christian, and other Practical Papers.** By the Rev. THEODORE L. CUYLER.
7. **Consolation for Christian Mothers Bereaved of Little Children.** By A FRIEND OF MOURNERS.
8. **The Orphan; or, Words of Comfort for the Fatherless and Motherless.**
9. **Gladdening Streams; or, The Waters of the Sanctuary.** A Book for Fragments of Time on each Lord's Day of the Year.
10. **Spirit of the Old Divines.**
11. **Choice Gleanings from Sacred Writers.**
12. **Direction in Prayer; or, The Lord's Prayer Illustrated in a Series of Expositions.** By PETER GRANT, D.D.
13. **Scripture Imagery.** By Peter Grant, D.D., Author of 'Emblems of Jesus,' etc.

## NIMMO'S ONE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED JUVENILE BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, Coloured Frontispieces, handsomely bound in cloth,  
Illuminated, price 1s. each.

~~~~~

1. **Four Little People and their Friends.**
2. **Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia. A Tale**  
from the French of Madame COTTIN.
3. **Paul and Virginia. From the French of**  
BERNARDIN SAINT-PIERRE.
4. **Little Threads: Tangle Thread, Golden**  
Thread, and Silver Thread.
5. **Benjamin Franklin, the Printer Boy.**
6. **Barton Todd, and The Young Lawyer.**
7. **The Perils of Greatness: The Story of Alex-**  
ander Menzikoff.
8. **Little Crowns, and How to Win them. By**  
Rev. JOSEPH A. COLLIER.
9. **Great Riches: Nelly Rivers' Story. By Aunt**  
FANNY.
10. **The Right Way, and The Contrast.**
11. **The Daisy's First Winter. And other Stories.**  
By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
12. **The Man of the Mountain. And other**  
Stories.
13. **Better than Rubies. Stories for the Young,**  
Illustrative of Familiar Proverbs. With 62 Illustrations.

*[Continued on next page.]*



**NIMMO'S ONE SHILLING ILLUSTRATED  
JUVENILE BOOKS,  
CONTINUED.**

~~~~~

14. **Experience Teaches. And other Stories for the Young, Illustrative of Familiar Proverbs.** With 39 Illustrations.
15. **The Happy Recovery. And other Stories for the Young.** With 26 Illustrations.
16. **Gratitude and Probity. And other Stories for the Young.** With 21 Illustrations.
17. **The Two Brothers. And other Stories for the Young.** With 13 Illustrations.
18. **The Young Orator. And other Stories for the Young.** With 9 Illustrations.
19. **Simple Stories to Amuse and Instruct Young Readers.** With Illustrations.
20. **The Three Friends. And other Stories for the Young.** With Illustrations.
21. **Sybil's Sacrifice. And other Stories for the Young.** With 12 Illustrations.
22. **The Old Shepherd. And other Stories for the Young.** With Illustrations.
23. **The Young Officer. And other Stories for the Young.** With Illustrations.
24. **The False Heir. And other Stories for the Young.** With Illustrations.
25. **The Old Farmhouse; or, Alice Morton's Home. And other Stories.** By M. M. POLLARD.
26. **Twyford Hall; or, Rosa's Christmas Dinner, and what she did with it.** By CHARLES BRUCE.
27. **The Discontented Weathercock. And other Stories for Children.** By M. JONES.
28. **Out at Sea, and other Stories.** By Two Authors.
29. **The Story of Waterloo; or, The Fall of NAPOLEON.**
30. **Sister Jane's Little Stories. Edited by Louisa LOUGHBOROUGH.**

# NIMMO'S NINEPENNY SERIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

*In demy 18mo, with Illustrations, elegantly bound in cloth.*

THIS Series of Books will be found unequalled for genuine interest and value, and it is believed they will be eagerly welcomed by thoughtful children of both sexes. Parents may rest assured that each Volume teaches some noble lesson, or enforces some valuable truth.

1. In the Brave Days of Old ; or, The Story of the Spanish Armada. For Boys and Girls.
2. The Lost Ruby. By the Author of 'The Basket of Flowers,' etc.
3. Leslie Ross ; or, Fond of a Lark. By Charles Bruce.
4. My First and Last Voyage. By Benjamin Clarke.
5. Little Katie : A Fairy Story. By Charles Bruce.
6. Being Afraid. And other Stories for the Young. By CHARLES STUART.
7. The Toll-Keepers. And other Stories for the Young. By BENJAMIN CLARKE.
8. Dick Barford : A Boy who would go down Hill. By CHARLES BRUCE.
9. Joan of Arc ; or, The Story of a Noble Life. Written for Girls.
10. Helen Siddal : A Story for Children. By Ellen Palmer.
11. Mat and Sofie : A Story for Boys and Girls.
12. Peace and War. By the Author of 'The Basket of Flowers,' etc.
13. Perilous Adventures of a French Soldier in Algeria.
14. The Magic Glass ; or, The Secret of Happiness.
15. Hawks' Dene : A Tale for Children. By Katharine E. MAY.
16. Little Maggie. And other Stories. By the Author of 'The Joy of Well-Doing,' etc. etc.
17. The Brother's Legacy ; or, Better than Gold. By M. M. POLLARD.
18. The Little Sisters ; or, Jealousy. And other Stories for the Young. By the Author of 'Little Tales for Tiny Tots,' etc.
19. Kate's New Home. By Cecil Scott, Author of 'Ohryssie Lyle,' etc.

## NEW WORKS.

---

### NEW EDITION OF THE EDINA BURNS.

In crown 4to, price 12s. 6d., elegantly bound in cloth, extra gilt and gilt edges, also in Turkey morocco antique, very handsome, 42s., the popular Drawing-room Edition of the

**Poems and Songs by Robert Burns.** With Illustrations by R. HERDMAN, WALLER H. PATON, SAM. BOUGH, GOURLAY STEELL, D. O. HILL, J. M'WHIRTER, and other eminent Scottish Artists.

---

#### *Fourth Edition. Eleventh Thousand.*

In demy 8vo, cloth elegant, richly gilt, price 7s. 6d., or in Turkey morocco antique, 21s.,

**Things a Lady would Like to Know, concerning Domestic Management and Expenditure, arranged for Daily Reference.** By HENRY SOUTHGATE, Author of 'Many Thoughts of Many Minds,' 'Noble Thoughts in Noble Language,' 'Gone Before,' 'The Bridal Bouquet,' etc. etc.

---

#### *Eleventh Thousand.*

In crown 8vo, beautifully bound in cloth extra, full of Engravings and Coloured Pictures, price 3s. 6d., or gilt edges price 4s.,

**Three Hundred Bible Stories and Three Hundred Bible Pictures.** A Pictorial Sunday Book for the Young.

---

#### *The Excelsior Edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works.*

In large demy 8vo, with Steel Portrait and Vignette, handsomely bound, price 5s.,

**Shakespeare's Complete Works.** With a Biographical Sketch by MARY COWDEN CLARKE, a Copious Glossary, and numerous Illustrations.

---

#### *The Excelsior Edition of Whiston's Josephus.*

In large demy 8vo, with Steel Portrait and Vignette, handsomely bound, price 5s.,

**The Whole Works of Flavius Josephus, the Jewish Historian.** With Life, Portrait, Notes, Index, etc.

---

# THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

ENTIRELY NEW EDITION.

*Crown 8vo, with Frontispiece and Vignette, in elegant wrapper printed in colours, price 1s. each. Also, in Twenty-six volumes, cloth extra, full gilt back, price 2s. per volume; and in Thirteen double volumes, roxburgh style, gilt top, price 3s. 6d. per volume.*

Edited by the Rev. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D. With Notes, Biographical and Critical, and a Glossary of Scotch Words and Foreign Phrases for each Novel.

1. Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since.'
2. Guy Mannering; or, The Astrologer.
3. The Antiquary.
4. Rob Roy.
5. Old Mortality.
6. The Black Dwarf, and A Legend of Montrose.
7. The Bride of Lammermoor.
8. The Heart of Mid-Lothian.
9. Ivanhoe: A Romance.
10. The Monastery.
11. The Abbot: A Sequel.
12. Kenilworth.
13. The Pirate.
14. The Fortunes of Nigel.
15. Peveril of the Peak.
16. Quentin Durward.
17. St. Ronan's Well.
18. Redgauntlet.
19. The Betrothed.
20. The Talisman: A Tale of the Crusaders.
21. Woodstock; or, The Cavalier.
22. The Fair Maid of Perth; or, St. Valentine's Day.
23. Anne of Gelestein; or, The Maiden of the Mist.
24. Count Robert of Paris.
25. The Surgeon's Daughter, and Castle Dangerous.
26. The Highland Widow, and my Aunt Margaret's Mirror.

With an interesting summarized account of the Scott Centenary.

The above may also be had in substantial half-calf bindings.

## NIMMO'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.

---

In crown 8vo, with Steel Frontispiece and Vignette, handsomely bound, cloth extra, price 5s. each; also in full gilt side, back, and edges, price 6s. each.

*Seventh Thousand.*

**The English Circumnavigators:** The most remarkable Voyages round the World by English Sailors. (Drake, Dampier, Anson, and Cook's Voyages.) With a Preliminary Sketch of their Lives and Discoveries. Edited, with Notes, Maps, etc., by DAVID LAING PURVES and R. COCHRANE.

**The Book of Adventure and Peril. A Record of Heroism and Endurance on Sea and Land.** Compiled and Edited by CHARLES BRUCE, Editor of 'Sea Songs and Ballads,' 'The Birthday Book of Proverbs,' etc.

**The Great Triumphs of Great Men.** Edited by JAMES MASON. Illustrated.

**Great Historical Mutinies, comprising the Story of the Mutiny of the 'Bounty,' the Mutiny at Spithead and the Nore, the Mutinies of the Highland Regiments, and the Indian Mutiny, etc.** Edited by DAVID HERBERT, M.A.

**Famous Historical Scenes from Three Centuries.** Pictures of celebrated events from the Reformation to the end of the French Revolution. Selected from the works of Standard Authors by A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.

**The English Explorers; comprising details of the more famous Travels by Mandeville, Bruce, Park, and Livingstone.** With Map of Africa and Chapter on Arctic Exploration.

**The Book for Every Day; containing an Inexhaustible Store of Amusing and Instructive Articles.** Edited by JAMES MASON.

**The Book of Noble Englishwomen: Lives made Illustrious by Heroism, Goodness, and Great Attainments.** Edited by CHARLES BRUCE.

**A Hundred Wonders of the World in Nature and Art, described according to the latest Authorities, and profusely Illustrated.** Edited by JOHN SMALL, M.A.

*Other Popular and Standard Volumes in preparation.*



